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HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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A Lecture Delivered Before the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association

At Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 22nd, 1888, by Hon. A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bibles have been the blessing and curse of mankind. They are the work of men,—have never been dictated nor inspired by anything higher than man, or the spirit of man as developed after leaving this sphere of action. In saying this of a book so much revered by millions of persons now living, intelligent, religious and sincere, as well as by millions of those who have passed from the realms of time to the eternity which is beyond, I do so with no desire to cause pain to any heart or provoke contention, which is needless, and to be avoided when possible. I am not unaware of the good that has been done by this book, which is known as the Christian Bible, nor blind to the influence which it exerts over the lives and actions of millions of persons who look upon it as the only word of God given to man, which defines his duty to his Creator and to mankind, and points the way, and only way, to salvation in the life which is to come. I can well recall the time, and the period is not remote, when I revered this book as containing the only revelation of the word of God to man; and it would illy become me not to respect those who occupy the same position in this regard that I have occupied; and I respect the sincerity with which others defend this book from the assaults that are being made upon it.

The influence of early training and education is hard to be overcome, and we need not wonder that men are loth to break away from the associations, training and education of early life, to form new relations with those who stand in antagonism to life-long friends and companions upon matters so important as those affecting our temporal and spiritual welfare. It may seem strange for me to assert that any man of strong intellectual powers, of marked religious nature, a man who is magnetic, a natural organizer and leader, could to-day, in almost any portion of the civilized globe, enunciate that as coming from God which originated with himself, gather around himself disciples and believers, and become the head of a new religious sect; the stability, permanency and influence of which would depend largely upon the amount of practical common sense which should be interwoven with his theology. This has been done, and is being done to-day; and I am thankful that this age is being characterized by that wealth of scientific knowledge, profound philosophical research, freedom of thought, speech and action, which enable us to discern that which has at least the semblance of truth from that which is absurdly false; which enable us to gather here and there some grains of truth from the mass of chaff with which the world is afflicted.

Previous to the year 1827, in the central part of the State of New York, a person with literary attainment whiled away his leisure hours by composing a strange romance, in which one of the tribes of Israel was made to figure in the North American Indian, as being its descendant. Into this work was woven, portions of the ancient Jewish law, and the ingenuity of the writer was such as to enable him to put into his remarkable narrative that which might lead unsuspecting minds to give credence to the idea that he was seeking to inculcate, for the simple purposes of a story. These writings had never been published; fortunately a copy was preserved, but Joseph Smith, ignorant of that fact, chanced many years afterwards to get possession of what he supposed to be the original, and in 1827 he commenced to preach and proclaim to the world that an ancient work written upon tablets of gold, in ancient characters, had been revealed to him and that, by angel guidance he had been lead to the place where this remarkable record had for thousands of years been concealed, and that it was his mission to establish a new church, that of the Latter Day Saints. From this beginning came the book and religion of the Mormons, a religion which now numbers among its adherents men and women of unquestioned attainments; and you well know that I am only uttering that which is the history of the times, when I say to you that the religion of the Mormons has hundreds of thousands of followers; and that the number is constantly increasing. The influence and effect of an accredited lie cannot be estimated; it is beyond human calculation. The book of Mormon was substantially the work of the writer of the romance of which I have spoken. Mormonism had its birth and outgrowth, and owes its power and influence to-day, to the circumstance I have related and to the religion of the Jews. Polygamy is sustained by the practice of the patriarchs of the olden time who were God's servants, and by direct authority from God to the Mormon prophet. These prophets were recipients of personal visits from Him; and they held frequent intercourse with Him, through His angels who came upon special missions, when He was supposed to have been otherwise engaged.

A few hundred years after the foundation of the Christian religion, Mohammed claimed to have had a vision, and to have witnessed in an incredibly short space of time things which were hidden from the rest of mankind. He became a prophet and so proclaimed himself; and he wrote, and what he wrote is studied as part of the education of great nations in the Eastern countries, and his followers are as numerous upon the face of the earth as are the followers of Jesus Christ to-day. What is true of Mohammedanism is true of the teachings of Confucius, of Buddha and of Khrishna.

At about the close of the 17th century, Emanuel Swedenborg was born, and in the early part of the 18th century, he promulgated to the world that which has now become the foundation of the religious sect bearing his name. Swedenborgians may be numbered by the hundreds of thousands; firm believers in the truth of his teaching, in the divine nature of his inspiration, crediting him with having held communion directly with God himself. Swedenborg's teachings are largely supplementary to those of Christ, and he goes on to express more fully than had previously been given to the world something of the nature of the spiritual realms into which, sooner or later, we are to be consciously ushered. This remarkable man possessed a wonderful spiritual nature and was gifted with what is known as clairvoyance and clairaudience. He gave to the world proof of these powers which, to people of those days, were regarded as supernatural and a gift from God himself. One who is able to supplement his teachings with evidence of powers such as Swedenborg possessed, will command the faith and confidence of certain classes of minds. The age in which Swedenborg lived was well adapted to the inculcation of the doctrine which he gave to the world as coming from the divinest of sources. That much of his teachings were true, those who are familiar with the inculcations of to-day from the spiritual realms will not deny; that the Swedish seer was instrumental in preparing the way for the coming of a larger number of seers, is certain.

Within the past few years, a book claiming to be a new bible to mankind has been written through the instrumentality of a man in our very midst, and those who have read and carefully studied it, concede it to be a very remarkable production. In it you will find expressions which indicate that an individualized God, or Jehovah, is speaking, or has spoken. The writings which were given to the Jews by Moses as having come from Jehovah Himself claim no greater authenticity than those in this book, which is known as Oahspe.

That Oahspe contains much that is instructive, many valuable lessons which it would be well for every one to understand, and that it is sufficient to guide people into the proper paths for the attainment of higher spiritual perfection, will be apparent to those who impartially perúse some of its pages; but having said this much of this and other books, are we to reverence them as containing the positive mandates of God to His children? Is it, or is it not true that Jehovah has spoken directly to any mortal, commissioning him, to the exclusion of others, with the promulgation of divine truths? Can we not, standing as we now do, fearless and impartial observers of the workings of the human mind, of the power that one individual is capable of exercising over another, understand how proselyting has been conducted and how effectual it has been in swaying and controlling the thoughts of people, causing them to become confederated into sects and denominations, and that what parents have believed they have taught their children, and that infant minds have grown, formed and matured to harmonize with the teachings they have received? Thus it is that we find so many people ready to assert their religious beliefs and convictions, and to flatly declare that anything which does not harmonize therewith, is false and untrue. Here and there, from time to time, as if to thwart and overcome the pernicious effect of this tendency in the human mind, free-thinking men have arisen who have directly challenged the truth of these teachings, and demanded proof of their authenticity. The ablest and most determined opponents that religious teachers in the past and of to-day have to contend with, are those who deal in every-day practical common sense, and apply the ordinary tests of reason to the religious doctrines being promulgated through the various churches and religious organizations.

For one I am very willing to concede that it would be pleasant to know that there is a personal Being who can comprehend this vast universe, who does, can and will control its majestic forces, its stupendous and, to mortals, incomprehensible systems, and Who, at the same time, with all the love and affection that a mother has for her own child, is holding each of His children in constant remembrance; a Being whom, notwithstanding the bereavements and sufferings mortals are passing through, notwithstanding the storms and clouds which are breaking upon them, they know is by these methods awakening them to a more perfect comprehension of their relations to Him and to a more perfect enjoyment of that eternal life which they believe to be theirs. That there is something beyond us, a power that is greater than man can comprehend, and which he will never be able to grasp, an infinite force which has set in motion the innumerable worlds above and around us, which causes the sun, as it were, to mount into the heavens by day and to sink beneath the ocean at night, that causes the snow to come in winter, the flowers to bud and blossom in spring, that gives to us plentifully of the fruits of the earth in their season, we do know. That there are intelligences above us, farther advanced than we are, who comprehend more of these wonderful things than we do, I believe that most men feel; but whether there is ONE Who comprehends the whole, in the sense that we comprehend the little within the grasp of our mentality, Who controls these wonderful forces and commands them at His will, we *do not* know, and no man, by any possibility, can know; he can simply conjecture, and the right of conjecture can be denied to no one.

I am speaking this beautiful Sunday morning of bibles. I am speaking of them as the work of men, as I believe them to be the work of men, aided by intelligences who, like ourselves, were born of the world in which we live or of the worlds which are circling around us. Mysterious things become exceedingly simple when the key of knowledge has unlocked the closet. When communication between the mortal and the spiritual realm has become so well established that the system is distinctly understood and its operations perfectly comprehended, much that is mysterious to the world to-day will be solved, the stumbling blocks will disappear and burdens be lifted from the shoulders and hearts of innumerable beings who are suffering under a bondage from which they cannot be too soon set free.

It now seems to be most thoroughly established, that man is a descendant from an ancestry no more conspicuous than the first germ which sprang forth at the close of the Azoic age.

Assuming that man is the descendant of this ancestry; assuming, also, that nature has her spiritual side; assuming that man has a spiritual nature, and his soul is the spiritual undying counterpart; when that soul is released and passes into the spiritual realms above and around us, wherein, I ask, does our reason teach us, that, as a spiritual being he is wiser and better than as a mortal? Where, I ask, would such a being look for wisdom, except to the very sources of knowledge afforded by his changed condition? If the broad and swelling Atlantic, and all the seas of the world, have their counterpart in the spiritual realm; if the islands and continents which make up the dry land of our earth, rise in grandeur in spiritual counterparts; if our refined and spiritual natures shall render us capable of comprehending a thousand beauties, a thousand wonderful things which were invisible to us here; then surely in that Spirit-world are avenues of knowledge, fields for study and exploration. Hence how natural it is that those possessing undying affection for friends who are left behind, the denizens of earth, should desire to come back, if possible; to rend the vail which separates the two realms, and bring to the hearts of loved ones the good tidings of immortal life, of joy and happiness beyond.

This we can understand would naturally be the result of this change to us, educated and enlightened as we are; but let us go back in the history of mankind, to those ages and periods when human life was sacrificed upon the slightest pretext; when man was emerging from a barbarism which was the natural concomitant of a development from the brute creation (or rather ancestry) when these people died, what would naturally be the character of the communications such spiritual beings would give back to mortals left behind?

It can not naturally be supposed that the mere advent into another state of existence would have at once transformed them into beings of transcendent wisdom; and it certainly would require the lapse of vast periods of time in order that they might accumulate a fund of knowledge, if the process of obtaining it is the same there as here. Then, again, it does not necessarily follow that the knowledge obtainable there can be perfectly comprehended by those upon a lower plane of life. If we are developing, we may naturally expect that each successive stage of our existence will unfold to us much that we were not adapted to receive upon the lower planes; and certainly those who are familiar with spirit communications have already learned that it is difficult to communicate to us the conditions by which our friends upon the other side are surrounded, so that we can comprehend them; and this ought to lead us to understand that it may be equally difficult for those upon the other side to advise us upon the ordinary affairs of our own lives. How can it be supposed that those who passed from this world ten thousand years ago, could give any greater information of the formation of the earth, of the creation of that which it contains, than we ourselves can obtain by making proper researches here?

It is conceded that before Moses commenced his writings, the Egyptians were a great and civilized nation; they were well versed in many matters of science; their astronomical calculations have been found to be wonderfully correct; they were far superior to the Jews, and the vision which Abraham saw, and communications which he received seem to have been strangely fulfilled; but have we considered the means which were employed to consummate so great a result? Was there anything more in this whole prophecy than could have been deliberately planned by great spiritual intelligences, to be consummated through the lapse of ages? Are we not to-day foretelling what we propose to accomplish, and having laid our plans for the future, do we not proceed to bring around the desired result, though years of patient toil, study and care may be required? In youth we lay out the plans of our lives and set about to work for the accomplishment of these purposes. So can we understand how it was planned that Abraham should become the founder of a great people; that certain inhabitants of the Spirit-world knowing his peculiar adaptability as an instrument in their hands to accomplish their own purposes and ends, should desire that his should be an exclusive and peculiar race, a race adapted to the education and development of the particular religious ideas of those who were his immediate inspirers. For this purpose they forbade his descendants from commingling with the heathen nations by which they were surrounded, and caused Moses to be developed and educated as an instrument peculiarly adapted to be a lawgiver to his people.

How easy it is for us now, from the position we have attained, to picture the convocation of spiritual beings, who were of harmonious minds, having a unity of purpose, and who were preparing the way for the formation of the Jewish nation, with an evident purpose that it should control eventually all the nations of the world; that it should conquer nation after nation and establish upon earth a religious empire, which according to their purpose, should be a kingdom without an end. They knew and comprehended the superior wisdom and intelligence of the Egyptian people, and that the Jews must receive schooling from nations farther advanced than themselves to enable them to accomplish the purposes in view. To that end Joseph was made the object of special affection from his father, the jealousy of his brethren was created, the conspiracy for his destruction was formed, and then he was sold and carried into Egypt, while his brethren pierced the heart of Jacob with a living sorrow, causing him to lament him as destroyed by wild beasts. That I am correct in my conclusions, is the more forcibly shown from the fact that Joseph, when once amid the civilization, the pomp and power of the Egyptians of that day, soon became conspicuous above the necromancers, astrologers and magicians by whom he was surrounded, by having visions which were strangely verified, and by being a remarkable interpreter of dreams and possessing those powers which the great Patriarch Abraham had given to Isaac, Jacob and their descendants.

The long sojourning of the Israelites in Egypt, familiarized them with the customs and habits of the most remarkable nation of those times, and the adoption of Moses into the King's house, secured for him an opportunity for education which was afforded to no other Israelite; and being a Jew himself, of the chosen stock, he, too, was an interpreter of dreams. He surpassed all other magicians in the production of phenomena, which were as much sought after by the people of those ancient times as they are by the advanced students and philosophers of to-day. Thus Moses became wiser than the people of his own race; he was influential at the court of Pharaoh, and his remarkable powers commanded the respect and consideration of the learned men of Egypt and the fear and reverence of the Israelites. So we find him peculiarly adapted, to lead the Children of Israel through their long journeyings in the wilderness, which may well be said to have been a wilderness of sin; and it required from Moses constant vigilance and care to keep this people, whom God is said to have characterized as stiff-necked, under control and subject to his will. Encamped under the frowning summits of that range of mountains known as "Sinai," amid the thunders from the clouds above, the Lord is said to have traced with His own fingers upon the tablets prepared by Moses, His law to the children of Israel. Surely no better instrument for such a work than Moses could have been found in those times; and the law itself, as we read and understand it to-day, is about such a production as we would look for from that age, and for the guidance of such a people.

That God Himself, as a personal infinite Spirit, wrote the law of the Jews, is a belief which each age is tending to destroy; and at no time since it was promulgated to the Jews, has it been so little credited as by thinking people of to-day. It is a mixture of what is good with that which is barbaric in the extreme. For a man to say, "Thus saith the Lord," is no proof that man speaks the truth; and we are safe in saying that anything which is promulgated as coming from such an "infinite source," which savors of the imperfections of poor humanity, bears in itself the unmistakable evidence that it is false. How that reasoning and thinking people could have so long accredited it to a Divine source, can only be accounted for from the fact that their minds had been trained to believe that it was almost an unpardonable sin to question its authenticity; and the further fact, that, for at least eighteen hundred years, it has been the general belief that no possible means could be found to prove that the Bible is not true. There is no falsehood so dangerous as the one mixed with truth; and it certainly is true that this book, so highly revered, contains much that is of great value, and which has wrought noble results in the hearts and lives of men. The writing upon tablets of stone and large mastic plates and columns, was learned by the Jews from people older than they, and the literature of Assyria and of Egypt was displayed upon these tablets as well as upon the leaves of the Papyrus which are found preserved with the mummied remains of the men who, like ourselves, regarded death as an incident in human life, but which did not terminate or destroy it.

The law commanding sacrifices and burnt offerings surely cannot be commended by wise people of to-day as the work of a wise God. We certainly cannot assume that a Perfect Being was lacking in wisdom in the days of Moses, and is wiser to-day. That the law of Moses was not a wise law is evidenced from the fact that it has been rejected by Him who came in fulfillment of the prophecy, and established upon earth the great truth that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, and very sensibly taught that God is not pleased with burnt offerings and the sacrifices of blood, but rather with contrite hearts, followed by pure lives and worthy and noble actions. That those who were inspiring Moses, presenting him with visions, represented themselves as being God, may well be accounted for upon the hypothesis that they believed that had they made themselves known in their true character as being but angels or advanced spirits of the men of former ages, Moses would not have revered them, nor obeyed their commands, and hence he was purposely kept in ignorance of their real character. How different were the inspirations and teachings of Jesus! A comparatively few hundred years in the spiritual realm had been productive of a vast improvement in those who came back to enlighten mankind, to guide them in the ways of truth and happiness. No longer do we hear the proclamations of war, of havoc and destruction, of the extermination of tribes and the putting to death of individuals at the command of the Most High; and men whose lives were characterized with butcheries, extortions and licentiousness, are not commended for those things. What is more conspicuous than the teachings and gospels by Jesus Christ, as they stand in contrast with the law of Moses and the lives and characters of the men who were commissioned with its enforcement?

We have come now to a period when bibles of a different character are being written. They are made up of the very times in which we are living; every discovery in natural science is the unsealing of a page in the Bible of God, as He has written it in nature itself. When Hugh Miller made his discovery and bore to the world the Testimony of the Rocks, and when he pointed to the footprints on the boundaries of time, he was pointing to tablets that bore a testimony which as much transcended that given by Moses to the Children of Israel as the light of the sun transcends the borrowed light of the planetary world. Here we find transmitted through a series of ages, the length of which man has not yet been able to calculate, the origin of species and the descent of man, and this testimony is placed in bold contradiction with the record of their special creation prior to the time Adam is said to have been formed from dust. That the sun was not specially created to give light to this little world by day, nor the moon and innumerable hosts of stars to give it light by night, none but the most ignorant at this day will contend; yet there the record stands, still forming a part of the Bible of Christian nations, and which in our own country we are asked to salute with a kiss to make the oath we are taking more binding upon our consciences.

I have not thus spoken of the bibles which have been given to mankind to lessen the respect every one should feel for the truth that may be contained within them; but because I desire to lead the minds of people to look upon all things which are given, free from bias, free from prejudice, free from the trammels of early education, that each one may seize, comprehend and convert to his use that which is true, and which is for the benefit of all who shall learn the truth. I would not lessen the reverence which all should feel for the word of God; if possible, I would increase it; but I would not have that which is the work of man longer hold such pow-

Continued on Fifth Page.

Registered Convict, No. 4273.

W. R. Colby alias Parson Raines.

As a Baptist Minister He Robs the Mail Car of a Parishioner—is Caught and Sent to the Penitentiary—Getting out by a Ruse, he Essays Mediumship—Driven out of Chicago he Settles in San Francisco where with the Support of two Papers, Both Weekly, he Prospers as a Medium, Minister of the Gospel and Camp Director—In the Opinion of a Victim he is "One of the Greatest Criminals Unhung."

The JOURNAL for May 2nd, 1885, contained an exposure of one W. R. Colby who was then holding forth in Chicago under the guise of a medium for independent slate-writing and other physical manifestations. The JOURNAL adduced proof that the man was an unconscionable swindler, wholly unworthy of credence and patronage, and called the attention of the police department to his performances. In consequence of the JOURNAL'S attitude the city became a dangerous place for him, and he finally brought up in San Francisco—next to Boston, the paradise of pseudo mediums and spiritualistic fakirs. His success at first, does not seem to have been very flattering, for in 1886 he returned to Chicago. His return coming to the knowledge of the JOURNAL, a short item announcing the fact, coupled with some appropriate comments, was published. This seems to have been sufficient to drive him out of town again, and he returned to San Francisco.

In tracing his career in this city we found Colby to be not only a most audacious, reckless swindler, a common liar and gambler, but we discovered evidences strongly indicative of a character more villainous than is usually owned by dealers in mock spiritualistic wares. Enough was learned to convince us that the man had a history back of the time when he essayed the medium business. But no conclusive evidence of this came into our possession until last March. In the meantime he was making headway in San Francisco with the use of advertising space in the *Golden Gate*. The editor of that paper, Mr. J. J. Owen, was fully aware of the exposure in the JOURNAL and of our opinion of the man, an opinion based on irrefutable evidence; nevertheless he seems to have had no hesitation in assisting the impostor in obtaining the confidence of the San Francisco and California people. In June, 1887, Colby plied his vocation at the Spiritualist camp in Oakland. The editor of the *Golden Gate* in the issue of his paper for July 2nd, 1887, concludes an endorsement of Colby's mediumship, after one séance with him on the campground, as follows:

We were much pleased with this our first sitting with this medium, and hope as opportunity offers to see more of his powers. He impressed us most favorably with his sincerity, and fidelity to the cause he represents. He returns to this city July 5th and can be consulted at his old headquarters, 43 Sixth street.

Mr. Owen was evidently greatly impressed by his "sincerity and fidelity," for the *Golden Gate* within a month thereafter again endorsed him, notwithstanding we had again warned the people of the Pacific coast of the fellow's real character. In reply to our strictures, Mr. Owen allowed Colby to publish in the *Golden Gate* of August 20th, 1887, the following card:

To the Editor of the Golden Gate:

Allow me through your columns, to express thanks to Bro. Bundy, of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, for his kind allusions to my mediumship and personal character. Continue them, Brother. I acknowledge indebtedness to your columns for some of the best friends I have.

Respectfully, W. R. COLBY.

This card was more shrewdly concocted than at first blush appears, for while to the editor of the *Golden Gate* and the few of its readers cognizant of our exposure of the man and repeated warnings against his wiles, the sarcasm was apparent enough; yet to the great mass of those who read it, knowing the high moral standard demanded by the JOURNAL and its caution regarding the exemplification of phenomena, knowing this from the general reputation of the JOURNAL, and ignorant of our attitude toward Colby, his language would be taken as an endorsement by us of his "sincerity and fidelity"—as Mr. Owen so forcibly puts it.

The *Golden Gate* for December 17, 1887, contains an editorial announcement that Colby, the "Slate-writer," will lecture the following Sunday evening for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, San Francisco. Subject: "Christians' and Spiritualists' Heaven; Where and What is it?". "At the close of the lecture," continues the editorial, "his spirit friends will endeavor to give some manifestations in independent slate-writing." The lecture and the "endeavor" seem to have pleased Mr. Owen greatly, for the next issue of the *Golden Gate* contains a flattering notice of the affair, from which we extract as follows:

"We are surprised that Bro. Colby does not oftener let his voice be heard in giving out some of the many truths he must have gleaned in the past eight years of his experience as a public medium..... Then the control of W. R. Colby, 'Richard Booth,' produced writing between a pair of slates, in a clear and open manner such as no honest skeptic could take exceptions to."

It may be mentioned, in passing, but not as of any significance necessarily, that Colby was patronizing the advertising columns of of the *Golden Gate*. In the name of his "control," which with a due sense of propriety Mr. Owen mentions as "Richard Booth," but who was never called by any other name than Dick Booth, there lies a long and interesting history in connection with Colby's career as a medium, but it can not be given here, for want of space. On the editorial page of the *Golden Gate* for April 28th, 1888, appears a report copied from the San Jose *News* of a séance held in that city, at Germania Hall, by Colby and his daughter. The exhibition consisted of giving names, descriptions of deceased persons and alleged messages from them to their friends, in which both Colby and daughter acted as mediums. According to the account Colby picked up several envelopes "and told what was written within, and answered the question to the satisfaction of the writer in almost every case." One of the "tests" described by the *News*, as quoted by the *Golden Gate*, is so significant viewed from its blind side that we give it in full:

He answered the questions on one card, "Where did you spend the night?" by stating that the writer was playing faro over a livery stable (the location of which he accurately described) until 3 A. M. and that between midnight and that hour he took three drinks at three separate times at a restaurant.

Colby is an inveterate gambler, and it is more than probable that his questioner saw him at the faro table the night before; and very possibly this "test" was then agreed upon as one likely to create a sensation at the meeting on the following evening. In addition to republishing the *News* account of the San Jose affair, the same issue of the *Golden Gate* contained two editorial puffs for Colby; one being in connection with the announcement that "W. R. Colby and daughter will give their last séance at Odd Fellows Hall, for the present, to-morrow evening." Of course the extract from the *News* was intended to fill the house at this "last seance."

Last year one H. C. Wilson, a person with a salacious record and at that time President of the Washington Hall Society hereinbefore mentioned, an incorporated concern, went into the manufacture of "Ministers of the Gospel;" going through the farce of "ordaining" anybody who applied, regardless of character or fitness. Among others who became "Ministers of the Gospel" and expounders of the Washington Hall go-as-you-please religion, was Colby who was "ordained." An editorial mention of Wilson's "Minister Mill" and his own ordination, in the JOURNAL for August 6, 1887, contains this reference to Colby: "As that unconscionable liar, petty gambler and swindler, W. R. Colby, has had the same label pasted on his forehead, its intrinsic value will be readily perceived." It may here be incidentally mentioned that Wilson afterwards visited the Eastern camps on money donated by the people of his society for the purpose, having first been ordained by his wife as a "Minister of the Gospel" in accordance with the rules of the aforesaid Washington Hall Society.

As a preacher and medium for independent slate-writing, etc., Colby seems to have been in luck the past year. He occupied a tent during June last at the camp meeting in Oakland, as we learn from his advertisement in *The Daily Dove*, a daily edition of *The Carrier Dove* published during the camp season. *The Golden Gate* of June 30th contained an editorial announcement of a marriage on the camp ground the preceding week, "W. R. Colby, who is a duly licensed minister of the Spiritual Gospel officiating." *The Daily Dove* of June 25th, devotes over a column of editorial to this wedding and the festivities which followed. It may be well in view of what is to follow, to quote therefrom:

"On Saturday evening, June 23rd, the monotony of camp life was disturbed by a ripple upon its surface which, although known to but a few was an event of such great weight and moment as to involve the life-long happiness or misery of two individuals. These parties in whom so much interest centered, were John Wesley Wood and Addie E Carr, both of Tacoma, Washington Territory. They were strangers to most present, having but just arrived the day previous. This, however, only added to the romance of the affair; and what would a wedding amount to if the romance was left out?....

"Mr. W. R. Colby arose, and with a legal-looking document in his hand, announced that according to the laws of the State of California, he was a duly ordained minister of the gospel of Spiritualism, and as such authorized to perform the ceremony of marriage, for which purpose they were assembled. The ceremony was brief and to the point, as it enjoined equal duties and responsibilities upon the contracting parties irrespective of sex. The bridegroom was an elderly man of about fifty years of age we should judge. The bride was a small, compact little body, neatly attired in a becoming brown travelling costume. She was much younger looking than the bridegroom, although she must have passed her sixteenth year several seasons ago. After the ceremony was over and the benediction pronounced, the company formally congratulated the happy couple, and then adjourned to the big tent to hear Emerson's tests. At the close of the evening meeting, a pleasant surprise was given them at the tent of W R. Colby, where a nice repast was spread....

"Mr. Edgar Emerson made a brief congratulatory address which was responded to by the bridegroom, Mr. Wood. Joseph Maguire sang an appropriate solo, and after mutual congratulations the happy company dispersed. We regret that we could not have remained on the pleasant occasion, but were obliged to get the train for San Francisco as early as possible. We learn that another similar little episode is on tapis, and another ripple will soon bear out upon the tempestuous sea of matrimony, two other innocent, confiding mortals, to that bourne from which there can be full and complete return."

Having rapidly sketched the spiritualistic career of this typical specimen of the trafficker in commercial Spiritualism, it is time briefly to trace his life as a

BAPTIST PREACHER, MAIL ROBBER, AND PENITENTIARY CONVICT.

Last March while interfering with the confidence game of the Englishman, W. H Watson, we came in contact with an officer connected with the detective bureau of the city police department, who told us of his acquaintance with Colby. This officer, L. B. Ind, was a lodger in Colby's house when the latter was a resident here. He informed us that he had good reasons to think that Colby had once lived in Texas where, under the name of Parson Raines, he had preached good orthodox theology and robbed the United States mail. He gave us conclusive proof of Colby's methods in plying his alleged mediumship. He further averred that Colby had, when pressed by him, confessed to the utterly fraudulent nature of all his claims to mediumship. We found that during our illness and absence in California, the year before, Officer Ind had put a friend of the JOURNAL on the clew; and having done this, had all along supposed we had been made aware of the facts. Upon hearing Officer Ind's story we immediately took up the clew and followed it successfully, as will be seen.

We first secured possession of a letter dated March 2, 1866, and written by Mr. W. L. Booth, an old gentleman living at Hillsboro, Texas. This letter was in reply to an inquiry concerning Colby. It appears that after Colby left Texas and took up the role of medium he had a correspondence with Mr. Booth—not as Parson Raines, by which name only was he known to Mr. Booth, but over the signature of W. R. Colby, medium. In the guise of medium he gave Mr. Booth messages, and told of many things which no stranger could know. It now transpires that Colby lived six months in the same town with Mr. Booth. Colby claims Dick Booth as his "control." It should be borne in mind here that Dick Booth was the son of Wm. L., whose letter is now under consideration and from which we shall briefly quote. After stating that he believes the Parson Raines who was convicted of mail robbery "to be the author of the W. R. Colby letters now being published in the *Spiritual Messenger* at Chicago," Mr. Booth continues:

"I was completely deceived by his letters until nearly the close of our correspondence, then I did not feel like exposing him; and I felt grateful to him because his letters did Dick's mother so much good in her feeble condition.....I had several of his letters published in the Texas *Spiritualist*, published at Hempstead, in August, September, October and November 1879, I stating that the readers must form their own conclusions as I knew nothing of the writer W. R. C., except what I had learned from his letters; and that I did not know of any way the writer could have gotten what he wrote, except it was in the way he stated (as a medium). I have no desire to show up his past life or expose him. The Baptists have been as badly deceived by him as have the Spiritualists. His letters, true or false, have done a great deal of good and caused quite a number to investigate to my knowledge, and they have found Spiritualism true; then why blame him? If his letters are lies, he has only done what Paul said was justifiable, as he admits he sometimes lied for the good of the cause. Colby does not know that I am aware of the deception he has practiced on me.

It seems from Mr. Booth's letter, which is somewhat incoherent, that Colby has published the correspondence between them as proof of his (Colby's) wonderful mediumship.

Learning the address of the man who was in charge of the mail car when Colby *alias* Raines robbed it, we wrote him for information. Under date of April 28, 1888, he replied. We only give here a portion of this letter, as the remainder of it is stated more fully in one received later, and which is given further along:

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN FLAG
842 Broadway,
New York City, April 28, 1888.

Dear Sir: Your favor to hand. I know nothing of W. R. Colby. While in Texas in 1874–5 a man claiming to be a Baptist preacher and travelling under the name of J. W. Raines robbed my mail car at Hearne, Texas, on the 21st day of January, 1875. If you will send me a picture I will immediately recognize it, if it is Parson Raines. He was sent to Huntsville Penitentiary for five years; after serving about two years President U. S. Grant pardoned him out. The petition for his pardon was sent to me to sign and I declined to do it. The Attorney General reported adversely on the petition, but President Grant was lead to believe the prisoner was very ill and dying, so he pardoned him. I was shot at near Grafton, W. Va., in 1878 or 9, and I believe he was the would-be assassin; two shots were fired from the bushes but missed their mark. He is one of the greatest criminals unhung.

JOHN F. LIPPHARD.
Editor American Flag.

Upon receipt of this letter we forwarded to Mr. Lipphard a very fine cabinet photograph of Colby taken by Mosher of this city, procured for us by officer Ind. In response to this Mr. Lipphard replied as follows:

NEW YORK CITY, May 4, 1888.

My Dear Sir: Your favor of May 1st to hand. The picture you send me of W. R. Colby, is the picture of J. W. Rains, whom I met in Texas, and had sent to the Huntsville prison for five (5) years. In Texas he represented himself as a Baptist minister and was located at Hearne, Robertson county. At that time he had a wife (or woman claiming to be his wife) and a little daughter about eight or ten years of age. He is a very bad man, in fact one of the greatest criminals unhung.

In 1874 I received an appointment as mail agent in Texas. Gen. Geo. A. Bangs gave me the appointment. (Gen. B. was at that time superintendent of mails.) On my arrival at Hearne I inquired if there was a Baptist church there and was informed that there was a union meeting house. Every other Sunday the Baptist minister preached, and on the alternate Sundays a Presbyterian minister held the pulpit. The two denominations clubbed in and built the meeting house jointly. My home was Washington (my birth place) and all my people Baptists, I myself being a member of the Rev. C. C. Meador's Fifth Baptist Church, Washington, D. C. Being a stranger in a strange land, I sought out my own kind. Rains was introduced to me as a most worthy gentlemen, etc. I attended his church, as I was in Hearne every other day. The run from Hearne to Houston was about one hundred miles; I would go down one day and come back the next. On my arrival at Hearne, Rains would meet me at the car, enter my register packages for me, and take me to his house and I would have supper with him. He appeared a very good man and I looked upon him as a friend sent from Heaven. I was among strangers, which made his seeming friendship dear to me.

Early in January, 1875, I lost a registered package, and while I was on my down run to Houston I did not miss it, but on my return to Hearne Postmaster Clifford showed me the rifled envelope, which a railroad employe had found in the bushes about 300 yards from the railroad depot at Hearne. The package was from the postmaster of Titusville, Texas, to the postmaster of Galveston, Texas, and contained his quarterly remittance and report.

I wrote to the postmaster at Titusville and he informed me that there was $300 in the package. My first impression was that some of the connecting mail agents had stolen the package, and I went to Rains with a heavy heart and told him of it. He expressed deep sympathy for me, and said, "Don't worry about it, brother John. You can stop at my house while in Hearne and my wife will fix you up lunches to carry with you, that will last you each day until you again return to Hearne. You must watch the Hearne postmaster and the mail clerks closely; they will all rob you if they get the chance. I will help you all I can, etc."

The loss of this register made it hard on me at that time, as by the ruling of the postoffice department all clerks who lost packages were compelled to pay for them.

A few days after this, Rains came to me and said, "Brother Johnny, I have not been able to sleep for several nights on account of thinking of you and trying to devise some way in which you could protect yourself; to-day I was in Calvert (a town about 10 miles above Hearne) and I bought this lock for you, (showing it) put it on your car door and you will be safe; it is a combination lock; the key was made the same time that the lock was. Put it on your car door and you will be safe, for the mail lock that you now have on your car door can be opened by any of the mail agents or the postmaster as they all have keys alike." I put the lock on and felt safe.

Several days after this interview, he came to my car on my arrival in Hearne and helped me finish up my work in the mail car. He aided me by entering my registered packages, etc., in my mail book kept for that purpose. While he was doing this Mr. Geo. Emory, mail agent, (who connected with me) and Mr. Fields, a photographer of Hearne, came into my car and staid until I got through with my work. I had 32 registered packages in my car. I finished my work and fastened my car door, and Rains insisted on my going to his house, and keeping his wife company for two or three hours as he said he had to visit a sick member of his church about 2 miles back in the country. I told him I could not do so, as I must go to the post office to get a letter from home, and Mail Agent Emory wanted to receipt for the registered packages upon my return from the post office. Rains then left us. Fields, Emory and myself went to the post office (which was about one-half mile from the depot). I got my letter from home (Washington), read it, and Fields, Emory and myself went back to the Junction House and had supper together. After supper we returned to the car, and found the door opposite from the side we entered open or slid back (they were sliding doors) about a foot. The lock was all right, just as we had left it. I unlocked the door quickly and we all three entered the car, and found all the registered packages gone, but one; that one had partly slipped under a sack and the eye and hand of the thief missed it. The loss was reported, search made and nothing could be found. I had to leave at 11 o'clock that night on my return trip to Houston. Clifford, the post master, promised to keep up the search. About 10 o'clock the next morning, while in Houston, I received a dispatch from Hearne, sent by the postmaster, that they had the thief. I arrived at Hearne about 4 P. M. and they had Rains in the baggage room, a prisoner. They traced him by his boots from where he jumped from the car with the packages, and found them (rifled of their contents) where he had opened them. He has a peculiar step, throws his toes wide apart and treads heavy on his heels. Very few men step like him. His feet gave him away in 1875, and they will give him away now. At the trial it was proved that he bought the lock he gave me in Hearne (and not in Calvert as he told me) and when he bought the lock, he bought it with two (2) keys. He bought it from Shaffer & Co., hardware dealers. The lock and two keys were charged to him on the firm's books, and he did not pay for it for several days afterwards; the books were brought out on the trial.

I can never forget Rains' face, it will only fade from my memory with death. He was only convicted on one charge, and that was of the robbing of the registered packages at Hearne—that gave him five years. There was another charge that can be brought against him to-day, which I will explain to you: I liked the man so that I used to carry him in my mail car down the road to different stations. He would come to my car and say, "Bro. Johnny, I want to go to Bryan" (about twelve miles). I would say, "All right, Doctor, jump in," and he would ride with me, open packages of letters for me and assort them in the letter boxes. On the trial it was proved that he stole some of the letters he thus handled. Out of one of them he got a hundred dollar check, and bought a feather bed and some other things from a merchant in Bryan, Tex., gave him the check endorsed by himself, taking the balance of the check in cash. This offense the district attorney said he would push against Rains as soon as his term of imprisonment expired.

June 1st, 1888.—Since writing the above, I have been on a visit to Washington. My wife recognized Rains' picture; as also did Mr. Callahan, who is now a clerk in the General Postoffice, Washington, D. C. I hope that you will pardon the delay in answering your letter; my only excuse is that I was called suddenly away to Washington.

JOHN F. LIPPHARD.

After reading this letter we had no doubt of the identity of Colby and Raines, but to be doubly assured we opened communication with the Inspector's Office of the P. O. Dept., and also with parties in Texas to whom we sent a photograph of the criminal. The result of this further inquiry has been to confirm beyond all possibility of doubt or mistake, the identity of Raines the Baptist preacher and mail robber of Texas with Colby the medium and "minister of the spiritual gospel." The picture of Colby has been recognized by many of his Texas acquaintances, including members of the Baptist church in which he preached. One of our Texas correspondents writes of Colby's arrest for mail robbery as follows: "When the complaint was sworn to, no officer could be found to execute the warrant of arrest, because of Raines' high standing and piety; so the Government had to have a special deputy."

From the mass of evidence supplied us by the P. O. Department and Texas officials we select the following to close the case:

Office of Superintendent Texas
State Penitentiaries.
Huntsville, Texas, June 25th, 1888.

MR. JOHN E. HOLLINGSWORTH, Austin, Texas.

Dear Sir:—In answer to your favor of June 23rd, 1888, I enclose descriptions No. 8440 Jno. D. Rains who escaped Jan. 29th, 1881, and No. 4273 W. J. Rains who was a United States prisoner and of whom no description or other data was kept, except as shown on enclosed description list....

Very Respectfully,
T. J. GOREE, Supt.

PRISON REGISTER.

TEXAS STATE PENITENTIARIES.

DESCRIPTION OF CONVICT WHEN RECEIVED.

Registered No. 4273.
When and Where Received. Huntsville 1875, about 1st of March.
Name. W. J. Rains.

* * * * * * *

No record kept of U. S. Prisoners.
Pardoned by President Grant, December 19th, 1876.

"No record kept of U. S. Prisoners" is written diagonally across that part of the blank which is used to record the prisoner's personal appearance, habits and history.

HEARNE, TEXAS, June 28, 1888.

HON. JOHN E. HOLLINGSWORTH,
(P. O. Inspector) Austin.

Dear Sir: I was living in Hearne at the time Raines committed the train robbery. I was personally acquainted with the man; during the first month or two of his residence here I was frequently in his company, during which time I became convinced he was a "wolf in sheep's clothing," and spoke to several persons here of my conviction. I think he lived here 8 or 10 months.....The photo was shown me for recognition. I knew it at once, as did also a number of his old acquaintances here.....Respectfully

JAMES G. ADAMS,
Postmaster.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF CHIEF POST OFFICE INSPECTOR.
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 17, 1888.

GEORGE B. KIDDER, ESQ.,
Inspector in Charge, Chicago, Ill.

Sir: Herewith please find letter of Jno. C. Bundy returned, also the photo of J. W. Raines concerning whom this inquiry was made. It seems perfectly clear that the man W. R. Colby and "Parson Raines" are identical, and as this Dept. has no use for the accumulated evidence annexed, the same can be handed to Mr. Bundy for his information.

Respectfully,
W. A. WEST.
Chief Inspector.

It will be observed that the name of the preacher is sometimes spelled with an *e*, and at other times without it, and that the initials are differently placed by different witnesses—sometimes W. J., and then J. W.; but these are such variations as often occur, and in no way affect the identity of "Parson Rains" and Colby.

At the late Oakland camp meeting, Colby was elected a director of the corporation for the ensuing year. In explanation of this, a San Francisco correspondent informs us that Colby secured proxies to the number of one more than half the stock and then voted in such officers, himself included, as suited his purposes. Hence to-day he stands before the San Francisco public, apparently, as a representative *par excellence* of Spiritualism, being a medium, a "minister of the Gospel" and director of the California State Camp-meeting of Spiritualists. There is no evidence to show that he is any better man to-day than when, while playing the role of Baptist preacher, he robbed the mail car of his confiding parishioner. The Spiritualist papers of San Francisco were sufficiently warned by the JOURNAL two years ago, but failed to do their duty to the public. It remains to be seen what will now be their course. If a gambler, thief and swindler makes a good enough "minister of the Spiritual Gospel" for the conductors of those papers, let them frankly say so. Let the stockholders and directors of the *Golden Gate* define their attitude too!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Mr. Edmund Gurney.

Spiritualists and all other students of psychic science will regret to learn of the death of Mr. Gurney, apparently from an overdose of chloroform, taken for insomnia. This fatal accident brings to mind three other cases in the comparatively narrow ranks of authorship—one a distinguished English surgeon, another a writer of brilliant war-sketches, the third a leading journalist. The announcement follows close upon that of the death of Professor Balfour Stewart, President of the London Society for Psychical Research, of which Mr. Gurney was one of the most active, efficient and prominent members. He stood in England with a very few others we could name at the very head and front of the scientific investigation of phenomenal Spiritualism, telepathy, hypnotism and related phases of the "main question."

The London Society has never been a happy family. Almost from its foundation there have been two irreconcilable wings or factions, distinct enough to have become known to irreverent Londoners as the "hard-headed" and "soft-headed *sikes*." The former were mostly recognized men of science, of basic orthodoxy, interested, indeed, in spiritualistic or theosophic manifestations whose occurrence could not be gainsayed, but bent on putting these on a materialistic basis. The latter were the Spiritualists and Theosophists, under the lead of such men as Rev. W. Stainton Moses, A. P. Sinnett, and C. C. Massey, with whose views of the manifestations most readers of the JOURNAL would be more in accord. Mr. Gurney belonged to the former wing of the psychic researchers, but was apparently free from prejudice or prepossession, and was certainly indefatigable in collecting cases and sifting the evidence upon which their authenticity and genuineness were alleged to rest. His name occurs throughout the published "Proceedings," and Journal of the Society; and he will be particularly cited, as long as the science of psychics endures as one of the authors of a remarkable work, "Phantasms of the Living," in connection with Mr. F. W. H. Myers and Mr. F. Podmore. This work, in two portly volumes, is, perhaps, the most remarkable and significant contribution of late days to the investigation of "borderland." It stands in somewhat the same relation to the scientific aspect of the case that Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature" or Robert Dale Owen's books did a few years ago to the popular side of ghost literature.

The facts which Mr. Gurney and his colleagues have adduced form an irrefragable mass of testimony to the reality of the physical manifestations usually called spiritualist-

ic, weighed and sifted with the utmost care, and set forth in an orderly methodical manner beyond praise. Mr. Gurney was never less cool, cautious and self-contained in coming to his conclusions, than enthusiastic in conducting his experiments or painstaking in collecting his cases; and he was always candid, earnest and truth loving. What pivotal points of spiritualistic or theosophic truth he may have stood upon, as a matter of his private conviction, it is not our business to inquire. Judging him in the light of his published writings we cannot but see him caught in the "cobwebs of the brain," spinning ingenious gossamer theories to bridge the gulf between matter and mind,—now resting quietly on the ascertained facts of physiology and psychology, now nimbly scaling the heights of metaphysical speculation, but always striving against his own spiritual intuitions, determined to exhaust every other resource of his imagination before being driven to the "desperate expedient of a mystery" to explain his facts. But, perhaps, he is a better critic of his own views to-day than yesterday.

Few men have passed out of the bodily darkness better equipped to continue the battle of life on the astral plane than Mr. Gurney. May his astral environment yield speedily to the higher Devachanic state. It is not likely (though not impossible, seeing the abrupt manner in which he passed on) that he will be heard from again in his own personality. But his good works remain to us, though the failure of his physical mechanism leaves a sad gap in the ranks of earnest, honest and advanced students of this life's mysteries. F. T. S.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"MY DARLING IS DEAD."

A. RIKER.

"My darling is dead!" was the solemn sentence that greeted me as I tore open a telegram last Wednesday morning. Only four little words, but each letter of every one of them so freighted with woe, that they burned deeply into my very soul. "My darling is dead!" Pause, mothers, and let the tears fall softly and tenderly upon the words as you read them. They are only mute signs, it is true, emblems as it were of an unspoken grief, which has no valid token. But mute as they are, they speak in no uncertain tones to your hearts, and dead, indeed, must they be to the gentle touch of nature, if they do not throb with tender memories and weep in sympathy. The sorrowful message is no uncommon one, for the network of electric wires that girdle the earth in every direction, that span continents and traverse seas, and reach to nearly every town and hamlet in the civilized world, are burdened with it from day to day, and year to year, and it would almost seem the great fountain of grief must long since have been exhausted, so incessant has been the drain upon it. Not so, however, for the tears still flow and hearts still break. But this particular message, my dear JOURNAL, will be of more than ordinary interest to your many thousands of readers for it came from the heart of that noble woman and devoted mother, Mrs. E. L. Watson, whose name is a household word in the homes of the Spiritualists of America. But a few short weeks ago she bade adieu to her loved ones on the shores of the Pacific and started across the continent to spend a brief period with her Eastern friends, previous to the resumption of her work in this city. Full of hope and confidence in the future, she anticipated great pleasure as well as a renewal of health from her visit, imbued as she was with the holy purpose of doing good, of carrying comfort to sorrowing souls through her spiritual labors. No premonition of coming evil clouded the horizon of her future, and she took her departure toward the rising sun full of bright anticipations, and cheered by the benedictions of a host of friends. Alas! alas! how little did she dream that hers was to be the stricken soul, the one to most need consolation. Whilst in the very midst of her successful efforts, the summons came that called her to the bedside of her sick boy, her first born, the "darling" whose subsequent death was announced in the brief but sad terms above written.

Yesterday morning the writer left this city for Sunny Brae to be present at the burial services to be held over the remains of W. L. Watson, son of the woman whose name is revered, and held in grateful memory almost the wide world over. From San Jose a carriage ride of ten miles is necessary (through the beautiful valley of Santa Clara) to reach the lovely spot at the base of the mountains; and to those who, like the editor of the JOURNAL, have had the pleasure of a brief sojourn in this "garden" of California, it is quite unnecessary to speak of its manifold attractions in detail. To the right, and to the left for the whole distance the landscape is varied by a succession of fields of grain, and orchards, and vineyards. On either side of the road as far as the eye can reach, the thrifty trees are laden with their luscious fruit, made golden by the shimmering sunbeams which seem ever to be playing hide-and-seek amid the abundant foliage. Here and there a vast sea of emerald lies spread out before you, beneath the billows of which is nature's laboratory, in which the hot red blood, destined to feed the veins and quicken the throbbing heart of commerce, is nurtured. To the right is seen the coast range of mountains with their lights and shadows, their sides even now teeming with the products of industry, and dotted with little white cottages, home pictures framed in green, yellow, and purple, where dwell amid the lofty pines in the region of the clouds, peace and plenty, and where is imbibed from the bosom of Mother Nature the purest and most exalted patriotism. To the left looms up in the hazy distance a spur of the Sierras, on the summit of the loftiest peak of which, Mt. Hamilton, may be seen shimmering in the sunlight, the white dome of the Lick Observatory towering toward the heavens, where the suns and stars are wont to gather in the stillness of the midnight hour and whisper their secrets; the whole forming a landscape of such vast extent and rare loveliness that it may well be termed the *chef d' œuvre* of artistic beauty from the studio of the Infinite.

As before said, a ride of ten miles through this delightful scenery brings you to the entrance of a winding avenue which leads to what was within a few weeks one of the happiest homes in the wide, wide world. There amid the clustering vines and the wide-spreading branches of the live-oak, is the little cottage where dwelt mother, son and daughter; the trinity—all in one—one in all. The air they breathed was literally laden with fragrance from a bower of roses, and the spiced perfume from the eucalyptus, imparted a delicate flavor suggestive of life in the tropics. But far sweeter than all this was the spirituality that pervaded their intercourse, impregnating the surrounding atmosphere with a sense of rest and peace and happiness. No lovelier spot could be found in the whole valley, and it seemed as if the gods had guided the footsteps of the gifted woman thither, that she might commune undisturbed with the unseen world which is ever so near her.

Alas for human hopes and aspirations! All unexpected the grim hand of death reached forth and plucked from under the corner of the little edifice its strongest pillar of support—the bright young man, the son, the brother! "My darling is dead" was the wail of agony that went up from the stricken hearthstone.

The services were to begin at half-past one P. M., and the only unusual feature of the occasion was that Mrs. Watson herself was to officiate. Long before the appointed hour the rooms were filled with kindly neighbors, many friends also being present from San Francisco, San Jose and vicinity. The casket in which reposed all that was mortal of the young man, was placed in the center of the little parlor. At the head was an elaborate and very beautiful floral representation of the Golden Gate, surmounted by a white dove with wings wide spread, emblematic of the pure soul which had just passed its portals. The profusion of flowers was notable, his young companions thus testifying their kindly sympathy. From the wall, looking down with pity upon the marble features of her dead brother, was the portrait of the baby sister who long since passed over the silent river. All was hushed in the presence of death until the hour arrived, when soon thereafter the stricken mother, white as alabaster and calm as the graven image of despair, entered leaning upon the arm of her step-son. After a solemn silence of a few moments broken only by stifled sobs, with clasped hands and upturned face she began her invocation. What a picture for the painter! What a model for the sculptor! The impersonation of heroic devotion, the embodiment of purity. The sweetly modulated voice, quavering with suppressed emotion scarcely rose above a gentle murmur, but so hushed was the darkened chamber, each syllable reached the ear and heart of every listener. Soon, however, the melody of her tender pleading filled the room, and even the keys of the piano seemed to vibrate and send forth their low, sweet notes in harmony with the tide of tenderness that swept over them. It required no stretch of the imagination to believe the clairvoyant eye could see the forms, and the clairaudient ear hear the hushed voices of the listening angels mingling with the subdued sobs of the deeply moved auditors.

Never before did mortal lips give utterance to such unspeakable grief in terms of such loving tenderness. Never before did the sacred treasures of the heart find voice, or burn so deeply into the souls of men. Never before was there a prayer so full of tender pathos, so full of the sweetest and purest sentiments of the human soul, wafted to the listening ear of the Infinite. Never before did the white lips of a bereaved mother, standing by the side of the lifeless form of her first born, her darling boy, speak with such awful potency to the inner consciousness of her hearers. List, oh! throbbing heart to the soft whisperings of a suffering soul. Be still, I say! Dost thou not know that the tender words falling from those bloodless lips is thine own language? The prayer is ended. Another pause, and the brave woman begins a discourse the most remarkable, perhaps, ever delivered on such an occasion. Old men and maidens, mothers, sons and daughters bowed their heads and wept in token of the power of the soul's eloquence. It could not, in truth, in any sense be called a discourse, but rather the outpourings of a heart crushed and bleeding, yet grand in its sublime trustfulness. The presence and sustaining power of her spirit friends was never more clearly manifest, for surely that frail form would have drooped to the earth had it been otherwise.

The whole service was a sublime poem of tender feeling flowing from a wounded heart. No words can do it justice, nor could a pen dipped in the molten lava of inspiration convey more than a feeble conception of the wonderful power of its eloquence. She soared far above the earth into the sunshine of spiritual intelligence and there reveled in her native element. For nearly an hour her auditors sat spell-bound under the magic influence of this marvelous genius, and the intensity of feeling became almost audible in the throbbings of their hearts. The muffled thunder-bolts of Jove seemed hurtling through air, so vivid were the flashes of illumined thought, and through no other channel than the inspired lips of this gifted woman could such lofty sentiments find utterance. Now mark the change. She descends from the clouds and her woman's nature is once more in the ascendant. She speaks of the past life of her boy and dwells long and tenderly on his many virtues and noble traits of character, of his devotion to his mother, his affection for his sister, and relates touching incidents illustrative of his manly nature. She pays a glowing tribute to the beautiful daughter whose fortitude has given her courage through all this trial, to her faithful step-son; to the white-haired patriarch, who through good and evil report, has been her true friend, and who a few months since was nursed back to life by her watchful care and gentle ministrations; to her kind and sympathetic neighbors; to the young men and maidens who for many years were the companions of her boy—to all these she meted out a full measure of gratitude from an overflowing heart.

And last but not least, she paid an eloquent and soulful tribute to the untiring and unselfish devotion of her faithful friend, Mrs. H. E. Robinson, who in truth was the sick boy's ministering angel during the whole period of his illness. To her she poured out the rich treasures of her grateful heart with touching tenderness. Finally she paid an eloquent tribute to all that is good and pure and holy in this vast universe of ours. The marvelous beauty of her language and the unspeakable tenderness in her quavering voice made an impression on every soul that can never be effaced and the young people will carry the lesson with them all through their future lives, for they witnessed a scene worthy the pencil of a Hogarth and one that must be, and will be immortalized in their memories. Little more remains to be said. The solemn cortege wended its way to the beautiful cemetery near San Jose where the remains were tenderly deposited in their last resting place. Flowers were placed upon the grave when Mrs. Watson took her departure for home, followed by the loving benedictions of all those present.

San Francisco, Cal., July 7th, 1888.

Note is made in the New York *Sun* of a stupendous plan of supplying the city of Liverpool with water. It involves the removal of a whole Welch village, including woods, cottages, churches, etc., this immense space to be devoted to a reservoir four and a half miles long by half a mile to a mile broad, and eighty feet deep. There are to be three lines of pipe, each sixty-eight miles long, with filtering beds and secondary reservoirs, and the cost of the aqueduct alone is estimated at $15,000,000.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

AN IRISH KNIGHT OF THE 19TH CENTURY. Sketch of the Life of Robert Emmet. By Varina Anna Davis. New York: John W. Lovell Company.

The publisher says: "An Irish Knight tells the fine and simple story of Robert Emmet; but, as his story was also the history of Ireland for the space of his short life, the author—the daughter of Jefferson Davis, whose recent visit to the North will be remembered—deals in 'An Irish Knight,' not only with the adventurous and romantic life, and tragic death of the patriot, but with the conditions which created the need for such a man, and with the sad tale of Ireland, in which he became so nobly but so fatally implicated." The fact that Miss Davis is the author of the work, will alone give it considerable prestige.

THE GREAT PYRAMID, Its Teachings to us as a People. A Lecture delivered at Chautauqua. By Chas. Latimer, C. E. Chicago: C. H. Jones.

This pamphlet of 32 pages will be read with interest by those who are seeking to solve the problem connected with the construction of the Great Pyramid. The author says: "All that it has revealed teaches us that it will reveal more, and that we have not more than reached the threshold."

MEXICO, OUR NEIGHBOR. By John H. Rice. New York: John W. Lovell Company.

This work gives, in a concise and interesting manner, a comprehensive view of Mexico. Its population, races, languages, area, resources, the federal government, financial condition, etc., are alluded to, and facts given that will prove of great value to those who wish to travel in that section, or who think of investing their money there.

PHILOSOPHIC CHIROMANCY. Mysteries of the Hand Revealed and Explained. The art of determining from an inspection of the hands the person's temperament, appetites, passions, mental endowments, character and tendencies. By Robert Campbell. Illustrated. St. Louis: J. W. Campbell & Co.

Those who are interested in Chiromancy will find this, no doubt, an interesting work. Whether the hand reveals as much as is claimed by the author, each one who reads his opinions, must judge for himself.

New Books Received.

Madame Silva. By M. G. McClelland. New York: Cassell & Company, Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Herbert Spencer is working again, though with difficulty, for he says it took him from the middle of March to the first of June to write the article on "The Ethics of Kant," which he will contribute to the August "Popular Science Monthly." Mr. Spencer combats Kant's idea that only right things done in obedience to duty have moral worth, while the same things done from love of the right in and for itself are morally valueless.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 4, 1888.

A Move to Christianize Japan.

Japan has adopted the usages of Western civilization more readily than any other Oriental country. The English tongue is spoken by many of its educated people, our style of dress is often adopted, and many Japanese students are in American and English colleges, who will go home educated under our methods, inspired by new views, and zealous sometimes to spread those views among their countrymen. For an Oriental to visit our country, see the wonders of our mechanism and engineering, the strange ways of our people, the freedom and fearless dignity of our women, must be like visiting another planet. To see and hear of our religious rites and opinions must be like a new revelation, or rather like a confused maze of various revelations.

Unrest in religion prevails in that island empire, as it does, indeed, the wide world round. The paganism of Japan is a fusion of different faiths—Sintoism, Buddhism, Confucianism, etc.,—none very clear, each shading into the other, and all growing dim, especially among the educated. Christian missionaries have freedom of speech, as fortunately religious persecution is little known in Japan—their heathen charity rebuking our Christian bigotry. But toleration is reaching toward indifference—the old faiths fading, no new ones in full sight, and a feeling that it is all inconsequent.

Much else from Christian lands they like; a British war ship is worth a whole fleet of their poor junks; American mechanism makes their tools look mean, and, perhaps, the religion of these lands from whence ships and mechanism come may be better than ours, may be their thought. A thinking Japanese might say: "On the whole these far-away people are better off than we are. If their religion helps them, it might help us."

And so comes a surprise, in the fact that proclaiming Japan a Christian empire is talked of by some of its own leading people. The Japan *Weekly Mail* gives this to England. *The Times, The Spectator* and other London journals discuss it, and our own leading journals take it up.

A missionary effort no doubt pushes on this singular movement, for such a change would give Christian clergymen high place, and most cheering success and prestige.

It looks as though these Oriental pagans had better hasten slowly in this matter. So fast and so far as Christianity spreads among their people, all well, and the noble freedom in religion which they enjoy is the best means of reaching the highest spiritual truth. To make Japan Christian by proclamation were a poor makeshift for this age,—not good in any dark age even. "The kingsdom of heaven is within," and no paper bulletin can bring it.

If the poor Japanese are confused by a half-dozen old and different religions, and stand doubting between Confucius and Buddha and others, their confusion must be worse confounded between the scores of sects and creeds, from Catholicism and Episcopacy to Presbyterianism with its election and its hell, Methodism with its free grace and its Trinity, Universalism with its final salvation for all, and Unitarianism with its broad culture.

If they doubt now, their agnosticism might grow in this new maze. Give them time to think and to sift out the real spiritual truth and not rush to a paper Christianity, external and superficial.

It appears that the Presbyterian, Congregational and Reformed missionary churches propose co-operative work for "The United Church of Christ in Japan." No Unitarian or Universalist need apply, and no recognition of the Unitarian missionary now in that country would be given. A possible Spiritualist (and they are all over Asia) would be held as a child of perdition by this "United Church of Christ." By no such method or spirit is their life to be lifted to a higher level. But the situation is interesting and significant. "Old things are passing away," work and wait, and new light will come.

Dr. Field Knows All About It.

While the Diss De Bar trial was attracting attention in New York, Dr. Mathew M. Field took advantage of it to read a paper before the Medico-Legal Society of that city. The title of his paper was: "Is Belief in Spiritualism Ever Evidence of Insanity *per se?*" The following report from the *N. Y. World* shows the drift of his argument:

The doctor divided the believers in Spiritualism into three classes: First, those who make it a business to mystify, viz., the so-called mediums; second, those who attend séances, who wonder at the strange things they see and believe they are brought about by supernatural means, and third, those who, without the intervention of others, believe that they see the dead or those at a distance face to face. Those of the last class, the doctor said, were all insane.

"The abstract belief in Spiritualism is no evidence of insanity," he went on. "A man can perfectly well believe that God has spoken to others, but it is when he tells you that God has spoken to him that you have evidence of his insanity. Balaam's ass may have spoken in days of old, but when a man tells you that an ass has spoken to him, you believe him insane. In that middle-class which believes in the manifestations produced by others, while it is mainly formed of weak-minded people, with some brilliant exceptions, it cannot be said that this belief indicates insanity, though such a belief in a person of mature years and of acknowledged good judgment may well be taken as a sign of mental deterioration. In this class there is delusion but no hallucination, because there is an actual external object produced. I have seen several cases where persons thought that Jay Gould was persecuting them. They heard a voice; they connected that voice with the telephone; Jay Gould owned all the telephones, and thus their point was proved.

The logic of this astute doctor is peculiar, for one would conclude that if belief that an ass spoke to-day proved insanity, belief that an ass spoke thousands of years ago would show a far more bewildered mind. All who believe they have seen the dead are insane, says Dr. Field, and his society says, "Ah! yes." When the apostles saw Moses and Elias on the mount—a beautiful story which never grows old and has been the satisfaction of untold generations—these apostles were poor lunatics, whose hallucination has for two thousand years deceived the Christian world. The women who saw the angel at the sepulcher were poor demented creatures, and the apostles who thought Christ appeared to them after the crucifixion were simply suffering from insanity.

"Oh, no," cries the learned doctor; not that. "We do not deny that the dead have been seen in the past. Seeing the dead now is the sign of dementia." The individual who thinks he has seen a dead person, is clearly insane, but to believe that persons have seen the dead in the past shows a sound mind!

Belief in Spiritualism in the abstract, is not as true a sign, only an evidence of "weak mindedness" and "mental deterioration," says the doctor. It is quite unnecessary to give a list of the names of distinguished men and women who accept Spiritualism, to refute this libelous assertion. As for the insanity of Spiritualists, Doctor Eugene Crowell made careful investigation of that subject, and found that of all causes of insanity, Spiritualism was the least potent. Really it furnished no subjects for the asylum.

The Medico Legal Society, listening to such statements, rather supports the somewhat disputed miracle of the talking ass. Of the two, the long eared property of Baalam was the most sensible.

Ecclesiastical History.

The *Christian Register* referring to the action of the Boston School Committee in withdrawing Swinton's "Outlines of the World's History" from the public schools of that city, says: "A public school is not the place to teach ecclesiastical history." Then a public school is not the place to teach any kind of history. History is history. It consists of a narrative of past events, of an account of facts in regard to the doings and occurrences of past centuries. Historical instruction, with the important facts of ecclesiastical history omitted, must be very one-sided and unsatisfactory. For centuries the church and State, throughout Christendom were united, and in many countries the union has never been dissolved. The history of one cannot be understood without acquaintance with the history of the other. The history of one cannot be intelligently taught, cannot even be intelligently written without constant reference to the history of the other. Why then does a journal generally so just and discriminating as the *Christian Register*, say that ecclesiastical history should not be taught in our public schools? But the *Register* continues: "No public school board has a right to force on Catholic pupils historical statements on debatable points which may be said to strain the Catholic position. History is not to be taught dogmatically. One of the best things that a teacher can do is to show his scholars that there are really two sides to many one-sided statements." This is well said, but it does not justify the *Register's* leading statement, that a "public school is not the place in which to teach ecclesiastical history." Historical text-books for public schools should not present as facts any doubtful statements, any statements in which historians differ, and if it is necessary, to mention debatable points, the authorities should be fairly cited. Only the outlines of history of course can be taught in our public schools, but so far as the instruction is made a part of the exercises, it should be in ecclesiastical as well as in political history. That judgment and tact are required in a teacher whose duty it is to present without any sectarian twist the leading events of religious and ecclesiastical history, goes without saying. The use of his position to advance his opinions on points in dispute among the sects, should, of course, not be permitted. But the undisputed facts of history and their obvious relations to one another, whether they relate to the State or to the church cannot be omitted or ignored in teaching history in our public schools, unless, indeed history is omitted or ignored altogether.

Mrs. Fallon In a Trance.

On Monday, July 23d, Mrs. Clara Fallon, residing alone in a flat at 289 Illinois St., had a strange experience. During the day she had felt the presence of a strong spirit influence, to which she reluctantly yielded, after having prayed fervently to God to be relieved therefrom. In the early part of the evening she retired after having written the following note:

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS:—Do not disturb me for 48 hours. I have gone to be with my husband and dear friends. I will return about Thursday morning.

Tuesday evening she was discovered by one of her daughters, who, very much excited, screamed so loudly that she attracted the attention of the neighbors, but in no wise changed the condition of her mother, who was in a deep trance.

Dr. Montgomery was immediately summoned, and the only thing which he exhibited prominently, was his profound ignorance of the case! He called to his aid another physician, but of things spiritual they knew but little, hence could do nothing for their patient. Finally Dr. T. A. Clark, of 241 West Congress St., was called, but he did not arrive until the following Wednesday morning. He critically examined her pulse and respiration, and turned up her eyelids, and without a moment's hesitation said, "This woman is in a spiritual trance. Let her alone; she will come out all right."

Later in the day Dr. Clark called again, and by vigorous rubbing, Mrs. Fallon was brought back to consciousness, much against her wish, as her experiences in the spirit realms had been soul-enchanting. She had not suffered any serious inconvenience in consequence of her long fast, and appeared to have a broader and more comprehensive view of life. While in the trance she was conscious all the time, realizing her surroundings in the Spirit-world, and enjoying to the fullest extent the ineffable beauties there. She first recognized her husband, who passed to spirit life several years ago, and to whom she was devotedly attached. Then the first minister she had ever known on earth, came to her and presented her a book, from which she read, but the contents of which she does not wish to reveal. The spirit of a lady whom she knew in Chicago, conversed with her, and they had a good time generally. She was also affectionately greeted by her father. She heard music, saw beautiful flowers, and ate delicious fruit, which augmented her happiness, joy and peace. Nothing while in spirit life seemed to disturb her—she was happy in all respects.

Mrs. Fallon was born in Ireland, and reared an Episcopalian. She has always been opposed to Spiritualism, although her husband was an ardent Spiritualist. She is an intelligent lady, highly respected, and her spiritual experiences will do much in shaping her future life, and giving her clearer views of the destiny of the human soul. The *Herald* of this city contained a long and perfectly fair and dignified account of Mrs. Fallon's case, setting its blanket-sheet contemporaries an example they can follow with profit,—in more ways than one.

The Professional Beggar in France.

The Nation in a late issue contains interesting information in regard to the methods of the professional beggars of Paris who seem to have reduced their business to a very finished art. In use among the "profession" is a printed manual containing the names of charitably disposed persons in each quarter of the city with statements as to their means, their peculiarities, and the best way to approach them and to take advantage of their failings. Of this manual there are two editions, differing only in the amount of information they contain, which cost, one six, and the other, three francs. One is called "Le Grand Jeu," or "Big Game," and the other "Le Petit Jeu," or "Little Game." The following extracts from the "Grand Jeu" show how systematically the Parisian beggar may conduct his business:

M. A.—Rich proprietor; readily gives a five franc piece; pays rent in cases of eviction.
M. B.—Never gives any money; ask for clothes.
Madame C. (widow)—Is interested in children only; ask for layette for the baby and linen for the mother; can also get milk tickets for the baby.
M. D.—Very religious. Occupies herself in getting people married and in promoting baptisms and first communions; gives full suits of clothes.
M. E.—Protestant; dresses children so that they can go to school; gives orders for shoes and clothes; asks for addresses and sends to make inquiries; must have a friend ready to answer.
M. F.—Old and radical Republican; very rich; tell him you are the victim of the Reactionary party.

Directions are given how to approach the different classes of people that have means and are charitable. A very successful method of getting money and clothes from Catholic maiden ladies is for the beggar to represent that although he has lived with his wife in love and happiness for years, "their union has not been blest by the church;" that for their own and their children's sake they now want their marriage consecrated, and desire to celebrate their long deferred wedding day. In this way money and clothes for the marriage are obtained and the lady sends her priest to perform the ceremony. In the same way the baptism or first communion "truc" (in the American slang "racket") is worked. One woman confessed that she had been married fourteen and her children had been baptized eighteen times and that on each occasion she was supplied with money or clothes. There are many "trucs"—the rent truc, the political truc, the religious truc, etc. A beggar goes to a Conservative as a poor man who has been driven from his employment by communists, or to a Radical he represents that he is hunted from place to place by the police. To a freethinker he appears in the character of a young man who has been driven from his home because he would not continue to study a system of theology which he had come to abhor; and so on. Instruction is given how to guard against failure of these devices through inquiries on the part of the persons applied to for aid; and the directions on this point as well as those in regard to approaching and impressing charitable people of every rank and class, show thorough knowledge of human nature, not surpassed even by Beste, Ross, "Parson Raines," or any of the host of American Spiritualistic "truc" workers.

Steven Pearl Andrews believed in the continuity of life and that spirits could recross the boundary and manifest on their old plane of existence. Courtlandt Palmer was a skeptic as to another life after this. Since Palmer's death it is told in New York that an agreement existed between these two men that the first one to go should communicate if possible with the one left. Each memorized a sentence, to be sent, if feasible, to the one living through some medium at a distance. This was to be done within a year after the demise of either of the contracting parties. Palmer had waited impatiently and the year was nearly up when he solved the problem without the aid of the "Pantarch," by death.

"Not long before Courtlandt Palmer's death," says a dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune*, "he talked with several friends about the unkept promise by Stephen Pearl Andrews, and declared that if the expiration of the year did not bring the proof to the contrary he should set down Spiritualism as a sure delusion. As he died before the end of the year, and without, so far as known, disclosing the test sentences to anybody, this attempt by two of the Nineteenth Century Club men to ascertain the truth as to Spiritualism brings no satisfactory results." Mr. Palmer could have known very little of the spiritual philosophy to have staked the fate of Spiritualism upon such a test. Knowing something of the career of Andrews, his literary work for Vic Woodhull, and his damnable doctrines, the JOURNAL is warranted in believing that he had his hands full in taking care of himself when he got into the Spirit world. It is now more than likely that he is working sixteen hours a day to satisfy retributive justice and accomplish his own salvation.

St. Fargean in France, a town of 2,600 inhabitants, seems to have solved the problem of giving boys a trade and a good education hand in hand, and without making a fuss about it. The place has a school of apprenticeship where every boy divides the week between manual labor and study. For three days he works in the shop of some accredited tradesman in the town, the boy's parents having decided what trade he shall learn. The other three days he spends in studying practical matters, such as physical and mathematical science, geography, modern history, modern language, etc. At the end of three years he has a trade and a much better education than falls to the lot of most mechanics. The apprentices take their meals at the school and sleep there. These pay ninety dollars a year, and this amount covers the expense of books, pens, ink, etc., the only extra being washing and medical attendance.

Courtlandt Palmer, a radical freethinker of New York, best known as president of the Nineteenth Century Club, died last week at the age of 45. He was not a man of great natural endowments, but he had the advantages of a good education received at Columbia and Williams, and he possessed large wealth inherited from his father, the first Courtlandt Palmer, the successful merchant. He early took to radicalism in religion and politics. He was a positivest, very pronounced in his opposition to Christianity, and in spite of his wealth and aristocratic associations, advocated socialistic doctrines. He had the courage of his convictions and was a generous supporter of the movements in which he was interested. His unfortunate espousal of the cause of Bennett and Wakeman, when they attempted to identify liberalism with the foolish agitation for the repeal of all postal laws against the transmission of moral filth through the mails, was a cause of great sorrow to his friends and an injury to himself personally. It brought him in contact with a class in every way his inferiors, among whom were quacks and charlatans, as well as fanatics. Mr. Palmer was encouraged in the work of forming and sustaining the Nineteenth Century Club by those close to him who knew him well, with the hope that the higher intellectual and somewhat aristocratic influences of the club would divert his mind from other "reform" associations. Mr. Palmer left no published writings beyond a few essays, addresses and poems. By his request made weeks before his death, Col. Ingersoll delivered an address at the funeral, which was followed by religious exercises conducted in accordance with Mrs. Palmer's wishes, by Rev. R. Heber Newton. Afterwards the body was taken to Fresh Pond and cremated as Mr. Palmer had directed should be done. The deceased will long be remembered by those who knew him, as a genial gentleman and a man of good and generous impulses.

A dispatch from Pittsburgh, Pa., states that a physician there named Cooper, has just applied for a patent on a process to preserve human bodies by compression by a curious combination of steel presses and hot rollers. He excludes all the moisture and reduces a full grown body to a small size, 12x15 inches rendering it as hard and imperishable as marble. It is said that he has made several experiments with perfect success. The Doctor and others who have investigated the process think that it will supersede cremation, as bodies thus preserved are not only not offensive, but can be made to assume various ornamental shapes and kept in the parlor or elsewhere as constant reminders of the departed. The Doctor has on his centre table the remains of a child pressed into the shape of a cross. The Doctor proposes to place a large number of specimens of animals preserved in this way on exhibition in a few days. A company will soon be formed to push the invention.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson writes to ask the JOURNAL to thank her numerous friends in all parts of the country for their letters of sympathy in her affliction. She is obliged to take this public method because of the physical impossibility of personally responding to the hundreds of letters received. She writes: "Please ask that my many friends all over the country wait patiently for replies; being assured at the same time that I am hopeful, comforted by their sweet messages; full of courage for the future; knowing that whatever befalls, God's love and wisdom will bring light out of our darkness, and peace shall follow the turbulence of sorrow. When I have rested a little from my travels and trials I shall have some interesting psychic facts to relate in connection with my dear boy's transition."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. De Wolf left the city last week for Cassadaga camp meeting.

Robert Dawbarn, the father of the lecturer, Charles Dawbarn, passed to spirit life last month at Wisbech, England. He occupied a prominent position there, and the funeral was attended by the heads of the city departments.

Mr. T. J. Skidmore writes that they have a permanent postoffice, called Lilly Dale, at the Cassadaga camp; also a library. Miss Jennie Weller is the librarian; that the camp is very beautiful and opens with more than usual attendance.

The San Diego, Cal., *Union*, of July 13th, says: "The teachers were entertained by Jesse Shepard at Villa Montezuma, in four separate parties. He sang to each party, and also to a party of the sisters who visited his mansion in the morning."

Miss Phebe C. Hull writes from Lake Pleasant Camp: "It is said there are twice as many people here as have ever been before so early in the season; many fine improvements are in course of completion and the future of the camp appears most propitious."

Miss Florence Morse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse, was the recipient of a large number of beautiful gifts on her 17th birthday. A "surprise party" assembled at the family residence in San Francisco and completely surprised the English girl with the goodwill and gifts of her American cousins.

A. D. Ballou, of Delphos, Kansas, writes: "Our Camp Meeting will be held at Delphos, commencing, September 7th, and continuing ten days, or longer if thought best at the time of meeting. We are making preparations to have a good spiritual meeting, and hope and trust that all will receive benefit by attending. The JOURNAL is highly appreciated here."

Lucy Larcom, whose poetry and stories have touched the tenderest chords in the human heart and given hope and cheer to struggling thousands, is visiting among her old-time friends in this city. A reception was given her on Tuesday evening of last week by Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman of South Leavitt street. A large company of literary and professional people were present. Miss Larcom, a noble, strong faced woman, seemed to enjoy the evening as greatly as did the brilliant and vivacious company. Mrs. Sherman assisted by her accomplished daughter entertained the guests with her accustomed grace.

The Le Moyne school for colored children at Memphis, Tenn., is a model one, apparently. A visitor, describing it, says: "Imagine 125 white children up North remaining quiet without a teacher in sight. In the Le Moyne school that number of children are left in charge of a monitor, who is responsible for their safe and orderly conduct to their recitation rooms. A girl sits at the piano, and at the word from the monitor strikes into a march, and the childen file out. How the children are made to behave so nicely is a mystery."

A Typical Case—Earnest Words Thereon.

On the second page will be found a portion of the history of W. R. Colby now plying the vocation of medium in San Francisco. He is a typical specimen of a numerous class now and for years infesting Spiritualism. Because these harpies of both sexes chance to possess psychic power or are so organized as to render them mediums, as the case may be, they are able to gratify their ravenous appetites by devouring victims, soul and body. Because of these occult powers assumed or real, we are asked by people claiming to be sensible and moral to condone their diabolism, pet their vices, humor their whims and vigorously defend them when caught at their deviltry.

Wealthy men like the late Thomas R. Hazard rush to their rescue when enmeshed in the web of the law, and pour out money freely in their defense. Able and honorable men like Luther R. Marsh are cajoled into endowing a Temple of Truth (?) to be presided over by the Queen of Liars. Experienced men of the world like the Hon. J. J. Owen of the *Golden Gate* are induced to commend them for their sincerity and fidelity to the cause of spiritual truth. These assertions cannot be successfully refuted. They are notoriously true.

Now what is the rationale of this state of affairs? Rational, moral, order-loving Spiritualists, what are you going to do about it? You know your duty! You know, too, that if recreant to your duty you have got to pay the penalty. You know you cannot sit supinely with folded arms and, aping the religionist whose creed you affect to despise throw the responsibility upon God or the Spirit-world. To say that the Spirit-world has this Movement in charge, thereby implying non-responsibility and no cause of action on your part, is the acme of wicked puerility.

You wealthy Spiritualists, you who count your dollars by the million! whose only real comfort has come from the knowledge Spiritualism has brought you, do you propose to continue to shirk your responsibility to the Cause and to humanity, as you have done up to this time? Some of your number are continually being cut off from the scramble for more wealth, from the Herculean efforts to pile up more of that which in its superfluity is but dross. If Spiritualism is true, if any message from the land of spirits is trustworthy, then these your late contemporaries have entered that life as beggars. With souls deformed and spirits agonized, they now do penance in sack cloth and ashes and wander in realms more desolate and conditions more excruciatingly horrible than ever a Milton or a Dante conceived.

Every individual, rich or poor, of station high or low, who ventures within the gates of the temple of Spiritualism partaking of the knowledge therein attainable, assumes synchronously with that act solemn obligations to himself, to Spiritualism and to humanity, from which there is no escape, and which by inexorable law he must perform or take the awful consequences sure to follow, sooner or latter. It is not our purpose to point out these duties and obligations at this time; every individual whose moral sense is throbbing with ever so faint a pulse, intuitively knows what they are. At different times and with due emphasis and particularity we have pointed out methods for meeting these duties and obligations; we shall do so again and again.

We have been traduced, misrepresented, misunderstood, antagonized, conspired against for our persistent, unrelenting warfare against the vice, superstition and chicanery cloaked under the name of Spiritualism. The JOURNAL has had to contend against such odds as never before assailed a Spiritualist paper. But we do not complain, nor grow faint; we do not pose as a martyr, nor as having a "mission;" and the JOURNAL has successfully withstood all assaults and never was, morally speaking, so robust and effective as to-day. We have done only our duty! Have you who read this done yours? If not, begin from this hour and never again remit your efforts. Seek how best you can promote the best interests of pure Spiritualism, how you can most effectually aid in making this world better and the next a haven of peace!

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou will be one of the speakers at the Paw Paw, Mich., Convention.

G. H. Brooks writes that Haslett Park Camp has been greatly improved. Several excellent mediums are present, and everything indicates success of the enterprise.

Prof. Albert D. Hager, the ex-Secretary of the Chicago Historical Society, passed to spirit life at his residence 461 South Leavitt St., last Sunday. The body was taken to Mukwanago, Wis., for burial. Prof. Hager was highly esteemed by those who knew him for his many sterling qualities.

Owing to the illness of his stenographer, the lightness of the office force during the vacation season and the unremitting pressure upon his time, the editor is unable to reply to many letters demanding his personal attention. Correspondents must have patience, or they must co-operate to the end that the JOURNAL office can afford a considerable increase of its staff. Both patience and additional co-operation will best suit the editor and the demands of Spiritualism.

Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, and his assistant, Mr. Hutcheson, are noted for their wonderful memories. Not only can they refer instantly to any book in the library that may be asked for, but if requested to mention the best books on a particular topic they are able to enumerate them with a rapidity that would shame a book canvasser.

Miss Phœbe C. Hull, who acted as financial agent for the JOURNAL with such signal success at Lake Pleasant camp last year, has kindly consented to renew her engagement for the current season. Renewals and new subscriptions may be paid to Miss Hull, who will give receipts. She will occupy the JOURNAL tent and will attend to all business matters connected with the office.

The *Sunday World* speaks as follows of the gas well lately located at one of the suburbs of Cleveland: "Mr. Rowley was the medium and he went in company with Mr. Strong to the Jewett property, when he was guided in a way he could not explain. When they came near the location of the well, he snatched an umbrella from the hand of Mr. Strong and leaping over a high fence, stuck it into the ground, and said, "Drill there and you will find gas." Mr. Rowley then came to himself and declared that he was physically unable to vault the fence under ordinary circumstances which he had just leaped over with perfect ease."

Reports from Springfield, Ill., state that there was great excitement at the faith cure meeting at Oak Ridge, July 26th, and the crowd was the largest of the week. The only miraculous cures of the afternoon were those of Mary J. Smith of St. Louis and Mr. V. Duncan of Taylorville, Ill. The former was paralyzed in one side and had lost control of her speech. She was greatly helped, she said, in both respects, talking with little difficulty. She believed she would be finally and fully cured. Duncan had been forty years a cripple from rheumatism and came hobbling in on a cane. In a few minutes he leaped up and climbed to the platform and jumped down again. Then he threw away his cane and walked off without it.

After months of elaborate preparation and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars, Shakespeare's fairy spectacle, A Mid-summer Night's Dream, has been put upon the stage at McVicker's Theatre. As the Chicago public well knows, Mr. McVicker does not do things by halves, and in this instance he has been especially lavish and particular. The result is a dramatic and lyric cast of superior quality. This delightful spectacle was first seen by us nearly thirty-five years ago in the old Boston Theatre, and the memory of it has ever been a source of pleasure; never have we seen it presented since until this week, and it delights us now as much as it did when as a verdant western youth, we ventured into the Boston Theatre. It should have a long and successful run here.

BIBLES.

(Continued from First Page.)

erful sway as the word of God; as the work of man, give it just that force and respect to which it is entitled, and no more. Can it be possible that nature is false, that the testimony which is written all over the material world is untrue, and that the works of men, called the "Word of God," are to control this testimony which was old ere man began to consider from whence he came, and what his destiny?

It is contended by many religious minds, by public teachers, that God is above nature, and only has relation to it when, for his own purpose, he desires to interfere and control the forces which otherwise would be continuous, unchanging. Yet we have been instructed that at the command of Joshua, the Lord caused the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon, until the Israelites had avenged themselves upon their enemies; and the record says: "Is this not written in the Book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hastened not to go down about a whole day. And there was no day like that before it or after it that the Lord harkened unto the voice of man, for the Lord fought for Israel."

Here is presented the spectacle of the great central orb of this universe (which is 800,000 miles in diameter and 93,000,000 of miles away from the scene of battle—of the world which was revolving upon its own axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and of the moon, which is 240,000 miles distant, and making her tremendous circuit around our earth, traveling at the rate of 1,470,000 miles in 28 days) standing still for the space of a day, that Joshua might exterminate a few more human beings, and this at the command of a Being who, while he was fighting for Israel, might as well have caused the earth to open and the offending heathen to be swallowed up, and thereby have saved a good deal of unnecessary exercise on the part of Joshua and the Jewish army.

While we are considering these remarkable records we should not forget the picture presented of Joshua marching around the great walled city of Jericho, and the priests blowing the rams' horns, and the people shouting, and the walls falling flat to the earth. Of course, we cannot prove that these things did not occur, but that they are stories, similar to the mythologies of the Greeks and Romans, and have about the same foundation in fact as the story of the part which the gods took in the wars of the Athenians, as related by Homer in his wonderful Iliad, is apparent to unprejudiced persons who consider all these things as they are correlated to each other. The tracings upon the tablets recovered from the ruins and the sites of ancient cities are most instructive, and afford a ready key to unlock the mysteries surrounding much that is contained in writings yet extant of people of ancient times.

The works of Dr. Le Pongeon and his estimable wife amid the ruined cities covering an immense area in Yucatan, have brought to an unappreciative public the history and character of a people, whom we may well believe, were as old, if not older than the Egyptians. Le Pongeon claims, with much evidence to sustain his position, that the Egyptians owed much of their civilization to a great nation, of which those residing in Yucatan formed a part; and his discovery of huge libraries containing the literature of that people, (much of which is in the identical characters of the writings of the Egyptians, and which gives an account of that awful convulsion of nature, by which the great Archipelagoes lying between the American and European continents, were submerged, their inhabitants utterly destroyed, leaving but a remnant south of the Gulf of Mexico,) is really one of the greatest value to archæologists, and actually authenticates the story of the lost Atlantis, and the traditions of the Assyrians and of the Jews of that period of the great destruction, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the waters prevailed upon the earth. That these terrible convulsions of nature should be attributed to the anger of God, may readily be understood when we consider the superstitious character of the people of those days, and their lack of scientific knowledge, which is now lifting humanity from the ills that flow from ignorance and setting them free from the bonds of superstition. We do surely know how prone we are in the lapse of years, to exalt the virtues of men of great and noble deeds, and to illuminate their characters far beyond their actual merits. It is well that we are coming to a condition in which we can better understand the characters and motives of the great men who have made their records in the history of nations and religions, and weigh them as they justly deserve in the balances of impartial judgment; not forgetting that they, like ourselves, were human beings, the victims of human frailties, and that God in His relations to man, and the spiritual world in its relation to humanity, are not likely to have changed by the lapse of time, except in the advances which naturally have been made in the upward and onward growth of the human soul.

The bible, then which is being written today, is not the work of any one man, but of humanity at large. It is not a bible dictated from the lips of an austere God to any favored prophet, priest or seer. It is contained in the civilization in which we live. Man is learning the possibilities of life from precept and example, as well as from the experience which each day brings. Man in his intellectual growth is breaking the narrow limits by which his ancestors were environed, and is aspiring to and attaining altitudes from which he can look out with a broader vision and keener perception upon the limitless universe, which is, and ever must be before him. The efforts, which are being rewarded with a greater or less degree of success, to rend the vail which separates the material from the spiritual world, and to authenticate the fact that communion is established, is the crowning and glorious work of the declining century of this age. What a grand and noble work is this! How far it transcends all efforts which have hitherto been made by particular sects and denominations, to point yearning humanity the way to a heaven of which they themselves were ignorant. If it be true that salvation is conditional upon a belief in, and the acceptance of, the atonement made through the death of a murdered God, of which so many in the midst of Christendom have the gravest doubt, how important it is that these doubts should be removed, and that we should all prostrate ourselves before the throne of Him who requires this at our hands, and stop our mouths from giving utterance to thoughts in our protesting hearts against the justice of this plan of attaining eternal life.

The New York *Sun* gives this report written by a missionary in Japan, on the effect of the orthodox gospel on the natives:

"They grieve over the fate of their departed children, parents and relatives, and often show their grief by tears. They ask us if there is any hope, any way to free them by prayer from that eternal misery, and I am obliged to answer there is absolutely none. Their grief at this affects and torments them wonderfully; they almost pine away with sorrow. They often ask if God cannot take their father out of hell, and why their punishment must never have an end. I can hardly restrain my tears at seeing men so dear to my heart, suffer such intense pain. Such thoughts, I imagine, have arisen in the hearts of all missionaries, in all churches."

If this, being true orthodoxy, is untrue as a matter of fact, what fearful responsibility rests and ought to rest upon the souls of the men who promulgate such a horrible doctrine. To go among a simple-hearted and simple-minded race of people, possessing human affection and love, as strongly implanted as in ourselves, and to teach them that their offspring, their parents and friends who chanced to be born in that part of God's world, to which He had not vouchsafed to impart this requisite to salvation, must forever and forever be in unending torments, caps the climax of the horrible.

Standing, therefore, to-day upon this plane of life, and considering how few we are compared to that immense majority who have gone before us, is there a higher and nobler duty which man can perform to himself and to his fellows, than to unseal the mysteries attending his relation to the spiritual world, as he is unlocking the secrets of the physical world and reading its history as written in nature itself? If it can be with reasonable certainty established by satisfactory evidence that man has a soul that survives the destruction of the mortal body, and enters into a spiritual realm, which he finds to have been the abode of all spiritual beings since the advent of man upon the earth, and that a system of communication can by patient research be fully established, we have certainly taken a step in advancing the cause of truth, in bestowing knowledge where before ignorance was most profound, which is of the utmost importance to all who now live and to those who shall come after us.

It is with grief and mortification that we are compelled to hide our faces when we find so noble a work is being hindered and so grand a calling prostituted by those who force their way in and proclaim themselves instruments worthy of credit, while in fact they are infectious with moral corruption, minions of darkness masquerading as angels of light. Notwithstanding these discouragements, this work of truth is progressing as never before, and the future is bright with the many-hued bow of hope. That the work which we are doing is not confined in its blessings to us alone, is asserted in the communications received in thousands of households in our own land and other parts of the world. The work of salvation for the human soul may well commence here. We are taught that as we lift up and exalt ourselves, we elevate others in the spiritual world, who are concentrated around us to finish an incomplete work of life, which seems to be an absolute requirement to those who would make advances after passing from here into the spiritual realm. Spirits are teaching us, as we were never taught before, of the Christ spirit, and how it may be attained, and the blessings it brings to those into whose hearts and lives it finds its way. It is not given at the whim of a capricious Deity, and no amount of faith or credence in any story is required to enable us to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. We are taught as Jesus taught, that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, and this supplement which is given to humanity through the lips of ten thousand angel messengers, is making clear to Christendom and the civilized world, that which was so poorly comprehended before, and to which man, by his foolish interpretation has added so much. New chapters to the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth have been added, and the world is commencing to appreciate their beauty and worth. From the sum of all this man will learn the value of life upon the earth; he will seek to lengthen his days and increase his usefulness. The upward and onward growth and development which he is making, through each and every avenue of knowledge which is now being opened to him, is uprooting and eradicating the numerous tares which have been sown in the broad fields of truth, and the accumulated bibles of the past will each contribute that which is of value, whilst that which is erroneous will be utterly expunged. The inculcation of such hellish doctrines as have been promulgated to gratify the lusts and passions of men, as characterized in the book of Mormon, or rather by the teachings of its disciples, we hope will be made impossible. That human hearts may be cheered, death lose its terrors, and the labors of life crowned with blessings which shall bear eternal fruits, should be the object and purpose of our lives, and to that end, we humbly crave the blessings of the Infinite One whom we cannot comprehend, as well as of those whom we know to be ever with us, sympathizing with us in our misfortunes, lifting us up when we have fallen, and cheering us when depressed.

From Cassadaga Camp.

—the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The ninth annual meeting of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association opened Saturday, July 21. The attendance is larger than ever before, at the same time of the season, and the prospects are that this year will surpass all previous ones in every way. There is great activity all over the camp, and many noticeable improvements have been made. The celebrated Northwestern Band of Meadville, is engaged for the season, and its excellent music enlivens the meetings and brings a cheerful atmosphere to the camp. Congregational singing has been introduced, under direction of Prof. W. F. Peck, of Boston, and is proving very beneficial in giving unity of feeling and sentiment to the meetings. The children's lyceum is in charge of Mrs. E. W. Tillinghast, and the work is going on nicely, to the great benefit of those engaged. Every Friday morning is to be given to the children.

Thus far lectures have been given by Walter Howell, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and Miss Jennie B. Hagan and others. Various phases of mediumship are represented on the grounds, and the opportunities for investigation of the phenomena were never better than at present. W. A. Mansfield is giving séances for slate-writing, and has all the visitors he can attend to.

If natural scenery has any any effect upon the development of spiritual powers, the dwellers at Cassadaga ought to attain a high degree of spiritual unfoldment. Nature has done all in her power to give the teachings promulgated from the platform their highest potency. The beautiful lake, on which rest the shadows of the clouds, seems a symbol of the pure waters of truth. The air is as pure and sweet as a breath from heaven. The cool aisles of the woods, with the sunlight streaming down through the treetops, seem hvery paradise, and the reverent soul can hear the voice of God in the rustling of the leaves. The very air seems vibrant with the presence of spirit, and there is an exaltation in simply breathing the sweet breath of the woods. When the natural charms of such a favored spot are considered in connection with the excellent programme of lectures and other exercises, it is difficult to imagine how any one who believes in the principles represented here can be persuaded to remain away a single day of the season.

GRAPHO.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Sunset Thoughts.

JENNIE C. WILLIAMS.

Gleaming golden in the sunset
Hang the purple clouds at even,
Just such clouds as in my childhood
Seemed the folding doors of heaven.

Ah! what happy days of promise
When the coming was so bright,
When from out the mystic future
Floated floods of golden light;

When each bird that sang above us
And the tint of every flower,
Told of something new to love us,
Some bright hope for every hour;

When the heart was filled with beauty,
Full of truth, of joy, of love,
That I wondered how could heaven
Be more beautiful above!

Oh! that eyes which looked the purest
Should be ever used to see,
Onward out beyond the curtain
Life's deceit and misery;

That the soul which loved and trusted
With the blindness of a child,
With a faith in every promise
Was by loving hope beguiled.

Amber clouds that wreathed the sunset
In our pathway's rosy dawn,
How they beckoned the young dreamer
From his happy moments on.

And the life was lost in dreaming
O'er the visions of the past,
With the life beyond the curtain
Where those lovely dreams may last.

There no yearning soul is reaching
Ever out into the dark,
Asking wildly for one glimmer,
For one little flickering spark.

There beyond yon fleecy curtain
All with silver burnished round,
I believe the soul's true language
In the future will be found.

And my noblest aspirations
Meet fulfillment, pure and high,
When the curtain shall be folded back
That shrouds the evening sky.

A Dream and Its Fulfillment.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

From January, 1880, to February, 1885, I managed the W—— department for a well-known dry goods firm on State street, not far from Madison street, Chicago; on the same floor was the shawl department, managed by Mr. B., and another department by Mr. De. the latter having been with the firm twelve years, and Mr. B. about eight years. Many of our fellow-employes expressed themselves as being solid with the firm as long as it should do business. One Saturday, to the surprise of every one, Mr. De. was discharged without any apparent cause and no satisfaction from the firm, only this: "We regret having no further use for your services." The Thursday following I had the following dream: Between Mr. B.'s and my department was one devoted to children's ware, and I dreamed I saw a bright fire above the shelving, striking the ceiling, and I got a window pole used in lowering the upper windows, and tried to extinguish it, but did not succeed. Then my dream changed, and I found myself working in a cellar, and on the side of it was, as it appeared to me, a dark place or hole, but I could not make out what it was. Then I entered from the rear a large room, looking much like a tailoring establishment with shelving on one side, and it seemed as if I was to learn something there. Upon my entering I was accosted by a gentleman whom I surmised was the manager, with a duster in his hand, and showing me a lot of paper boxes on the shelves, he said it would be my duty to dust them off and keep things in order, at which I felt indignant, having been in the business over ten years, and for the past five years at least, I had some one under me to do such part of the work. I told him I had served my time as an apprentice and would not do it. Then I found myself in a large place, but could not make out what it was; it seemed to me like a theater, having a sort of gallery and a large broad stairway. The last part of this dream consisted in finding myself in the old place again, telling Mr. L., the superintendent, that I had come back to work again, to which he gave the answer that he would have to see Mr. E. of the firm.

The next morning when I got to work, I related my dream to Mr. B., and he at once remarked, as the fire was nearest my department, "That means 'fired' for me," and I thought the same of myself. As Mr. B. was a hard worker and there much longer than I, it seemed improbable that he should be discharged or laid off, but when Saturday night came, he was called to the office, and in passing me, said: "D., here goes my fire," and sure enough to the great surprise of every one he got it. When I saw how he fared, I at once made up my mind that my turn would be next, but I was not favored with it until the next Saturday; then without getting any reason for being so treated. Now come my movements. I left Chicago for Detroit and got work the day following with M. Bros. & Co. I was taken to the basement department, and what should I see there but the dark spot which I could not make out; it was the horizontal hydraulic elevator machinery. After working in that department for a month or so, one of the firm came to me and asked if I could handle cloaks (something I never had any experience in), and I promised to do the best I could. Mr. M., whom I followed, entered the rear elevator used for freight, and took me up to the third floor. After being introduced to the manager, Mr. H., he showed me through the department in a hurry, and the first thing he asked me to do was to dust "those boxes." They were really there just as I had seen them in my dream with the surroundings and everything to correspond. Well, the manager got my reply, that I had served my apprenticeship, etc., and if he wanted some one to do dirty work, he would have to select some one else. The consequence was we could not get along. I was laid off and procured a situation with U. E. & Co., and all Detroiters will readily recognize the description I gave in my dream of it, being as it is a large and spacious store, with broad stairways and gallery. The latter was very vivid in my dream and played an important part in conjunction with my work there. The last part of my dream has not come true yet, but under the present circumstances may happen. D. F. W.

Detroit, Mich.

Commendatory.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Your article on the Diss De Bars, and Prof. Carpenter's on "Mediumistic Tricksters," echo my sentiments exactly; and I hope you will keep hammering away at them until there are none left to hammer. Commercial mediumship has done more to retard the cause of true Spiritualism in this city than anything else. There is wealth enough here among those who are interested and are convinced of the fact of spirit return, to rival the richest church society, but they hold aloof because of these constant exposures. It is a lamentable fact that we cannot sustain an intelligent course of lectures without resorting to the dime show business in mediumship, to attract the curious and the ignorant who only want the phenomena, and don't care a straw about the higher teachings of our philosophy. The close proximity of Boston causes its influence to be felt here, and like the stench of the pole-cat the rottenness which penetrates the spiritual atmosphere in that city has been wafted into our midst and nauseates the stomachs of intelligent thinking people. Yours for decency,

Providence, R. I. E. H. DUNHAM.

L. Foster writes: We can't get along without the JOURNAL. We have had family sittings for spiritual communications the past six months and have got some very good messages.

The Thoughts of Dying Miners.

During the recent strike of the miners in the Schuylkill coal region I visited some of the mining towns. In one of them I enjoyed the hospitality of an intelligent miner who came to America twenty years ago from Saxony, where he had worked in the mines. He left that country soon after the occurrence of one of the most terrible colliery disasters on record, by which a large number of miners lost their lives. He was one of the force of miners who volunteered to enter the dangerous depths of the exploded mine for the purpose of attempting the rescue of such victims of the disaster as might possibly have survived the explosion itself but were barricaded from escape by walls of fallen coal between them and the mouth of the mine. There had been a large number of such victims, as the rescuing party found too late, the obstructions between them and the doomed men having been too great to permit of removal in time to save them from a lingering and horrible death. Of that melancholy catastrophe my miner friend has preserved a most remarkable record in a series of manuscript copies, translated into English, of messages written to their friends by such of the doomed Saxon miners as were not killed outright by the explosion, but were among those who were preserved for the no less sure and more terrible death by suffocation, as the poisonous gases slowly destroyed the pure air that remained in the mine. These messages were found in note-books and on scraps of paper on the dead bodies of the poor men when they were at last recovered. These last messages from the dead certainly have no parallel in heart-touching pathos. Nowhere, in history or romance, is such a scene depicted as is shown by these simple messages—a picture of men, face to face with death, awaiting its coming with a calmness and resignation which only the noblest and strongest hearts could summon. Not one word in the whole record reveals a feeling of bitterness against the fate they could not avert. There is an intensity of pathos in some of the lines scrawled by these death-besieged men in the gloom of their narrow prison. For instance, one of them, a miner named Reiche, held in his hand when his dead body was found a scrap of paper on which was scrawled these words:

"Dear Sister: Meyer, in the village, owes me 10 thalers. It is yours. I hope my face will not be distorted when they find us. I might have been better to you. Janetz forgives me. Good-by."

Reiche, as my old miner friend told me, having the history of all these poor men still fresh in his mind, was a severe man, his only relative being a sister, a young and pretty girl named Rika, who had charge of her brother's household. She was loved by a young miner named Janetz, and she loved him in return. Her brother refused to consent to her marrying Janetz, and had commanded all communication between them to cease. Janetz was one of the victims of the mine disaster. Pinned to his blackened coat when his body was found, lying near that of Reiche, was a leaf from his note-book, on which he had written this:

"Darling Rika: My last thought was of thee. It is well with our brother, and my heart holds no bitterness. Thy name will be the last words my lips shall speak. Farewell."

Utter absence of all selfishness, all repinings over their fate as it immediately affected themselves, is touchingly apparent in all the messages. Lying close to the body of the young miner Janetz was that of his friend Moretz, who had a wife and two children. On a paper in his cap he had written these words:

"Janetz has just died. Richer is dying. He says: 'Tell my family I leave them with God.' Farewell, dear wife. Farewell, dear children. May God keep you."

Two brothers of the name of Jeahn were employed in the mine, working in alternate "shifts." On the day of the disaster the brother whose turn it was to work was unable to go, and his brother, although weary from his own toil, generously took his place. The poor man was among the victims. This message was found on his dead body:

"Thank God for His goodness, brother! You are safe!"

The miner Schmidt wrote: "My dear relations, while seeing death before me I remember you. Farewell until we meet again in happiness!" One of the doomed men was a man of family named Moller. His message found on the fly-leaf of a Testament in his pocket, was one of the most touching of all:

"Dear wife," he wrote, "take good care of Mary. In a book in the bedroom you will find a thaler. Farewell, dear mother! We will meet again."

The Mary he mentioned was the miner's only daughter, who was blind. A miner named Richer, whose brother was mentioned as dying in Moretz's message, simply wrote on a piece of paper which was found on his breast: "No more toil in darkness." The story of the terrible struggle these poor men made for life in the gas-choked depths is told in a few lines found in the note-book of a miner named Bahr:

"This is the last place where we have taken refuge. It is the last we can take. I give up all hope. The ventilation has been destroyed in three different places of refuge. May God take myself and relatives and dear friends who must die with me, as well as our families, under His protection."

There are many other passages in this pathetic diary, made up of the messages from these dying miners, all breathing a simple piety and unselfish resignation. This uniformly pious spirit was explained by the old miner. He said that the miners of Saxony are all reared in a strict religious school, and that on entering the mines they all petition heaven for protection while they are surrounded by ever-present perils in the depths, and on leaving the mines they return thanks to God for guarding them and bringing them safely through the dangers of their toil.

"I never read these simple messages of those poor men without moistened eyes," said the old miner. "I can picture to myself the scene of the rough-handed but tender-hearted men, spending their last moments, not in wild cries for mercy and screams of remorse, nor in repinings against their cruel fate, but in sending these farewell words to their loved ones, who were even then bewailing them as dead. While my heart bleeds over the picture, I thank God that, humble miners though they were, they showed the world how bravely and nobly they could die."—*Harrisburg Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.*

Indulgences.

Here is another Roman Catholic on those indulgences. Victor Duruy, the renowned historian of Greece, of Rome, of France and the middle ages, was a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic; but his histories are accepted and justly admired everywhere for their accuracy and impartiality. In his *Historie des Temps Modernes* (eleventh edition), page 182, after a sketch of the corruption in the church at the beginning of the sixteenth century, occurs this passage:

"The wars of Julius II. had exhausted the pontifical treasury. Afterwards came the magnificences of Leo. X., who dispensed 100,000 ducats at his coronation, and gave 500 for a sonnet. He was likewise compelled, in order to live, to pledge the jewels of St. Peter and to sell some charges, which increased by 40,000 ducats the annual expenses of the government. The splendid temple commenced by Julius II. on a plan which should make it the grandest basilic of Christendom, St. Peter's of Rome, threatened to remain uncompleted. Leo X. accorded indulgences to all those who contributed of their money for its completion. The archbishop of Mayence, charged with the publishing of these indulgences in Germany, caused them to be preached in Saxony by the Dominican Tetzel. There were great abuses committed, both in the exaggerated promises made to the faithful who purchased these promises of salvation, and in the employment that was made, even under their eyes, of a part of their money. The Augustines, heretofore charged with the sales of indulgences, were irritated to see that lucrative mission pass into the hands of the Dominicans. Spite uncovered to them abuses, and these abuses, were strongly attacked by their most eminent doctor, Martin Luther, whose theological studies led him to take a view entirely opposed. He had, in effect, already arrived at the principle which remained the foundation of the Protestant churches, justification by faith alone, whereas the doctrine of indulgences supposes also justification by deeds. Such was the beginning of the reform.

If that is good history for the schools and colleges of France, and for the intelligent amongst Roman Catholics and Protestants everywhere, it ought to be good for the Boston High School. If history cannot be taught in our schools, it may be well that the press supply the deficiency.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Trance Speaker of the Revolution.

In an elaborate paper on the Autograph Collections of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and of the signers of the Constitution, by Lyman C. Draper, in the fourth vol. of collections of the Wisconsin Historical Society, is the following notice of John Dickinson, one of the patriot statesmen and orators of the Revolution. It would appear that Mr. Dickinson was unconsciously a trance speaker, and such a distinguished instance, occurring over eighty years ago, is well worthy of attention.

HON. JOHN DICKINSON.

Mr. Dickinson had for many years been one of the most steady and powerful opponents of the arbitrary measures of Great Britain against the Colonies; but when Independence was brought forward, he opposed it in Congress both in debate and vote as premature. There was no better patriot in the country; and though temporarily retired from Congress, he was the next year made a Brigadier General of Pennsylvania militia, and two years later re-entered Congress as a member from Delaware. His services were important to his country. He died in 1808, in his sixty-seventh year.

Mr. Niles, in his *Weekly Register* of January 3, 1818, relates this interesting incident of Dickinson, as showing the power of the mind abstracted from personal sensibilities. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, then residing at Wilmington, Delaware, as I passed the house of the late venerable John Dickinson, at 12 o'clock in the day, he was standing in the door, and invited me in. After reproving me for not having called to see him, for he had been a little unwell, he said that he would have a glass of wine with me—the first that he had drank for six weeks. After taking a couple of glasses in instant succession, he suddenly sat down, and abruptly asked me, what I thought of the discussion then going on in Congress on the great question about the Judiciary? This discussion occurred during the session of Congress of 1801-1802. Having very briefly given my opinion, he said in a sprightly manner, "I'll tell thee mine"—on which he began an argument, soon he became animated, and was uneasy in his seat. As he proceeded, he elevated his voice, and finally rising slowly and unconsciously from his chair, he put forth his hand and addressed me as if I had been the chairman of a Legislative body, with all its members present. I never have heard a discourse that was comparable to this speech for its fire and spirit, poured forth like a torrent, and clothed in the most beautiful and persuasive language. The graceful gesture of the orator, his fine and venerable figure, interesting countenance, and locks "white as wool," formed a *tout ensemble* that riveted me to the chair with admiration.

His delirium, if it may be so called, lasted nearly half an hour, when it was interrupted by one of the family entering the room. He stopped instantly, with a word half finished on his lips, and sat down in great confusion—apologized for his strange behavior, and entirely dropped the subject. Mr. Dickinson was an elegant speaker, and one of the most accomplished scholars that our country has produced; but perhaps, he never pronounced a speech so eloquent, so chaste, and so beautiful, as that which he delivered before me as stated. It was his soul rather than his person that acted on the occasion, and a master-spirit it was. The argument was in favor of a repeal of the Judiciary act.

It cannot reasonably be charged or suspected that this was a case of simulation on the part of Mr. Dickinson. Conceding Mr. Niles as a credible and reliable witness, then, indeed, a "master spirit" must have controlled this great statesman of the Revolution on this notable occasion. Mr. Niles had all his life mingled with the great orators of our country, and must have been familiar with their forensic efforts, and yet declares that he "never heard a discourse that was comparable to this speech."

Such an exhibition serves to remind us of the experiences recorded in the Bible—"the gift of tongues," "spiritual gifts," which the Rev. Drs. McClintock and Strong, in their Cyclopedia of Religious Literature, pronounce as "utterances of a spiritual kind;" or as Smith, in his dictionary of the Bible, defines spiritual gifts as a "distinctly linguistic power."

Whatever may be the definition of this power, as God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and both He and His laws alike unchangeable, we may very properly conclude, that what was permissible in the days of Pentecost, when men began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterances, was permissible with John Dickinson, and also with trance-speakers of modern times.

Letter from the Pacific Coast.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In writing to renew my subscription to the JOURNAL, I wish to express my admiration of the high character it has attained as an exponent of the elevating glorious truths of pure Spiritualism, and your untiring efforts in exposing fraudulent and dishonest mediums. It is unfortunate for the cause of Spiritualism that some of our spiritual papers publish so much stereotyped drivel as that which is weekly ground out by the "Sun Angel Order of Light"; it has the effect of disgusting intelligent people with the whole subject; more unfortunate still that some of them are so ready to condone fraud, excuse it, or even knowingly sustain it. The JOURNAL, while it is a tower of defence to pure mediumship, is a tempest of fire to the unprincipled wretches, who, by fraud, outrage the holiest feelings of our nature.

Your fair and candid treatment of all questions that affect our social and religious interests, have won for you a respectful attention among all thoughtful men and women who have read the JOURNAL, and led many who would otherwise have been repelled to investigate the claim of our philosophy. I have taken the JOURNAL for many years, and to me it is like a weekly visit from an old friend, laden with the best thoughts of the best men and women of our race; solid food for the mind.

A very sad event has recently occurred here in the death of Will Watson, the only son of Mrr. E. L. Watson, who was so suddenly recalled from her visit to the East. She reached home nearly two weeks before he passed away, and soothed the last weary days and nights of his journey on earth, as only a mother can. He was just in the flush of early manhood, bright, warmhearted, generous and good, the idol of his mother's heart, the light of her home. It is hard even with an absolute knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism to give up the darlings who have walked by our side or nestled in our bosoms, to take up our load of care and sorrow and travel the remainder of life's journey without them; but that is the sad experience of most of us. The shadows of death have dimmed the beauty of Sunny Brae, but just beyond there is a brighter home where those shadows can never enter.

Mrs. Watson spoke at the funeral. There was a large number of sympathizing friends present. It was a pathetic but sublime sight to see that noble woman, standing by the coffin of her son, her hand sometimes smoothing the unconscious brow that her lips had so often kissed, telling the sweet story of their blended lives, of their plans and hopes of happiness in that beautiful home, the product of their own industry and care—dreams, alas! never to be realized on earth. She spoke of the many kind friends in earth-life whose sympathies were so grateful to her in her sorrow, of that brighter life beyond the shadows where disappointment and sorrows can never come. The large concourse of people, as far as her voice could be heard, were bathed in tears, yet no tears came to assuage the hot anguish of the speaker, but the eloquent words that fell from her lips seemed at last to come in great sobs, as if the mother's heart was bursting. It was a terrible ordeal, but she felt that she could not delegate it to another, and no one else in the world could have discharged that sad task so well. Her great stay and comfort now is her daughter Lulu (just on the verge of womanhood, who has graces and wisdom far beyond her years), and the unseen messengers of light who bring balm to her wounded heart. SAM'L LYDIARD.

Santa Clara, Cal.

Charles Clark writes: I was reading in your columns about the life and death of Servetus; that the people, after 300 years met on the same ground for the purpose of celebrating his death, and to do honor to the murderer. I was born in 1827. When I was five or six years old, there met at Poultneyville, N. Y., the largest crowd of people that I ever saw for the purpose of celebrating the death of Thomas Paine. The world moves, and if you roll the car of progress in the direction that it is now aiming, you will soon have wiped out every stain of such bigotry.

"Fifty Years Afterward"

Is the title of an address, at the annual meeting of the Free Religion Association, Boston, June 1st, 1888, by Edwin D. Mead. The extract below suggests the possibility that a half century hence some one may pass a like criticism on the Unitarianism of to-day for its slighting estimate of modern Spiritualism. Emerson is now a saint in the Unitarian calendar, and perhaps this "stone which the builders now reject" may be "a chief corner-stone" in the broader temple of the future.

How were the doctrines of Emerson's Harvard address received by the world of fifty years ago? I think in essentially the same way that they would be received to-day, if uttered to-day for the first time by one who was not yet canonized, but whose fame was yet a thing of the future. I will not speak of the orthodox world, save to remember gratefully the protesting voice of brave Father Taylor, declaring, amid the din and babblement: "Mr. Emerson may think this or that, but he is more like Jesus Christ than any one I have ever known. I have seen him when his religion was tested, and it bore the test." "He must go to heaven when he dies, for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him." I speak of the Harvard College and Unitarian world, which Emerson addressed. "Theories which would overturn society and resolve the world into chaos," said the highest university authority of the Harvard address. "The lucubrations of an individual in no way connected with the school," said the Unitarian newspaper. Emerson's successor in the pulpit, kindly man as he certainly was, felt undoubted relief in explaining that Emerson had never been considered a regular Unitarian minister. "Silly women and silly young men, it is to be feared," said Andrews Norton, the chief priest, "have been drawn away from their Christian faith, if not divorced from all that can be properly be called religion." The story of that tumult and alarm has been told too often to need repeating further here. Emerson became the most dreaded heretic in America. "The speech will serve as some of the divisions in Congressional debates," Emerson himself wrote to his brother, "to ascertain how men do think on a great question." And so it did. Dr. Frothingham, the father of our own radical leader, preached about Emerson, surely in no approving way, from the text, "Some said that it thundered, others that an angel spoke." The great majority voted for thunder.

Of Interest to Women.

Miss Frances E. Willard, of Evanston, Ill., President, and Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, Ind., corresponding secretary of the National Council, that was organized in Washington, D. C., as the outcome of the great council of women held there last spring, are laying the foundation of a new and mighty work. Its purpose is to secure in every leading city and town of the United States a "Woman's Council" made up of the presidents of all societies of women, having a headquarters of its own, with an office secretary, and entering unitedly upon such lines of work as all the women can agree upon. It is believed that such a plan of interaction combined with the organic independence of each society, will do away with the overlapping of plans that now leads to much waste of time and energy. Also that it will broaden the horizon of every woman who belongs to an organized society of women, and lead to larger mutual toleration between guilds, heretofore separate and to a great degree non-sympathetic. As an illustration of the practical working of the plan it may be stated that such a council of women could readily arrange for petitions from all societies of women in any given town or city asking that women should be placed upon the school board, upon the different boards entrusted with the care of public institutions for the defective, delinquent and dependent classes; asking for the admission of women to local, county, state and national organizations, such as press associations, medical associations, ecclesiastical associations, etc.; asking that the doors of such schools and colleges as are not yet open to women might be thrown wide open for their admission; asking for better protection for the home, and heavier penalties for all crimes against women and girls. It will be readily seen that greatly added force will come from any such movement, whether local, state or national, when it is backed up by the united societies of the locality, state or nation, and that with a small expenditure of money and time all these societies while carrying on separately their own separate work for which they were organized, may yet do an immense work for womanhood at large along the lines on which all can agree to unite in sympathy, influence and effort. To carry out such plans and on so large a scale will require time, but there is every reason to believe from the experience and success of the women who have taken up this work that they will persist in a quiet but intelligent endeavor, having in view the ends herein stated until success shall crown their great but practicable movement.

Interesting Manifestations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"I am not a professed Spiritualist," said a lady friend to me, a few days ago, "but I shall always believe my father came to me, even long years after he died. I was always subject to severe attacks of sore throat. Once, when sixteen years old, I had a very severe fit of illness, and my father sat up with me all night when the disease had reached the climax, to prevent me from going to sleep, as there was a liability that I should strangle if I did. Some five years after that my father having died, I was taken again with the same malady. The disease came in a worse form than ever, and it was thought that I would die. One night when I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down, so great was my agony, I threw myself on a sofa and commenced calling my father. 'You helped me when I was so sick before; oh! father, where are you? Can't you relieve me? Don't you know how I am suffering? Surely, if you are still living, you must pity me. You would help me if you were here!' Suddenly a strange thrill passed all through me. The pain left me, a sweet peace pervaded my mind, and before I was conscious that I was even sleepy, I was asleep. It was twelve o'clock. The doctor had cautioned me that I must keep awake. I did not come to consciousness till nearly ten o'clock on the following morning, and then I found the ulcer broken, and my throat entirely free from soreness and pain."

Another lady who is rather prejudiced against Spiritualism, told me last night that five days ago, when Mr. Randall was lying ill, she distinctly saw him walk into the capitol and take his seat. She says she thought to herself, "Why, Mr. Randall must be better, but I should think it imprudent to get off from a sick bed and come so far. However, that is just like him!" "I never was more astonished in my life," she added, "than when I heard he was worse that very evening, and had not left his bed that very day, for I certainly saw him!" It remains to be proved whether her vision meant more than met the eye. A. R.

Washington, D. C.

Aldermanic Religion.

The *Standard*, the organ of the Baptists, takes exception to the wording of the resolutions of respect on the death of Ald. Clarke adopted by the city council. The phraseology of the resolutions was by Ald. Hammer, and the words objected to are: "Whereas, by the evolution of nature and the destiny of man, the summons called death has entered our municipal circle," and the paper commenting says: "It is certainly the most extraordinary form of words we ever knew to be used on such an occasion, and may justly be objected to by every believer in a God and a divine providence. The public acts of official men, acting in a representative capacity, should on occasions such as this recognize the fact that this is a Christian nation; that belief in God and in his providence is fundamental in our institutions as a people; so that not even can a witness give evidence in a court of justice without recognition of it, and solemn avowal of it, at least in form, in the oath by which he promises to tell the truth; while in all official acts where such recognition becomes proper any manifest omission is indecent and an outrage upon the Christian sentiment of the country. The language used in the preamble quoted is evidently meant as an evasion of all such customary recognition. It is as clumsy in form as it is untruthful. Above all, it suggests to the people of Chicago the question whether their city government is Christian, atheistic, or pagan."

From the *Standard*, standpoint the criticism may or may not be merited, but one thing is certain, and that is that the publication in question is totally unacquainted with the religious predilections of the aldermen. The objectionable words simply convey an idea of the religious thought or bias of Ald. Hammer, and the resolutions were adopted very much in the same spirit ministers pronounce funeral eulogies. That the resolutions begin to express the religious notions of the "city government" the humblest of the humble would deny.—*Chicago Times.*

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Ventura, Cal., evidently wishes to attract Boston immigrants. There are just 6,000 acres in one bean field out there.

A fashionable tailor shows some dress suits of white opera flannel, which he made for a party of Yale men, who intend to spring them on Bar Harbor at the first Casino dance.

The preparation of the huge quantity of beef tea is one of the sights of the London hospital. One hundred and seventy-two pints a day is a part of the patients' bill of fare.

Carson, Nev., reports an aerolite weighing ten tons that is streaked with horn silver, and fell upon a race course, narrowly missing a jockey who was exercising a colt there at the time.

Belated people who are making arrangements to hire seaside cottages are having the best of the bargain, since all unrented summer houses are held now by their owners at cheap estimate.

Pennies are now eagerly demanded by the South and West, where they were once despised, and the 3,000,000 of pennies made at the Philadelphia mint last month were not equal to the want.

A Maine deacon on his return from quarterly meeting, one Sunday, not long ago, saw a string of trout lying on a bridge. He sprang from his wagon, seized the trout, and drove on, fitly punishing the Sunday angler for his wickedness.

The latest wrinkle is a Turkish bath for horses, in which they are put through the same sweating and cooling processes as human beings. Such a bath is run in connection with a New York stable, and its patronage has become large and profitable.

The Moslems have just concluded the fast of Ramadan. During the day time no food can be touched, water tasted nor tobacco smoked; at night feasting may be carried on as energetically as the Moslem pleases, and after the fast there are three days of feasting.

There is a catawba tree in the front yard of a house in Camilla, Ga., which bears three crops of leaves every year, and, strange to say, each crop is destroyed by what is called the catawba worm, which resembles a caterpillar in appearance, but is somewhat larger in size.

Justice Charles, at Liverpool, recently sentenced a man to seven years' penal servitude, and his wife to the same punishment for life, for cruelty to their child, a little girl, whom they had kept imprisoned in a dark cellar and had beaten, burned with a hot poker and otherwise abused.

Marungle, Pa., has a case of witchcraft on hand, and the whole town sits up o' nights to watch "an animal like a cat, only larger and without a head, black and with an extra long tail," which is said to have been expelled from a bewitched patient by a conjurer out that way.

"Humpy" Pennington, a noted moonshiner, sixty years old, who has made whisky at pleasure ever since the war, has just been arrested and carried to Nashville, Tenn., but his wife has the still intact and swears she will make whisky "in spite of all the Yankees that ever wore blue."

Caterpillars are doing great harm in Maine towns on the upper Penobscot. Fences seem to be alive, so thickly are they covered with the wriggling, fuzzy things. Orchards have been stripped of leaves, and now the worms are taking to the woods and clearing the forest trees of their foliage.

Work on the Miles Standish monument at South Duxbury, Mass., has been resumed, and probably the big pillar will be finished this summer. It was intended to have the statue of the Puritan soldier which is to surmount the pillar made of bronze, but a later decision is to cut it from Cape Ann granite.

A French chemist reports that wine is affected differently by bottles of different manufacture. Some bottles improve while others injure it. An undue admixture of lime and magnesia, which are often substituted for soda and potash in glass on account of their cheapness, acts injuriously upon the wine.

A new and artistic idea has been introduced at dinner parties lately. The knives and forks are all different, and each one made after some special design. Diminutive copies of antique German and Turkish swords serve the guests masculine for knives, matched by tiny daggers of Italian patterns given to those of the sex feminine.

Montreal commercial circles are greatly disturbed by an alarming decline in the grain trade of that port. Although navigation was only opened two months ago, the shipments have fallen behind the amount for the same time last year by 2,640,022 bushels. A leading grain merchant says the trouble is that Canadian forwarders cannot compete with the Americans.

A dentist in Calgary, Manitoba, has been busy lately, extracting teeth from Indians. It is stated that before the advance of civilization, when the natives subsisted solely on buffalo meat, decayed teeth were unknown among them. Braves who stand the torture of the sun dance without flinching are reduced to a state of abject terror when they feel the cold grip of the forceps.

A weather prognosticator and amateur artist of Prague has painted a landscape colored with salts of cobalt. These colors are very sensitive in moisture and are made still more so by mixture with gelatine. With an increasing amount of moisture in the atmosphere, the blue heavens of the picture assume a dirty red hue, and the green grass and foliage, as well as the background, etc., are also strikingly changed in color.

According to a first-class authority, horseflesh is largely eaten in Alsace, Germany. The choice cuts are retailed for about 8 cents per pound, and the ordinary 6 cents. A large quantity is used in the manufacture of sausages. All horses are given a strict examination before and after being killed, and if found in any way diseased are rejected. In Strasburg the flesh of thirty horses is eaten every week.

Myriads of toads about the size of a grain of coffee fell at Beaver Falls, Pa., on Monday. They covered the track of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad several inches thick, and a passenger train slid past the station before it could be brought to a standstill, owing to the rails being made slippery by the crushed bodies of the little reptiles. The track had to be cleaned and sanded before the train could start again.

The following are said to be the sixteen American inventions of world-wide adoption: The cotton-gin, planing machine, grass mower and reaper, rotary printing press, steam navigation, hot-air machine, sewing machine, the India-rubber industry, machine manufacture of horseshoes, the sand blast for graving, gauge lathe, grain elevator, artificial ice-making on a large scale, the electric magnet in its practical application, and the telephone.

At Aix-la-Chapelle there is a newspaper museum, founded by Von Forckenbeck, which contains files of specimens of more than seventeen thousand different newspapers in the world, and it is daily receiving copies of the remainder from all quarters of the globe. The great curiosity of the collection is No. 46 of the Texas *Democrat*, published at Houston on March 11, 1864, when the exigencies of war time made it necessary to print it on wall paper.

A Russian physician named Portugaloff declares that strychnine is an infallible cure for drunkenness, administered in subcutaneous injections. The effect of the strychnine solution is to change the craving for drink into positive aversion, and this change is effected in a day. After a treatment of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. The strychnine is administered by dissolving one grain in 200 drops of water and injecting five drops of the solution every twenty-four hours.

One of the most curious customs that attract the attention of strangers in Panama is to see the native women walking along the street smoking long, slender cigars in much the fashion that men do here. It is the custom of the women there to gather in the public markets as early as sunrise to gossip and talk over affairs while enjoying their morning smoke. As there are few newspapers in Panama, and a proportionately small number of readers, the market is the place where the news of the town is to be learned.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand."

We need not wait
At the shadowy gate
For the last faint breath,
For the door called death,
That lieth between
This life and the life unseen!

We need not wait
At that shadowy gate
For the first sweet sight
Of that realm of light,
For that radiant land
That is close at hand!

"Seek now and here;
For it lieth near
To man's higher part,
To the pure in heart!"

By its river of peace
All turmoils cease,
And the lustrous gleam
Of its silvery stream,
Like a lamp at night,
Burns clear and bright!

If we turn from sin
We may enter in,
For our kingdom waits
With opened gates!

Close at hand
Is that glorious land!
By the soul's real might
We may gain the height,
And claim as our own
Its star-lit throne.

In these earthly hours
We may taste its powers,
And leaving the ill
We may roam at will,
By its river of peace,
Where all turmoils cease!

—*Ella Dare in Inter-Ocean.*

A WIFE'S STRANGE WARNING.

Her Husband's Death Foretold in a Vision.

Mrs. Joseph Browning, a beautiful and accomplished young woman, the wife of a railroad engineer well known in this city, who for some time past has been running an engine on the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific between St. Louis and Moberly, Mo., retired to her room at No. 1911 Izard street, last week, and in a few moments was enjoying the pleasant slumber which the young only appreciate. Her mother, Mrs. P. H. Roche, who was with her visiting her father, who resides at the number designated above, soon afterwards joined her. About 11 o'clock the latter was awakened by hearing her daughter cry out in a terror: "Joe! O Joe!" and at the same time sprang out of bed. Mrs. Roche at once arose and said, "Lula, what is the matter?" to which the young wife replied, "O, mamma, something terrible is going to happen. Just now Joe came and stood by the bedside and his face was so pale and sad, and I know he is dead." Mrs. Roche tried to soothe her by remarking that she was suffering from nervous trouble, but to no purpose, and only a moment afterward when she went to lie down she again exclaimed, "There, there, he is now in the doorway." Mrs. Roche again assured her that it was only a phantasy, but to no purpose, and the mother and daughter again lay down, but not to sleep, for by this time both their imaginations had been wrought up to the highest pitch.

At 1:20 in the morning a knock came at the door, and in response to the inquiry of "Who is there?" the reply came "Telegram." Upon opening the message it was found to be from Phillip Roche, a brother of Mrs. Browning, who lives at No. 1209 Douglass street, and read as follows:

"MOBERLY, MO., July 14.—Phillip Roche, Omaha: Joe died at 11 o'clock. Come on first train and bring Lula." Browning's death was caused by falling from his engine July 3. At the time he did not suppose he was hurt badly and took his run next day as usual. Two days ago he took to his bed and last night died. It is supposed that he was injured internally. The strange dream of Mrs. Browning is hard to account for, but the facts are as stated and the case goes to show that a chain of thought existing between human minds can in extreme cases be made to assert itself, no matter how great the distance between the persons may be.—*Omaha Bee.*

A Woman's Confession.

"Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I believed myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself. Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

WANTED:

Persons of proper qualifications who desire business positions, to know that the Loomis National Library Association will soon appoint their Congressional District Managers in this State, and are now ready to receive applications for the positions. Managers handle large amounts of money, and each controls at least $1,500.00 (wholesale) worth of goods, and must furnish at least $750.00 cash capital. The salary is $150.00 per month. Although this company has only been incorporated since 1886 its income from membership fees alone has already reached the enormous sum of over twenty thousand dollars per month. Address The Loomis National Library Association, 364 Wabash Ave., Chicago; 2 Cooper Union, New York.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World.

Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and Invocators: containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, The Spirits' Book, by the same author, containing the principles of spiritist doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Price, $1.60 each, postpaid.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. By Morell Theobald, F. C. A. An autobiographic narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life extending over a period of twenty years, and told in a most delightful and interesting manner. Price, $2.40, postpaid.

The Spirit World, its inhabitants, nature and philosophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, $1.00, postpaid.

Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, by the same author, Vol. II. The volumes of this work are independent of each other and since Vol. I. is entirely out of print. Vol. II is selling at $1.20, postpaid.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By Epes Sargent. As the title indicates this work is a scientific exposition of a stupendous subject and should be read by all Spiritualists and investigators. Price, $1.60, postpaid.

Miss Ella C. Sabin has been elected Superintendent of the Public Schools of Portland, Ore., and Principal of the High School, with a yearly salary of $3,000.

James Whitcomb Riley complains that some conscienceless scribes are palming off cheap imitations of his poetry, with his name attached, upon certain gullible editors.

Miss Ransom's portrait of Gen. Grant, which is on exhibition in Boston, is pronounced by some of the General's most intimate friends one of the best presentations of him in existence.

A British vessel is now surveying a route between Australia and Canada, priliminary to laying a telegraph cable. The cable will be 7,500 miles long, and the work of laying it will take three years.

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a **radical change** in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, **the result is certain.** Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

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The second part is a complete Arithmetic in which all its rules and principles, from Numeration to Mensuration are clearly stated, fully explained, and practically applied, giving all the simplest, shortest and most convenient methods known for rapid calculation.

The book is neatly printed on finest quality of paper, elegantly bound in pocket-book form; consists of 128 pages, and the Nos. 3 and 5 have a renewable account-book attached, which contains self-instructing formulas for keeping a systematic record of receipts and expenditures—in fact, all about book-keeping required by the masses. Is also accompanied by a silicate slate, pocket for papers, and apart from its mathemetical merits, is one of the most convenient and desirable pocket memorandums ever offered the public.

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—BY—

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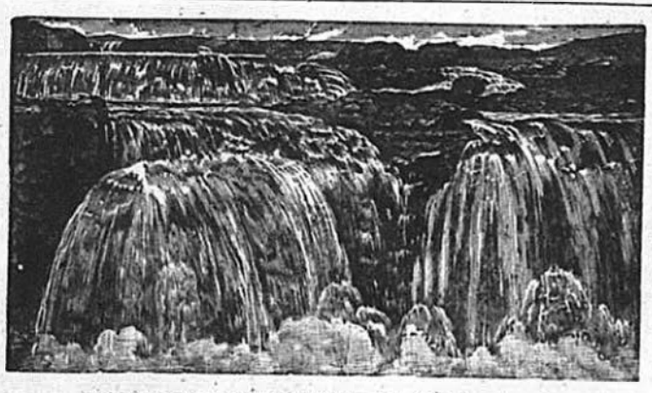
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CHAPTER V.
INTO THE DEPTHS.

The remembrance of that desolate, cloud-shadowed region haunted me. When next I saw Margaret I questioned her about it. Were many spirits condemned to remain in its desolation and gloom?

"My child," she replied, "how little you know of the world you have entered! The place you visited is the border land between the higher and the lower spheres. It is where those spirits are compelled to stay whose virtues are merely negative ones; they are, so to speak, outside the gates; whose vices are due to weakness rather than to radical wickedness of heart. There are depths below that where the light becomes dimmer and dimmer, until at last not a ray can penetrate, and the darkened souls remain in perpetual outer darkness."

"Is it possible to visit these places?" I asked hesitatingly.

"It is possible to visit them," was the reply, "if your motive is to benefit those who are compelled to remain in them until they have progressed to a higher spiritual condition. To some the work given to do is to be continual visitants and messengers of peace and hope to these benighted souls. Only high and pure spirits are entrusted with this work. Those to whom still cling the weaknesses and superstitions of earth, have neither the wisdom nor the strength to do this work well, and are themselves in perpetual danger. If your wishes lead you in that direction, it can do no harm and may possibly benefit you, to be able to judge for yourself to what depths the spirit of man may sink. I have witnessed it but rarely, for the sight is not a pleasant one, and my work has lain in other directions. I will summon a messenger to accompany you."

In accordance with that subtile law by which spirit can communicate with spirit though at a distance, Margaret sent her message, and in response to it, there presently appeared the most beautiful being I had yet beheld. Her garments were radiantly white, and a sort of luminous atmosphere seemed to surround her like a halo.

"Do then, indeed, women habitually visit these dreadful scenes?" I asked, as the messenger was approaching.

"Women are better fitted for the work than men," was Margaret's reply. "They are safer from harm and more respected by the depraved of the other sex than are men. Know you not that a pure woman with a noble purpose in her heart may walk safely though unguarded save by her own purity and nobility, anywhere, whether on earth, in heaven, or in hell?"

This beautiful woman was all unknown to me. I could not enter into her thoughts or divine her nature. But she smiled sweetly upon me, and a sense of delightful companionship stole over me, and I felt at peace and at rest in her presence. When she spoke, her voice was rich and mellow, and sweet as the sweetest music. Its very tones seemed to convey her meaning, so that words were almost superfluous.

We at once set out upon our journey. We seemed to descend by steep and circuitous paths. As we proceeded I perceived many spirits, all intent upon their own pursuits. The way grew darker and rougher, and the forms that we saw were more forbidding in their aspects. My companion stopped now and then to exchange a kindly greeting with some one she met, and I noticed with wonder how the grim faces lighted up with a borrowed beauty while she spoke to them, as if her very presence were a benediction. She was evidently held in veneration by all.

Still we pursued our way until everything became so changed that it was as though we had entered another world. And here my companion began her mission in earnest. A group of men and women were indulging in boisterous mirth and singing ribald songs. She stopped and spoke to them with a sweet seriousness which at once arrested their attention and commanded their respect. There was no seeming condescension in her manner. She spoke to them almost as though she might have been one with themselves; nor was her conversation anything of the sermonizing order. Its chief intent seemed to be to arouse the best and kindliest feelings of their hearts, and thus prepare the ground for any good seed which might be sown therein. I took note that the songs and rough jests ceased, and more than one woman drew a little one side, as if ashamed of the part she had been playing.

Being a stranger among them, my companion was questioned regarding whence she came, and she gave an earnest and minute description of the sphere from whence she descended. Her auditors looked at one another in silence. One or two shook their heads as if doubtful whether the story were to be taken for anything more than a flight of the imagination. One rougher than the others in his appearance, but yet with a certain honest look about him, at last ventured to speak his thoughts.

"Well," said he, "I have been over on this side agood many years as they count time on earth, and I've never found any better place than this. I know there are a good deal worse ones over yonder, and so I think myself fortunate to be as well off as I am."

Another taking courage added his testimony. "I'm sure I'm happy enough here. We have pretty jolly times, don't we, boys?"

All nodded in assent.

One young woman who had been regarding the stranger intently from the moment of her first appearance, said in a low voice, audible only to ourselves:

"This is not the kind of heaven I used to picture to myself when I was in earth-life. I am not in hell, for that is over yonder; so this must be heaven. But it seems to me there might be a brighter, happier place, and if there is, I wish I knew the way there."

My companion put her arm about this young woman, and drawing her to one side, held a long conversation with her. I know not what they said, but when they returned, there was a look of inspiration which I had not before seen on the face of the one, and tears in the eyes of the other. As we passed on I saw that the latter had left her companions, and was sitting by herself apparently lost in deep thought.

"Are these people really as contented and happy as they seem?" I asked.

"Yes," my companion replied; "they are as happy as their natures will permit them to be. They have no perception of any higher or better life, and so feel no longings to attain to such a life. As soon as they are made to realize that there is a possibility of progress, an unwonted restlessness will seize them, and they will not long remain here. That young woman will presently find herself stifled by her present surroundings, and will be forced to seek a purer atmosphere."

"What class or classes of people in earth-life contribute to people this sphere?"

"Those whose hearts are not inherently bad, but whose spiritual natures have not been developed. Those who have lived selfish lives, finding in the gratification of the animal instincts and propensities their greatest, in fact their only pleasure. They are incredulous as to even the existence of a higher sphere than their own, because their spiritual perceptions have not yet been awakened."

"What is their manner of living?"

"Very similar to that to which they were accustomed on earth. Good and evil impulses alike sway them by turns. They know no pleasures beyond those of the senses, and selfishness is the dominant feeling. They have their discords and contentions, their misunderstandings and their feuds, the same as on earth. And yet they will tell you, as they have done, that they are contented and happy. It is this class of spirits that mortals have most to fear. Unscrupulous and almost conscienceless they care not what trick they impose upon the credulous, what the consequences of their evil impulses. There is a constant effort on their part to gain the control of mediums for a gratification of propensities which is denied them in their present life. Oh, earthly mediums cannot be too careful to surround themselves with an atmosphere of personal purity, in order to render themselves unapproachable by the influence and control of such spirits as these."

Still we descended. It became so dark that we had almost to grope our way, but here and there there seemed to be beacon fires, which lit up the scene with a lurid glare. At last we reached a plain. The path seemed to lie narrow and uncertain between morasses on either hand. Here and there ditches half-filled with slime were revealed in the fitful light of the fires. Forms as of strange, hideous creatures crouched here and there, and glared at us with flaming eyes and hungry faces. I shuddered and cowered, and drew closer to my companion, who walked confidently and fearlessly along the path, her radiant atmosphere gleaming out in the semi-darkness. The path seemed to stretch far ahead through a landscape whose dreary monotony was almost unbearable. Low clouds hung over our heads, and they, too, were lit up with fiery touches by the fires. Great bats flapped their wings and circled round and round overhead, and once the melancholy call of an owl fell upon my ear. Presently other strange cries and wails reached me, causing my blood to run cold with horror.

Involuntarily I exclaimed:

"Listen to the wails of lost souls!"

"Truly yes," responded my companion; "souls to whom were given the light of truth, and the guide of conscience, and the knowledge of the spirit, but who wilfully turned their backs upon them all, and thus forfeited heaven and happiness. Their souls are lost in this morass, while the darkness which envelops them prevents their finding the path again without great difficulty. Here they must wander and struggle and wail and despair, until they willingly open their hearts to the truth, and reach out their hands for that help which will surely be given them when they sincerely desire it."

Here and there were rudely constructed huts which seemed to serve the purposes of shelter for the wretched inhabitants of this sphere. In front of one of these sat a woman, with disheveled hair and distorted countenance, wringing her hands, and now and then uttering fierce cries.

My companion paused to speak with her.

"Will you tell me the cause of your distress?" she asked.

At first the only reply was inarticulate raving; but presently the maniac, for so she seemed, became calmer, and with a confidence inspired by the sweet, pure face of the questioner, she wailed out:

"I murdered my unborn babes one after another. I had not the excuse of shame which I wished to conceal. I was a fashionable woman, and I wanted my time to devote to society and my own amusement, and children would be in the way. So I murdered them, poor helpless things! murdered by the one who should rather have sacrificed her life to protect them. Oh, I am a murderess!" she fairly shrieked. "Sometimes their little innocent faces look down reproachfully out of the clouds, and then I go mad—mad—mad!" And indeed she did, manifesting all the symptoms of the most violent form of insanity.

"Do you not comprehend one of the causes which peoples the lunatic asylums in the earth? It is sometimes a relief for these mad spirits to control a human form, and give way to their paroxysms through that organism. As humanity is elevated and made to recognize and obey the higher laws of its being, this sphere will have fewer inhabitants, and this form of insanity among humans become more rare. When they learn the sin of forcing an unwilling motherhood upon a woman who is neither spiritually nor affectionally prepared for the responsibility and the privilege, then will the cause of sin such as this woman has committed, be removed. No woman should become a mother until her desires go forth to meet and to welcome the duties and joys which belong to motherhood."

"Do you ever call for your injured children to come to you?" my companion asked the wretched woman.

"Call for them! How should I dare to do so? They would curse me!"

"No, they would come to love and bless and help you."

"Oh, if I only thought so! If I only dared!" and for a moment her ravings ceased in thoughtful silence.

"Learn to forget yourself and your own misery, and think of these little ones whom you might have loved and cherished. Learn to love them, and love will work wonders for you."

A gleam of hope came into the despairing eyes, and we passed on, leaving her with that new-born hope to comfort her heart.

"When she calls for them in love, then those little ones will be brought to her, and will help to lead her out of this terrible place," was what my companion said to me.

"You leave a word of comfort with every one," I remarked.

"That is my mission," she returned.

Then other sounds fell upon my ears, and in the weird light we saw a man apparently beside himself with terror. His hand was outstretched as if to ward away something which menaced him, and though his face was half averted, his eyes seemed held as if by a a spell, by the cause of his terror. Presently I distinguished what it was. A huge serpent lay coiled at his feet, as if about to spring upon him, its tongue protruding and its fiery eyes gleaming upon him and holding him in spite of his will. Lizards crawled over his feet, and rats and all sorts of noisome creatures ran or crept hither and thither about him; but these lesser annoyances were for the instant forgotten in the greater fear which paralyzed him. After a time the serpent, as if its purpose had changed, slowly uncoiled itself and crept away, and then those inarticulate utterances which had at first attracted our attention took the form of words, and the man prayed and cursed almost in the same breath. At one moment he defied the hideous creatures which surrounded him, and bid them do their worst; at the next he begged to be delivered from them.

"This is the drunkard's hell," said my companion; "a hell which begins even upon earth. This man gave himself up to the slavery of drink; he destroyed his own prospects in life; begat children upon whom the curse is perpetuated; impoverished his family; seduced his friends to a like destruction; broke his wife's heart; and at last himself died of delirium tremens. He has brought himself to his present condition; and here he must remain until he feels remorse, not for the consequences of his sins, but for the sins themselves."

Presently we came to another man, sitting silent and bent, and with his hands pressed to his breast.

"Behold," said my companion, "a victim of remorse. It burns in his bosom night and day like a perpetual fire. And yet it does not help to lift him out of his present condition, because he will not even yet admit to his heart a full sense of his guilt, but is continually justifying and finding excuses for himself."

"What was this man's sin?" I queried.

"He won the love of an innocent girl, and through that love, which was yielded entirely and confidingly to him, he dragged her down to her destruction, even glorying in the shame he brought upon her. She in her turn became desperate, and sank to as great a depth of degradation as he, revenging herself upon his sex by luring as many as possible to their destruction. But her sins fall in great measure upon him, and he still refuses to recognize that."

With head still bowed he had not yet perceived our presence. Presently he exclaimed, as if the words were wrung from him by inward agony:

"Oh, it burns! it burns! it is burning my heart out! Will this inward fire never cease? My God! how can I endure it longer? And yet I am sure I was no worse than the rest. If they were justified, why was not I?"

Then my companion spoke:

"Because to you were given greater and clearer powers of spiritual discernment, but you scorned the gifts and made no use of them."

Then something happened which filled me with wonder. The man looked up as the words fell upon his ear and a strange terror seized him, and he shrank back and cowered as if in fear.

"Who are you?" he at length found voice to ask. "Mary, is it truly you, or has my punishment taken on a new form, and is this strange illusion to haunt me in the future, to be a perpetual reminder of that which I would forget?"

"Robert, it is I," was the reply given in the lowest and sweetest of accents.

"It is false!" he shrieked, springing to his feet. "It is only an illusion from which I will escape. Mary is here somewhere in this valley of the shadow of death. Why should she not be where I am here? A wicked woman is worse and more degraded than a wicked man—all know that; and I once saw her here when I first came, when she came to reproach me for her misery, and to taunt me with my own."

"Robert, it is indeed I," again replied the sweet low voice. "I was here, but I am here no longer. I have found a better way, a better place. Robert, I loved you once, I love you still. Let the past be blotted out between us, and let me lead you up to the light."

She held out her arms to him, and the man sinking to his knees, clung to her skirts and sobbed like a child. For the first time in all his earthly and spiritual life his heart was touched and softened. And then I saw a strange thing occur. I seemed to see the fire within his bosom, and I saw his tears descend and extinguish it. And encircled by the arms of the woman he had so grievously wronged, he felt peace and rest.

"Will you come with me?" the white-robed ministering angel said to this man who was stained with foulness from his vile dwelling place; and though she clasped him in her arms, her garments received no stain.

"Not yet, oh, Mary, not yet. I am not worthy. But I will make myself worthy."

I turned away and left them alone, unwilling to profane the sacredness of their interviews by my presence. The kiss she imprinted upon his forehead when at last she found it necessary to leave him, he seemed to receive as a benediction.

"Robert, remember we belong to one another!" were her parting words.

I would not break the spell which seemed to be upon my companion by any words of idle questioning, as eager as was my curiosity. After a time she herself spoke. As she turned her face towards me it seemed transfigured with a celestial light. There was a radiant smile upon her lips, though tears stood in her eyes.

"You do not understand it?"

"No; it is all a mystery."

"It is true. I am the woman whom that poor wretch betrayed. I once found an abiding place in this death and terror-shadowed valley, and have progressed to my present position only by terrible and prolonged self-conflicts. You wonder why I am sent back as a messenger? A guide in such a land as this should know it well. And I do know it, alas! too well. I know the outward terrors of these wretched people, and their inward sufferings and struggles; and I know the path which leads out of their present condition, because I myself have traveled it. It is part of the atonement I must make for the sins committed in the past. The obligation to come here will be removed only when I have helped to undo as much evil as I helped to create in the world. And, oh! no one can measure the consequences of his evil acts until he enters the Spirit-world." "My garments were once as foul and stained as any of these; but see, they are white now!" she exclaimed joyously. And as I looked at her, the luminous atmosphere which still surrounded her, seemed to dart out rays of living light.

"Does it not make you very wretched?" I asked, "to come here so continually and witness so much misery?"

"It did at first," was the reply, "but now I feel that no more. The sight of it all only calls forth my fullest sympathies, and gives me power and will to work. Now I can look beyond, and see all these lost souls redeemed and purified, and walking in the light of perfect day. In a little while they shall sing a new song, and this knowledge takes away the pain. My mission for to-day is ended," she continued; "but I have one more place to show you."

Presently we came to a sort of parapet, from which we looked down into what at first seemed unknown and unfathomable depths, so impenetrable was the darkness which overshadowed it. But after a time my vision became strengthened so that I began dimly to perceive what was before or rather beneath us. I saw here and there a figure walking about with a sort of uncertain movement, as one might walk in a dream or in utter darkness. Some of them stumbled, others stretched out their hands as if to feel their way. But far more than were walking were sitting or crouching immovable, as though they were hewn of stone. There was no sound of voices, no shrieks, no wails, no curses. The silence was profound and oppressive, and was only broken by an occasional sigh or moan, as one sometimes moans in sleep, which low as it was, smote on the ear with terrible distinctness.

What did it mean?

My companion divined my inward questioning, and replied:

"These are in a spirit lethargy—a soul sleep, which has bound many of them for years, and which may bind them for years to come. Their spiritual natures are wholly dormant, and being taken from the material world, where alone their energies found activity, they have necessarily fallen into their present state. These souls are, so to speak, yet in embryo, and have not been born into spirit-life."

"From what classes of mortals come these inhabitants of this land of sleep and death?"

"Those who knew nothing whatever of spiritual life while on earth. Those in whose hearts were no high aspirations, no sense of purity and goodness, and who mocked at the very words. Those who by vicious lives have murdered the spirituality within them. Those who allowed their souls and their intellects to be fettered by superstitions, and followed blindly the leading of others. Those who lived wholly for self, refusing to recognize the grander meanings and purposes of life. In the sphere we have just left, the spiritual perceptions were not killed, only perverted or put aside. Here they have either never been developed, or else have been so nearly destroyed that only the germ remains. That can never perish, and will some day, perhaps in the far future, be developed into active life."

"Why do we not descend and seek to awaken them to a sense of their needs, and the methods to attain to spiritual growth and development?"

"We cannot go to them. They are shut off from all communication from those above them. As they have wholly missed the lesson which the earth-life had for them, they must go back to the earth to get their first glimmerings of light and knowledge. Those whom you see moving about are beginning to feel the awakening of the faint spiritual life. They will be attracted, without knowing how or why themselves, back to earth, and will then painfully and laboriously learn that which they failed to learn before."

"But if they were to look upward could they not see us? Could we not beckon to them, and so awaken them to a knowledge of something better than their present condition, and to a desire to attain to it?"

"No; as their spiritual senses are dulled, their eyes are blinded to all things spiritual. They cannot see us. They could not hear our voices. We can only communicate with them by the means of earthly organisms. Sometimes at the séances held on earth, one of these benighted spirits finds his way thither, and by listening to words uttered through mediums, for the first time becomes conscious of the existence of a higher spiritual life. And from that hour dates his spiritual progress. But oh, his way is a long and a weary one! If mortals could but realize it, how anxious they would be to avoid traveling it themselves, how zealous to help others!"

Sadly we retraced our steps to the brighter world above, the experiences of the day being yet all too much for me to fully comprehend. And again I exclaimed: "How much there is to learn!"

"Yes; eternity leads us along a path of perpetual knowledge. When we have reached the end, we shall stand on an equality with God."

My companion at parting said to me:

"There is yet one sphere which we have not visited. But you have surely seen enough for to-day. And I perceive that in the near future you will be conducted thither without my companionship. My work does not call me there."

"It is not a still lower sphere?" I asked in consternation.

"No; it ranges above those we have visited. It stands almost on an equality with this, only this is the summer land, and that is the domain of winter."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MR. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER VI.

WORK, DEVICE, KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

What a sense of freedom had come into my life! There were no petty, binding cares to keep me in bondage; there were as yet no duties to hold me in their inflexible grasp. I was free to go whither I would, and free and eager to learn. Although I had been permitted a visit to the nether spheres, and had acquired some knowledge of their inhabitants and their spiritual conditions, I felt that I had yet everything to learn about my own. I had met many spirits, and they were so kind and cordial that already a genuine friendship was beginning to dawn in my heart for more than one—a friendship which was not to be limited or modified by the vicissitudes and limitations of time, but which was to go on strengthening to all eternity.

One fact impressed itself upon me—while none seemed in haste, all were busy. There was no restlessness, no hurry; but each gave the impression of having definite duties which were not onerous but pleasurable. Hitherto I had been for the most part so occupied with myself and my own personal happenings, that I had hardly found place in my mind for other than a merely superficial curiosity. But now the question began to come home to me, as something which it was not only my right but my duty to ask, so that I might be preparing myself to make my own choice of work, when this sweet hour of rest had ended, and I had become sufficiently strong in spirit to find labor a pleasure instead of a task.

My two boys who shared my home—our home, were my almost constant companions, and often my instructors. How strange, and yet how natural it seemed to turn to their sweet, innocent faces and gather from their lips the heavenly wisdom which they had been garnering for years, while I was still troubled about things of earth!

Margaret, too, was my frequent visitor, but she had duties which called her away from me at times, and I the more willingly parted from her because I knew that a portion of these duties at least lay with the loved ones I had left behind. Sometimes my boys and I visited the old familiar place, but there was quite as much sadness as pleasure in the visit, for not yet could I make my presence felt; not yet communicate with those I loved.

"Mother," said my boys to me, "we will take you now to show you what your neighbors are doing."

Then we set out. Our first visit was to a studio where an artist sat at work upon a masterpiece. How the colors glowed beneath his touch! How, as they were blended, they took the form almost of reality, and the picture, the creation of his genius, seemed, not a combination of canvas and pigments, but an actuality. I had the artist soul within me, but the circumstances of my life had denied it expression. Amid the manifold duties of my earthly existence there had been no time nor opportunity for artistic effort; but every one can cultivate his or her taste. I had done this until I knew and could appreciate a good picture, and find in it a rare spiritual delight. But how crude all earthly efforts seemed when I looked upon the wonder before me. I stood spellbound, reveling in an enjoyment which I had never known before. The artist did not interrupt me for a time, but permitted me to enjoy my transports in silence.

At last he spoke: "You are seeing but half. Would you like to see the other half?"

I looked at him in wonder. What was there to see more? At that moment the present scene faded instantaneously away, and I could look into an earthly studio, and into the mind and soul of the artist occupant. A strange thing I saw there. I saw that he had caught a spiritual vision of the beautiful picture which I had just examined, and this vision so enchanted him that he needs must himself try to paint it. So with unwonted haste and fervor he was tracing the outlines upon the canvas before him.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"It means," replied the artist, "that every picture of genuine merit on earth is the faint copy of a spiritual reality. The artist sees the picture before he paints it, and if you question him he will tell you that his own achievement falls far short of the excellences which were presented to his spiritual vision. They call this gift genius, on earth," he added with a smile.

At our next visit we found a poet busy with his pen. On earth he had made himself a name, but his spirit utterances were far grander, far more sublime. Then his inspiration came from the sphere nearest the earth; now it descended from the spheres above. The page seemed to glow with the luminousness of his thought. And again the earth-vision opened up to me, and again I beheld the earthly shadows of the spiritual reality. A woman was busy at some womanly task, and as she worked, fragmentary lines of poetry came into her mind. At first she disregarded them. But they seemed to insist upon being recorded; and so finally, almost sighing at the trouble they gave her, she wrote them down. Then other lines followed, and these, too, she penned in accordance with the resistless impulse which controlled her; and so she wrote on from time to time, not knowing wherefore or what she was writing, until at last a poem began to shape itself, and she perceived its meaning. Then when the poem was nearly completed, the inspiration left her, and she was compelled to finish it, and by means of her own dulled intellect supply the missing lines. The poem was not the same as that produced by the spirit writer, but the same in idea and sentiment; though having been filtered, as it were, through the medium of her weaker, more earthly intelligence, it was feebler in character, and lacked the loftier expression and purer sentiment.

"Is this the way our poets write?" I asked in wonder.

"All true poetry is an inspiration from the higher spheres," was the reply.

Passing on, we paused where an author sat in the midst of a group to whom he was reading a tale he had just written. It was grand in conception and noble in execution, narrating the trials and disciplines of the spirit. As he read, the listeners were thrilled, and catching the inspiration of the writer, felt themselves uplifted to a higher spiritual plane. Again my attention was directed to earth, and to my surprise I found there were listeners there also; listeners whose spiritual ears, dulled by the interposition of the material veil, caught not the details of the story, nor even its full beauties, but only a faint impression of its grandeur and truth. They did not know that they were listening, but thought it was the spirit within them moved to this wondrous play of fancy; and forthwith they sat down to write, and each produced a tale, colored and shaped by his or her own experiences, impressions, prejudices and capabilities, yet all bearing the same faint resemblance to the wonderful spirit story, the spiritual lessons of the one being transferred into earthly lessons by the many.

"Truly this is wonderful," said I, addressing one of the group, for here we have no need to wait for introductions, but soul recognizes soul, and may freely interchange thought without those safeguards of guarantees by mutual acquaintances which are found necessary on earth.

"Is there, then, no such thing as originality among mortals?"

"No," was the reply. "Earth is only the reflex of the Spirit-world."

We passed on and came to a place where spirits of high intelligence who had interested themselves with science on earth, and who were there eager to wrest from nature her deepest secrets, even still true to these instincts, and with enhanced opportunities, were acquainting themselves with the operations of material and spiritual laws, and experimenting with results.

Now, behold again the earthly shadow! Many men felt their influence as it descended to earth, and the minds of many were turned in like directions; and I was impressed with the knowledge that speedily there would be the announcement of a new discovery or a new invention upon the earth, and that more than one man would claim the credit of it. Do not such things happen often?

I found others, men and women, whose minds were less of a scientific and more of a philanthropic cast, conferring together how best they could help mortals and spirits in the lower spheres, and their work did not stop with themselves, but its influence extended to the earth, and was the motive-power of many good endeavors, and many of seeming good to those who were engaged in them, but which, when viewed from the standpoint of the Spirit-world, were perceived to be utterly valueless; for the spirits can only perform through mortals that work which the latter are capable of doing. If they are ignorant, and with distorted senses of right and wrong, then the spirit influence, which might result in so much good, is seemingly wasted, for their efforts will be turned in useless or wrong channels.

"Would you see still more of this subtile spirit influence which is exerted over mankind?"

I assented, and was taken to earth where an orator was holding an audience spellbound by the eloquence of his words. But I, with my spiritual vision, beheld behind him the inspirer of his utterances—a spirit who seemed to hold him in his control, and not only whispered the words to his mind, but held his whole being as if under a spell. When he had concluded, and his spirit influence had left him, he found himself strangely fatigued, as well he might be after such an unwonted effort, which had called into play his highest intellectual and spiritual powers, and the audience, in commenting upon his address, said: "He talked as if he were inspired!" Little did they realize the meaning and truth of their own words.

Returning to the spirit spheres, I found everywhere each one at work the same as upon earth, and at as great a variety of, and similar employments. Only there was this difference: There was no manifestation of corroding care, no complaint of weariness, no apparent desire to shirk their appointed tasks. Each worked as though it were not only a duty but a pleasure to be thus employed; and as I questioned the different ones, I came to understand that, unlike the manners of earth, where circumstances or misjudgment of others force many into employments entirely uncongenial to them, and in which they can take neither pleasure nor hope to excel because of their want of taste and adaptability, in the new life with which I was trying to familiarize myself, the work of each was that best suited to his or her tastes and abilities, and for that reason was an enjoyment and not a task. Labor was no longer a bondage enthralling body and soul, and dwarfing the intellect, but a delight which aided the faculties to expand and develop themselves in healthful ways.

All professions, all occupations seemed represented. There were teachers and preachers and physicians—for though the Spirit-world is on earth represented as a place where there is no illness, it is a misrepresentation; for there are sick souls who need the care of those who know how to minister to a mind diseased. Their ailments are moral and spiritual ones, and require like remedies; thus the pharmacopeia of the earthly druggist is unknown here. Another class of physicians devoted themselves wholly to the healing of mortals, using both material and spiritual methods in accomplishing their cures—sometimes effecting them directly, at other times through the interposition of mediums.

It has been remarked by one who thought he was saying a witty thing, that there are no lawyers in heaven. True, there are no lawyers as you understand the term on earth; but there are spirits here who make the natural and spiritual laws of the universe their especial study, and whose business it is to explain to such as have not the time or the taste for thorough investigation, those laws which most directly concern their being. Their business is, not to mystify and evade the laws, as their namesakes do on earth, but to elucidate them, and as far as possible secure their obedience.

Everywhere, pervading everything, I was permitted to perceive a subtile magnetic bond which connected the spiritual with the material world, so that the reality of the former was shadowed forth more or less distinctly in the latter. In their transmission from the higher to the lower plane of life, there was always more or less lost. The spiritual thought became materialized; the divine truth lost its perfect lustre; the all-pervading love which actuates the good works of the Spirit-world, when its beams had penetrated through the clouds, and, must I say it? the moral and intellectual miasma of earth, took on tinges of selfishness and phases of wrongly-directed effort. The divine ideal became humanized and consequently defective. The picture lost much of its brilliancy; the poem its spirituality; the story, instead of being the record of spiritual experiences, told of earthly woes, and recognized only earthly ideals of happiness. The invention was never quite complete; the discovery still left something undiscovered. Everything bore the mark of the finite—of the limited intelligence, the imperfect nature of humanity, nevertheless the link was there, and—bound the two worlds together, making them, in a certain sense, inter-dependent, the one upon the other—certainly the lower upon the higher life. If these invisible bonds were severed, the earth would be left in spiritual darkness, and moral chaos would be the result. There would be no hope for the future—no means for progress; and retrogression would become the law of humanity. If these bonds were severed, on the other hand, the Spirit-world would find itself without a motive for much of its present work, and would in time also fall into spiritual darkness, as it became peopled with degraded and darkened spirits from earth-life.

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THE DISS DEBAR AFFAIR.

Lawyer Marsh for the First Time Tells His Own Story.

He Regards the Madame as a Bad Woman, But as a Great Medium—Still a Firm Believer in Communicating With the Dead—A Type-Written Message From Henry Ward Beecher—Mr. Marsh Leaves Town.

[N. Y. World.]

Perhaps the most talked-about man in New York during the last three months has been Mr. Luther R. Marsh, the central figure in the Diss Debar affair, which, from the first revelations in the latter part of May, up till a few days since, when the Madame and her partner were consigned to Blackwell's Island, furnished one of the most remarkable sensations to which the public has been treated in recent years. This was largely so because of Mr. Marsh's character. People could not understand how one of the shrewdest lawyers in the metropolis, a man of affairs, ripe in years and experience, intrusted with large public responsibilities, of high intelligence and wide knowledge, should be deceived by what they regarded as the tricks of Spiritualism, and should boldly defend and uphold his honest convictions in a public lecture in the face of ridicule, prejudice and intolerance. He is a brave man in these times who will avow a belief in Spiritualism, for he must be prepared for ridicule and ignominy, and to be dubbed a crank and a lunatic at the hands of a public who know nothing about it themselves save that a good deal of humbug has been mixed up with the business.

Mr. Marsh was probably convinced that he could make no headway against this popular prejudice, and so through the whole of the Diss Debar excitement, while the papers were ringing with his name and reporters dogging his footsteps, he maintained a reserved and dignified silence save upon that one occasion when he spoke at Chickering Hall and made an earnest and masterly plea for a man's right that his convictions be respected. He had been daily pressed to give his views for publication, but had steadfastly refused to speak about the case to any member of the press, although he talked it over fully and frankly with his personal friends, who have all along stuck to him and sympathized with him. Yesterday, however, Mr. Marsh consented to meet a representative of the *World* by appointment, and to go over with him the remarkable history of the Diss Debar case before he leaves New York forever, which he will do early this week, and probably to-morrow.

The *World* reporter was prepared to meet a tottering old man, on the verge of the grave, and with a wild look in his eye, but when Mr. Marsh opened the door of "the Temple" himself, he found, instead, a straight, vigorous man with a clear eye, a firm grasp and a hearty manner, who looked like the successful lawyer that he is. "Come right in," said Mr. Marsh, and he took the visitor to the large front room on the second floor, where Mme. Diss Debar performed so many of her feats, and where there were still some specimens of the "ghost" pictures to be seen. The rest of the house was empty, and some large packing cases stood down stairs full of furniture ready for shipment to Mr. Marsh's new home on the shores of Lake Erie.

In the centre of the room was a large square desk, such as lawyers use, and which was strewn with papers and legal documents, whose presence Mr. Marsh explained by saying that he had been engaged in settling up the affairs of the New Parks Commission, and had just about finished the work. "There are," said he, "3,000 acres in the new parks, embracing hill and valley, meadow and marsh land, and I have kept the run of everything so closely that there is hardly any difference between my figures, based on guesswork, and those of the engineers, based on measurement, and I have guessed to within $5 of the cost of the parts. I couldn't have done it if I had not come down through seven generations of New England ancestors." His work as President of the New Parks Commission Mr. Marsh regards as the crowning work of his life, and the creation of the parks originally was due to him, for he has long been interested in philanthropic measures and saw the lasting benefit which such parks would be to New York, and pushed the scheme through to a successful ending. He says that the parks have cost the city nothing, as the increased taxable valuation of the adjoining property more than compensates for the original outlay. Mr. Marsh has served the city without pay, giving his time and his valuable experience and judgment free, and, now that he has seen the work through its critical stages, is ready to retire.

Mr. Marsh spoke on the subject of Spiritualism with entire frankness and without the least hesitation, and maintained throughout the manner of a perfectly clear-minded man discussing a serious subject with which he was thoroughly familiar. He naturally does not feel very friendly towards the newspapers, and said it was not until the Diss Debar matter began to be talked of that he understood how the old Egyptians felt when they were visited by a plague of fleas and other insects, but that the papers seemed to be satisfied when the Madame and the "General" were convicted.

A PLEA FOR LIBERTY OF THOUGHT.

"It is very singular," said Mr. Marsh, "that a man may hold any opinion he pleases on politics or religion or any other controversial subjects, but the moment he announces himself as a Spiritualist he is at once put down as a crank by the great body of the public, people look askance at him and the newspaper paragrapher makes fun of him. It is a popular superstition that Spiritualism is a fraud and humbug. I stand for myself and for what I believe to be truthful, and if I believe upon facts, considerations and conclusions that satisfy my judgment beyond all peradventure, I can not be persuaded from believing except by proof that the evidence on which my belief was based is false and deceptive. I do not allow vague conjectures to affect my absolute knowledge. It is absurd for any man to put what he does not know against what another man does know. Every one is accountable to his own conscience and should be allowed to form his own judgment as to the future life and the invisible world around us, and his honest judgment should not be controlled by the cant or mistaken opinions of friends or the malignant insinuations of enemies. There are many difficulties and perils in the way of a man who dares to avow his belief that the spirit of man survives after death and under certain circumstances manifests itself to the living. He may be thrust into Bloomingdale or some other asylum for the insane, and his will may be set aside when he is dead. Men may differ on any other topic, religious or political, and the difference is not regarded as in any degree affecting their mental equilibrium, but if one accepts a belief in Spiritualism he is immediately put down as a lunatic."

"No regard," Mr. Marsh said, "was paid to the character of the man expressing such belief even when, as in his own case, he was one accustomed all his life to weighing evidence for what it was worth and knowing exactly what is proof and what is not.

"Now as regards these pictures, the 'spook' pictures, as they have been called, I will say at the outset that I still believe them to have been genuine productions from spirit hands, notwithstanding all that was shown at the trial regarding the character of Mme. Diss Debar. Here is one that the newspapers know nothing about and which I value perhaps more highly than any of the others, because it was one of the first that came to me from the Spirit-world and because of the circumstances under which it was produced."

A VERY PECULIAR PICTURE.

Then he took from the mantelpiece and handed to *The World* reporter a picture about eight by six inches in size, and which was inclosed in a neat oak frame. It was on plain, unruled, common, yellow writing paper, and consisted of what appeared to be a crayon picture of the head of Christ, with some writing in red ink above it. The picture was very peculiarly executed, and from an artistic standpoint was perfect. It was a full-face drawing of the Savior's head, with a wide divergent aureole, somewhat like Guido's famous one-line picture of the same subject, the whole drawing being about as large as the palm of a man's hand. Every feature was fully shaded and clearly visible, and the whole made a beautiful miniature

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE. DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLIV. CHICAGO, AUGUST 11, 1888. No. 25

LC Draper

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MR. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER VI.

WORK, DEVICE, KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

What a sense of freedom had come into my life! There were no petty, binding cares to keep me in bondage; there were as yet no duties to hold me in their inflexible grasp. I was free to go whither I would, and free and eager to learn. Although I had been permitted a visit to the nether spheres, and had acquired some knowledge of their inhabitants and their spiritual conditions, I felt that I had yet everything to learn about my own. I had met many spirits, and they were so kind and cordial that already a genuine friendship was beginning to dawn in my heart for more than one—a friendship which was not to be limited or modified by the vicissitudes and limitations of time, but which was to go on strengthening to all eternity.

One fact impressed itself upon me—while none seemed in haste, all were busy. There was no restlessness, no hurry; but each gave the impression of having definite duties which were not onerous but pleasurable. Hitherto I had been for the most part so occupied with myself and my own personal happenings, that I had hardly found place in my mind for other than a merely superficial curiosity. But now the question began to come home to me, as something which it was not only my right but my duty to ask, so that I might be preparing myself to make my own choice of work, when this sweet hour of rest had ended, and I had become sufficiently strong in spirit to find labor a pleasure instead of a task.

My two boys who shared my home—our home, were my almost constant companions, and often my instructors. How strange, and yet how natural it seemed to turn to their sweet, innocent faces and gather from their lips the heavenly wisdom which they had been garnering for years, while I was still troubled about things of earth!

Margaret, too, was my frequent visitor, but she had duties which called her away from me at times, and I the more willingly parted from her because I knew that a portion of these duties at least lay with the loved ones I had left behind. Sometimes my boys and I visited the old familiar place, but there was quite as much sadness as pleasure in the visit, for not yet could I make my presence felt; not yet communicate with those I loved.

"Mother," said my boys to me, "we will take you now to show you what your neighbors are doing."

Then we set out. Our first visit was to a studio where an artist sat at work upon a masterpiece. How the colors glowed beneath his touch! How, as they were blended, they took the form almost of reality, and the picture, the creation of his genius, seemed, not a combination of canvas and pigments, but an actuality. I had the artist soul within me, but the circumstances of my life had denied it expression. Amid the manifold duties of my earthly existence there had been no time nor opportunity for artistic effort; but every one can cultivate his or her taste. I had done this until I knew and could appreciate a good picture, and find in it a rare spiritual delight. But how crude all earthly efforts seemed when I looked upon the wonder before me. I stood spellbound, reveling in an enjoyment which I had never known before. The artist did not interrupt me for a time, but permitted me to enjoy my transports in silence.

At last he spoke: "You are seeing but half. Would you like to see the other half?"

I looked at him in wonder. What was there to see more? At that moment the present scene faded instantaneously away, and I could look into an earthly studio, and into the mind and soul of the artist occupant. A strange thing I saw there. I saw that he had caught a spiritual vision of the beautiful picture which I had just examined, and this vision so enchanted him that he needs must himself try to paint it. So with unwonted haste and fervor he was tracing the outlines upon the canvas before him.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"It means," replied the artist, "that every picture of genuine merit on earth is the faint copy of a spiritual reality. The artist sees the picture before he paints it, and if you question him he will tell you that his own achievement falls far short of the excellences which were presented to his spiritual vision. They call this gift genius, on earth," he added with a smile.

At our next visit we found a poet busy with his pen. On earth he had made himself a name, but his spirit utterances were far grander, far more sublime. Then his inspiration came from the sphere nearest the earth; now it descended from the spheres above. The page seemed to glow with the luminousness of his thought. And again the earth-vision opened up to me, and again I beheld the earthly shadows of the spiritual reality. A woman was busy at some womanly task, and as she worked, fragmentary lines of poetry came into her mind. At first she disregarded them. But they seemed to insist upon being recorded; and so finally, almost sighing at the trouble they gave her, she wrote them down. Then other lines followed, and these, too, she penned in accordance with the resistless impulse which controlled her; and so she wrote on from time to time, not knowing wherefore or what she was writing, until at last a poem began to shape itself, and she perceived its meaning. Then when the poem was nearly completed, the inspiration left her, and she was compelled to finish it, and by means of her own dulled intellect supply the missing lines. The poem was not the same as that produced by the spirit writer, but the same in idea and sentiment; though having been filtered, as it were, through the medium of her weaker, more earthly intelligence, it was feebler in character, and lacked the loftier expression and purer sentiment.

"Is this the way our poets write?" I asked in wonder.

"All true poetry is an inspiration from the higher spheres," was the reply.

Passing on, we paused where an author sat in the midst of a group to whom he was reading a tale he had just written. It was grand in conception and noble in execution, narrating the trials and disciplines of the spirit. As he read, the listeners were thrilled, and catching the inspiration of the writer, felt themselves uplifted to a higher spiritual plane. Again my attention was directed to earth, and to my surprise I found there were listeners there also; listeners whose spiritual ears, dulled by the interposition of the material veil, caught not the details of the story, nor even its full beauties, but only a faint impression of its grandeur and truth. They did not know that they were listening, but thought it was the spirit within them moved to this wondrous play of fancy; and forthwith they sat down to write, and each produced a tale, colored and shaped by his or her own experiences, impressions, prejudices and capabilities, yet all bearing the same faint resemblance to the wonderful spirit story, the spiritual lessons of the one being transferred into earthly lessons by the many.

"Truly this is wonderful," said I, addressing one of the group, for here we have no need to wait for introductions, but soul recognizes soul, and may freely interchange thought without those safeguards of guarantees by mutual acquaintances which are found necessary on earth.

"Is there, then, no such thing as originality among mortals?"

"No," was the reply. "Earth is only the reflex of the Spirit-world."

We passed on and came to a place where spirits of high intelligence who had interested themselves with science on earth, and who were there eager to wrest from nature her deepest secrets, even still true to these instincts, and with enhanced opportunities, were acquainting themselves with the operations of material and spiritual laws, and experimenting with results.

Now, behold again the earthly shadow! Many men felt their influence as it descended to earth, and the minds of many were turned in like directions; and I was impressed with the knowledge that speedily there would be the announcement of a new discovery or a new invention upon the earth, and that more than one man would claim the credit of it. Do not such things happen often?

I found others, men and women, whose minds were less of a scientific and more of a philanthropic cast, conferring together how best they could help mortals and spirits in the lower spheres, and their work did not stop with themselves, but its influence extended to the earth, and was the motive-power of many good endeavors, and many of seeming good to those who were engaged in them, but which, when viewed from the standpoint of the Spirit-world, were perceived to be utterly valueless; for the spirits can only perform through mortals that work which the latter are capable of doing. If they are ignorant, and with distorted senses of right and wrong, then the spirit influence, which might result in so much good, is seemingly wasted, for their efforts will be turned in useless or wrong channels.

"Would you see still more of this subtile spirit influence which is exerted over mankind?"

I assented, and was taken to earth where an orator was holding an audience spellbound by the eloquence of his words. But I, with my spiritual vision, beheld behind him the inspirer of his utterances—a spirit who seemed to hold him in his control, and not only whispered the words to his mind, but held his whole being as if under a spell. When he had concluded, and his spirit influence had left him, he found himself strangely fatigued, as well he might be after such an unwonted effort, which had called into play his highest intellectual and spiritual powers, and the audience, in commenting upon his address, said: "He talked as if he were inspired!" Little did they realize the meaning and truth of their own words.

Returning to the spirit spheres, I found everywhere each one at work the same as upon earth, and at as great a variety of, and similar employments. Only there was this difference: There was no manifestation of corroding care, no complaint of weariness, no apparent desire to shirk their appointed tasks. Each worked as though it were not only a duty but a pleasure to be thus employed; and as I questioned the different ones, I came to understand that, unlike the manners of earth, where circumstances or misjudgment of others force many into employments entirely uncongenial to them, and in which they can take neither pleasure nor hope to excel because of their want of taste and adaptability, in the new life with which I was trying to familiarize myself, the work of each was that best suited to his or her tastes and abilities, and for that reason was an enjoyment and not a task. Labor was no longer a bondage enthralling body and soul, and dwarfing the intellect, but a delight which aided the faculties to expand and develop themselves in healthful ways.

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Mr. Marsh was probably convinced that he could make no headway against this popular prejudice, and so through the whole of the Diss Debar excitement, while the papers were ringing with his name and reporters dogging his footsteps, he maintained a reserved and dignified silence save upon that one occasion when he spoke at Chickering Hall and made an earnest and masterly plea for a man's right that his convictions be respected. He had been daily pressed to give his views for publication, but had steadfastly refused to speak about the case to any member of the press, although he talked it over fully and frankly with his personal friends, who have all along stuck to him and sympathized with him. Yesterday, however, Mr. Marsh consented to meet a representative of the *World* by appointment, and to go over with him the remarkable history of the Diss Debar case before he leaves New York forever, which he will do early this week, and probably to-morrow.

The *World* reporter was prepared to meet a tottering old man, on the verge of the grave, and with a wild look in his eye, but when Mr. Marsh opened the door of "the Temple" himself, he found, instead, a straight, vigorous man with a clear eye, a firm grasp and a hearty manner, who looked like the successful lawyer that he is. "Come right in," said Mr. Marsh, and he took the visitor to the large front room on the second floor, where Mme. Diss Debar performed so many of her feats, and where there were still some specimens of the "ghost" pictures to be seen. The rest of the house was empty, and some large packing cases stood down stairs full of furniture ready for shipment to Mr. Marsh's new home on the shores of Lake Erie.

In the centre of the room was a large square desk, such as lawyers use, and which was strewn with papers and legal documents, whose presence Mr. Marsh explained by saying that he had been engaged in settling up the affairs of the New Parks Commission, and had just about finished the work. "There are," said he, "3,000 acres in the new parks, embracing hill and valley, meadow and marsh land, and I have kept the run of everything so closely that there is hardly any difference between my figures, based on guesswork, and those of the engineers, based on measurement, and I have guessed to within $5 of the cost of the parts. I couldn't have done it if I had not come down through seven generations of New England ancestors." His work as President of the New Parks Commission Mr. Marsh regards as the crowning work of his life, and the creation of the parks originally was due to him, for he has long been interested in philanthropic measures and saw the lasting benefit which such parks would be to New York, and pushed the scheme through to a successful ending. He says that the parks have cost the city nothing, as the increased taxable valuation of the adjoining property more than compensates for the original outlay. Mr. Marsh has served the city without pay, giving his time and his valuable experience and judgment free, and, now that he has seen the work through its critical stages, is ready to retire.

Mr. Marsh spoke on the subject of Spiritualism with entire frankness and without the least hesitation, and maintained throughout the manner of a perfectly clear-minded man discussing a serious subject with which he was thoroughly familiar. He naturally does not feel very friendly towards the newspapers, and said it was not until the Diss Debar matter began to be talked of that he understood how the old Egyptians felt when they were visited by a plague of fleas and other insects, but that the papers seemed to be satisfied when the Madame and the "General" were convicted.

A PLEA FOR LIBERTY OF THOUGHT.

"It is very singular," said Mr. Marsh, "that a man may hold any opinion he pleases on politics or religion or any other controversial subjects, but the moment he announces himself as a Spiritualist he is at once put down as a crank by the great body of the public, people look askance at him and the newspaper paragrapher makes fun of him. It is a popular superstition that Spiritualism is a fraud and humbug. I stand for myself and for what I believe to be truthful, and if I believe upon facts, considerations and conclusions that satisfy my judgment beyond all peradventure, I can not be persuaded from believing except by proof that the evidence on which my belief was based is false and deceptive. I do not allow vague conjectures to affect my absolute knowledge. It is absurd for any man to put what he does not know against what another man does know. Every one is accountable to his own conscience and should be allowed to form his own judgment as to the future life and the invisible world around us, and his honest judgment should not be controlled by the cant or mistaken opinions of friends or the malignant insinuations of enemies. There are many difficulties and perils in the way of a man who dares to avow his belief that the spirit of man survives after death and under certain circumstances manifests itself to the living. He may be thrust into Bloomingdale or some other asylum for the insane, and his will may be set aside when he is dead. Men may differ on any other topic, religious or political, and the difference is not regarded as in any degree affecting their mental equilibrium, but if one accepts a belief in Spiritualism he is immediately put down as a lunatic."

"No regard," Mr. Marsh said, "was paid to the character of the man expressing such belief even when, as in his own case, he was one accustomed all his life to weighing evidence for what it was worth and knowing exactly what is proof and what is not.

"Now as regards these pictures, the 'spook' pictures, as they have been called, I will say at the outset that I still believe them to have been genuine productions from spirit hands, notwithstanding all that was shown at the trial regarding the character of Mme. Diss Debar. Here is one that the newspapers know nothing about and which I value perhaps more highly than any of the others, because it was one of the first that came to me from the Spirit-world and because of the circumstances under which it was produced."

A VERY PECULIAR PICTURE.

Then he took from the mantelpiece and handed to *The World* reporter a picture about eight by six inches in size, and which was inclosed in a neat oak frame. It was on plain, unruled, common, yellow writing paper, and consisted of what appeared to be a crayon picture of the head of Christ, with some writing in red ink above it. The picture was very peculiarly executed, and from an artistic standpoint was perfect. It was a full-face drawing of the Savior's head, with a wide divergent aureole, somewhat like Guido's famous one-line picture of the same subject, the whole drawing being about as large as the palm of a man's hand. Every feature was fully shaded and clearly visible, and the whole made a beautiful miniature

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

HEALTH AND CULTURE.*

This is a good book and a remarkable one, although written by a physician of one of the regular schools. It is from an understanding far above that of the average professional man. The author says in the preface:

"In the early days of the modern 'faith cure,' 'prayer cure,' and 'mind cure' movement, several remarkable instances of 'prayer cure' of undoubted genuineness came under our observation. Being actively engaged in the practice of medicine and holding at the time a thoroughly materialistic philosophy of life, these extraordinary facts of experience, indicating a source of healing power hitherto unrecognized, challenged our careful consideration, and led to a full, practical and experimental study of the law and principle upon which they were based."

This author seems to have left materialism far behind in the cold, for a warm, healthy glow of spiritism pervades his work. Per contra to the Christian Science school at Boston, he maintains as underlying the entire philosophy of life and health, is the grand fact that causation or God invariably works in a dual manner, always using mind and matter for purposes of association, development, health and harmony. The Doctor antagonizes the Eddy school also, in recognizing the scientific demonstration that disease and discord exist as facts as wisely and beautifully under law as do health and harmony.

All persons educated for a profession place great stress on precedent as authority. The works of Jesus, other seers and mediums, are effectively cited. The Oriental Theosophy of Blavatsky, Olcott & Co., is skillfully side-tracked, in fact, run into the ditch, the doctor acting as switchman in his use of Christ Theosophy. Read the first fifty of these four hundred interesting pages and you will see that the noble brotherhood of Mahatmas with their oaths of secrecy and initiation will never flourish or even get a foothold in the Occidental world.

Dr. Dewey's position is, "that the seeking of the spiritual life or kingdom of God was not designed to be left until death approaches, but to be the crowning glory of life from childhood." "That the cultivation and development of the spiritual nature, or of the human powers on the plane of the spiritual life, is as normal and simple a matter as the cultivation of music or any branch of art or science." Like all seers and poets from Pythagoras to Emerson who speak from the intuition, his methods of spirit culture and of health are predicated upon an universal impersonal Deific substance which Prof. Fiske styles "cosmic jelly." In this philosophy God becomes personal when embosomed in matter—and in man—hence one of progress and growth.

Health and progression are based upon three successive planes of consciousness and life upon which man exists: "The first is the plane of the physical senses, on which the existence of man as a personality begins." "As long as the activities of the soul are confined to the sphere of the outward world on this plane, man will be conscious only of this world and its phenomena; and failing to recognize any other realm from sensible experience of his own, he is likely to deny the actual and even the possible existence of anything supersensuous, however much others may testify to a higher experience." "This is the sphere of physical science and sensational philosophy, and even the external and sensuous forms of religion." "The second is the plane of the occult; the sphere of the purely psychic functions and forces. The development of the sixth sense opens this sphere to the consciousness of man by awaking the activity of his faculties on this interior and higher plane....."The third is the plane of the purely spiritual and Divine; the deepest and highest or most interior of man's being, in which he comes to dwell and act in perfect unity and oneness with the Father. It is 'the kingdom of God' preached by Jesus."

The specific steps which lead to the opening of the sixth and seventh senses or the life of divine illumination are the special subjects and objects of the book. The threefold nature, "body, soul and spirit," of man as used by many seers is fully recognized. The Doctor declares "that the soul supplies the physical appetites, propensities and impulses, so essential to the repair and reproduction of the body itself." "Evil comes, not from the presence and activity of these functions, but from allowing their activity to predominate over the higher needs of the spirit."

By focalization of the mind, the spirit through the physical organs of sense takes cognizance of things outwardly: "As there is an internal organism with a corresponding medium of communication, when the perceptive powers of the mind are sufficiently individualized, unfolded and disciplined through external focalization, they may be turned within and become focalized inwardly, where they become a unit of activity, and develop the one all-inclusive sixth sense."

The author claims to have "discovered and demonstrated that this inward focalization can be perfectly effected without the abnormal conditions of either trance or somnambulism; and without the full suspension of external consciousness." It is effected by the simple transfer of the attention from the external to the internal plane of mental action, from the external to the internal medium of communication and contact.

It is claimed that when this inward focalization is complete, the mind attains absolute supremacy over the body and acquires perfect control over its sensations and functions. It can control the memory and retain or banish any impression at pleasure. It will develop intuition and so open the avenues to a higher education as to dwarf into insignificance the achievements of external science, giving the mind free access to knowledge at first hand. Telegraph and telephone monopolies are doomed, "when direct communication between mind and mind becomes the simplest matter of common experience." The key to success in this mental and spiritual development, is "control of the attention." Through desire and faith any one, by persevering effort, may attain success.

The function of the sixth sense is to perceive and acquire specific knowledge of the internal qualities, relations and condition of personalities and things, or as demonstrated by Prof. Denton, to psychometrize. Our author asserts the truth when he says that "Dr. J. R. Buchanan of our own country was the first to recognize, name and practically as well as scientifically study and develop this sense in its deeper and occult range of activities; and has probably done more to pave the way for that higher education which the discovery and understanding of these powers are now opening to the world than any other individual of our century." Several pages of pertinent and truthful thoughts are given to "mediumship and spirit-control," and they are claimed to be inconsequential so far as the normal exercise of those highest senses is concerned. This quotation gives the tenor of his remarks:

"Were mediumship either admissible or desirable, the only safety in its cultivation would be in first calling forth the spiritual nature. But this would prevent mediumship, and remove all occasion for its supposed desirableness. The whole problem of immortality and spiritual destiny is solved in the open vision of the spirit, all life becoming one unbroken fellowship and communion." As the greater includes the less, it follow from Dr. Dewey's positions that all the desirable results of "spirit control" will be attained when each person cultivates and exercises the sixth sense for himself.

Ancient and modern seership are scientifically explained and obtained by the exercise of the seventh sense. He says: "In the ecstatic or deeper spiritual trance, the activity of both the cerebrum and cerebellum, or large and small brains, are to a great degree suspended, and the active forces of both become centered upon the medulla oblongata, which with the solar plexus hold the balance of vital action and prevent an entire suspension of the organic functions." It is then that the "highest spiritual consciousness and understanding are awakened and established," and the true God-sense is opened, "the soul becoming so transported by its comparative freedom from all mundane restraints, and by its beatific sense of spiritual being and heavenly communion, that its rapture is reflected upon the body which in a degree becomes transfigured, and the countenance luminous with a heavenly radiance."

Experience has demonstrated that this wonderful development can be established as permanent. Its function "is the perception, apprehension, understanding of and affiliation or union with universal principles, absolute truth, impartial justice, impersonal being, the realization of supreme wisdom, goodness and power, to govern and control in every direction and on every plane." It is claimed that Jesus is the only man who has ever exercised this sense in its supreme fullness, although possible to all.

The cause of disease and inharmony is to be found in the elements of these higher senses. The healing and restorative power is inherent therein—"the same in plants and animals as in man"—"for as spirit and life are one, there can be but one law of health and healing, though many conditions may be involved." "The opening of the spiritual understanding by the bringing forth of the spiritual nature in man, discloses this law and its conditions so clearly to the mind, that it is enabled at once to assert and achieve its supremacy as illustrated in the experience of Christ and the Apostles."

The methods of attaining health and spirit culture here disclosed are simple, entirely practical and within the reach of every person. The author skilfully uses science and reason in pointing "The Way, the Truth, the Life." The New Testament is aptly quoted, and the healing work of Jesus and the Apostles authoritatively used as precedents. The book is written from the heart as well as the head so that both sympathy and reason pervade its pages. It is aggressive and iconoclastic only so far as it develops the old into the new conditions of modern life. The appendices of recent marvellous illustrations of the positions taken by the Doctor, make a perfect ending of a work so profound and instructive.

C. O. POOLE.

* The Way, the Truth and the Life. A Hand book of Christian Theosophy, Healing and Psychic Culture. By J. H. Dewey, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Table-Turning.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I should not ask space for so very trite a subject as this, had I not some observations to offer of the way in which, or means by which a table may be turned by a force residing in, or proceeding from or through, a living organism. I am far from denying that such manifestations may or do, proceed from disembodied agencies or intelligences. But the cases I shall adduce are clearly attributable to the sitters themselves, without recourse to any action of other spirits than those of the persons conducting the experiments. My contention concerns the theory of "involuntary muscular action" commonly ascribed to Professor Faraday, yet an action not "muscular" in the sense that Faraday and most persons would take the term, though certainly "unconscious" enough, seeing that it was involuntary on the part of, unknown to, and unexpected by, the person chiefly concerned in the movements of the table. The force displayed in these experiments was not "muscular," because the muscles of the person did not contract; it was not "nervous," (in a usual sense of the term) because it was neither ideo-motor nor sensory-reflex, did not arise in sensation and result in motion, nor the converse, and was independent alike of peripheral stimulation or centric ideation. This force, which seemed to counteract gravitation to the extent of perhaps fifty pounds weight, might be called xyz, or anything else. Let us call it "psychic force," for convenience, and let us assume that psychic force may be exhibited in, as, by, or through a current of something we will conventionally style a "magnetic fluid." Upon such understanding, then, let us look at some experiments.

These were conducted and often repeated by Mrs. Coues and myself in our own home, with various visitors, among whom I may mention Prof. E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, one of the leading naturalists of this country. I am not aware that more than one person effected or even contributed to the result. This person, through whose organism the mechanical effects were produced may be designated as Miss B. The piece of furniture used was a very large, oval center-table, as heavy as many dining-tables of some hard wood inlaid on top, with center-piece and four spreading claw-legs on castors. It would weigh, I judge, about 130 pounds. Standing up beside it and pressing down pretty hard I could make it tip over, particularly at some point on the circumference between two of the spreading legs. Miss B., who, owing to a recent illness, was somewhat emaciated, could just manage to tilt it by exerting all her strength in a favorable position. Sitting at the table with my arms outstretched and palms flat on the top, I could wheel it back and forth, with some ease, and make it tilt by using all my strength. Miss B. could slide it about in the same way by summoning all her force, but could not tilt it at all in this attitude. While trying her muscle in this way, the effect of the exertion was very obvious, in quickened pulse and labored respiration, expression of face, and the palpable contraction of the muscle, felt on grasping her arm.

What happened during the various experiments was this, in substance: After sitting about half an hour during which the table obdurately refused to budge, it suddenly began to slide about in a jerky manner, here and there, back and forth, violently enough to drag us all with it, tilted and danced on two of its legs, and sometimes finished its antics by coming down bang on its side. Th re was force enough to have painfully mashed any toes that had been caught under one of the legs, or to have knocked the breath out of any one of us whom the edge of the table had caught in the pit of the stomach. This force was more than Miss B. could have consciously exerted, had she tried to do so; it was for her muscular system a "physical impossibility." It was easy to see, or rather to feel, that her muscles were not in action, that is, not in the normal action of contracting to give a pull or a push. If she had any muscular effect, it was to steady the table, not to move it; and when it jumped about, her person was dragged with it, unlike mine and that of the other sitters, because we could voluntarily yield to the motions and follow them or let the table slide under our hands, while Miss B. could not. Her arms seemed rigid, almost cataleptic; the palms were pressed so hard on the table that the blood was driven from the finger tips. Her features were pale and set, somewhat as in trance, yet she was perfectly in her normal state of mind, as well aware of what was going on as the rest of us. She was not in the least affected, consciously, by exertion of a force which would have put any one of us out of breath, and which, for her, was not within her physical power. It was clearly and indisputably she, through or by whom the movements of the table were caused; she moved it unintentionally and unintelligently; the energy was displayed without exertion and consequent fatigue. The "law of correlation and conservation of energy" seemed to be in abeyance; mechanical motion, expressible in "foot-pounds" of power, resulted from no known source of such power, with no ascertainable expenditure of energy, by means which defied detection, and to an extent or degree which was physically impossible to the human organism concerned in this manifestation of "phychic force."

Supposing that I have accurately described what took place, and that the result was effected "Substantially as alleged," several explanations are possible.

1. The straightout spiritualistic theory would be, that the table was moved by disembodied spirits, since the persons who could have moved it did not, and the person who seemed to do it could not have done it.

2. The materialistic explanation would be that Miss B.'s muscles did the work, and that we were deceived in estimating her strength, or in calculating the amount of resistance the furniture offered, or in her good faith.

3. A tenable view, which I think most psychists, and probably many theosophists, might be disposed to take, would be at neither of the foregoing extreme positions, and not far from that which may be implied in the way I have penned this article.

I have not by any means told all that I could say of these experiments, the most curious thing about them being a degree of intelligence which seemed to attach to the motions of the table directly in consequence of the "state of mind" of one of the sitters. (Not Miss B.) I purposely omit this, in order to leave the mechanical aspects of the case as bare and bald as possible, uncomplicated by any question of mentality or spirituality.

I will add one other circumstance, however. We sometimes experimented with a little stand, so light that I could easily lift it up in the air with my little finger. It always took us as long to start this trifling piece of wood as it did to make the great heavy table go; and Miss B. worked quite as hard at the one as at the other. In fine, the energy of the psychic force displayed had no ascertainable relation to the extent of motion resulting or amount of weight displayed.

ELLIOTT COUES.

Washington, D. C.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Dr. J. V. Spencer—His Life and Transition.

On Tuesday morning, July 24th, Dr. J. V. Spencer, of Battle Creek, Michigan, passed quietly and without fear from this earthly life.

He was born on a farm in Clarendon, Orleans county, N. Y., June 13th, 1824. He worked with his father, had scant schooling during the winter, and after reaching the age of twenty-one, worked by the month for neighboring farmers. He removed to Battle Creek, Michigan, with his parents where he learned the mason's trade and bought a house with a few acres near the town. On January 22nd, 1850, he married Mercy E. Stiles, and their wedded life has been a happy one. He went during the gold days of 1852 to California; wrought in the mine, toiled as a mason with large pay, came back with fair gains, but not rich, in 1855. He was always honorable in his dealings, just to all and generous to the needy, and his persistent industry, strong will and outspoken frankness were marked traits. In 1857 his attention was turned to Spiritualism, and for a time he strongly opposed it, but was soon compelled by an invisible but conquering influence to give up the use of tobacco.

Other proofs came to him; he was influenced to heal the sick by magnetism, and a voice told him what to do. He resolved to quit it all and took a job of mason work, but after being allowed to finish that job it seemed impossible for him to do more, and he seemed plainly guided to study medicine, and commenced to do so with Dr. Smith Rogers, of Battle Creek, in 1857, going to the Hahnemann College in Chicago, in 1861, gaining his diploma in March, 1862 and opening the way for an excellent homeopathic practice in Battle Creek. When he began to study he had quite as much practice as Dr. Rogers, and had performed some remarkable cures, digging roots, preparing remedies and magnetizing under spirit direction and influence, as he felt fully assured, the guiding spirit being a Seneca Indian "medicine man." Through his practice he had helped often in this way, and had other valuable mediumistic experiences. His patients held him in high regard, and he won their full confidence. He never concealed his opinions, even when they were most unpopular, but had the manly courage of his convictions, and was an earnest and active Spiritualist,—known as such, and as a strong man worthy of respect and confidence, a person of marked vigor and positiveness, brave and plain-spoken, yet tender and compassionate, and ever full of active usefulness. A stay in California last winter failed to cure a bronchial weakness, but he was busy in his practice and tenderly caring for his beloved wife on her sick bed, until a sharp attack of pleuro-pneumonia compelled him to give up, and in these days his useful earthly career closed calmly with his beloved daughters and their husbands by his bed side. Flowers took the place of gloomy crape at the funeral; the casket was of light drab color instead of funeral black.

A hymn by A. B. Whiting, the well known medium, set to his own inspired music, was finely sung, and the house was filled by a large company who heard a discourse by G. B. Stebbins and a few fit words and a closing invocation by Mrs. Lowe, of Portland, Oregon.

G. B. S.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Dr. Buckley on Superstitions.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

The Boston *Journal* of July 13th prints what it calls "A brilliant address by Rev. Dr. Buckley, at Lake View, Mass." Since the worthy Doctor's theme is "Superstition," one would think his carpet sweeper might have been kept busy in his own parlor; but the Doctor, like an old-fashioned country deacon, evidently thinks it his first duty to point to the cobwebs and dust in his neighbor's sitting room. Since on this occasion his neighbor happens to be "Modern Spiritualism," it may not be altogether out of place if a Spiritualist should help to do a little of the sweeping in both houses.

The accomplished duelist may be a good shot, but he cannot steal his powder without being counted as dishonest. But Dr. Buckley steals Dis De Bar from Bro. Heber Newton's church, of which she was a member in good standing, and deliberately fires her off at modern Spiritualism. When the Doctor fires his second charge into the ranks of "Christian Science," he should at least have remembered that those worthy "dollar collectors" indignantly deny they are Spiritualists.

We all know that Dis De Bar claims certain "powers," but it was just such powers that constituted proof of sonship to God in the early days of Dr. Buckley's church history. Such "powers" stand to orthodox incapability as "miracles"; and because he hasn't any of them by which to earn his salary as a "son of God," Dr. Buckley is obliged to declare "this is not the age of miracles." To that profound observation I reply, "Nobody said it was." On the contrary, this is the age of the knowledge of universal law; and we know now that just what was actually done by members of the apostolic church could be done to-day by men and women true to the spirit of their own religion. Further, we know that under universal law just such marvels are taking place to-day; and when Dr. Buckley denies it, he it is who becomes the "infidel."

I see I am pushing the carpet sweeper into the Doctor's parlor, but now I am there I propose to examine some of the dark corners before I get through. Some of us know that Dis De Bar is a medium. I have a drawing that came on a card never handled by her; a card I carried with me and held on my head, with the medium sitting six feet away. It was in the full light of noon, and in a tent not even closed in front that the "miracle" occurred. A friend of mine stood back of Dis De Bar and saw the picture flash onto the card. By the aid of a handglass I also saw the picture come. The dark portions first appeared, followed so quickly by the rest, that I can only speak of the process as "flashing." So much for the fact. Now for its lesson:

The Doctor calls such occurrences "miracles." Very well, I won't dispute as to terms; but what does a miracle prove? The Doctor's church says it proved in olden time that Christianity was heaven sent to save men from hell. Mr. Marsh thought that it proved that he was to establish a Temple of Truth with Dis De Bar as high priestess. Certain editors and writers consider it proves that a "miracle worker" should never be sent to prison under any circumstances, and that it is persecution even to bring a charge of fraud against them, and there are numbers of men and women, trained in the Dr. Buckley church schools of to-day, who consider dollar miracles proof of the truth of trashy nonsense often taught in the name of modern Spiritualism.

As a matter of fact, a miracle proves a miracle, and nothing else. For instance, I know that two and two make four. The miracle worshiper declares they make five; and for proof exhibits a spirit-executed picture; but his spirit picture is no proof that mathematics has gone crazy. Dr. Buckley declares that water turned into wine and sundry sick persons healed 1800 years ago, is proof that Jesus had a God-father, and a woman mother, and is, therefore, God manifest in the flesh, to save men from hell. But his miracle only proves a miracle—nothing more. The rest is Dr. Buckley's foolish inference. I know that Christians and many Spiritualists are perpetually thus exhibiting their ignorance of cause and effect. Both alike manifest much faith and very little reason. But to both alike I say, "Keep to the point, gentlemen." Resurrected humanity is no more proof of any thing but resurrection to-day, than it was in the days of the apostles or of Joseph Smith. Let the sweeper into that corner, Dr. Buckley.

The most serious assertion made by the Doctor is reserved for his final outburst. He declares as follows: "I trust in One who was before science, and He says I shall be with him after science is superseded." But what is science? Science is simply the orderly arrangement of facts. To get them in to order you must learn as much as possible about them. So the Doctor declares he trusts in one who was before facts, and expects to be with him after facts are superseded. Why, the poor Doctor couldn't even sit on a cloud and sing psalms, for cloud and psalm, like God and the Doctor, are facts, and will all vanish together.

I don't wonder the Doctor took "superstition" for his theme, as it is evident that he is more at home there than any where else. Superstition is simply a belief without legitimate proof; and most assuredly it includes such a belief as the Doctor's, that has no connection with its alleged fact.

Spiritualists will be delighted to help the Doctor sweep away the "50 cards of clairvoyants, fortune tellers and the like" at which he sneers, for they have no more to do with modern Spiritualism than has Kellar or himself. I would say I am much pleased with the Doctor's definition of Spiritualism as, "Infidelity with a ghost in it;" but he must pardon me if I for a moment run the sweeper into another corner and bring out some more of his pet superstitions, which some of us utterly deny; and for which denial he calls us "infidels."

I find the Doctor's corners full of spirits; at least accepted as such by him on the "say so" of various writers. Some times a man of old speaks and says, "I am God, therefore, Joshua, kill every man, woman and child in Canaan." The Doctor's belief that that was God speaking through man, is far more superstitious than Marsh's belief in Dis De Bar or the spirits back of her. The Doctor preaches that God punished innocent Jesus because Adam was guilty. He then passes round the plate. Is not that teaching superstition for profit? Marsh bought his superstition. He didn't sell it. Doctor Buckley echoes Paul's motto, "Without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sin." Is that horrible superstition worthy of a place in a man's corner, who is proposing to clean his neighbor's house? Christianity has been a superstitious curse that held man to a thousand years of darkness. At last it was infected by the spirit of the age; but it immediately took up a collection, of which a dime was for charity and ninety cents for the church. But the spirit that burns the Alexandrian library still calls all knowledge "superstition" that proves theology false. A man who acknowledges that he goes on praying and urging to prayer, although he says there is no proof that a prayer was ever answered, is a veritable high priest of superstition, and like other high priests more careful of the tithes than of the truth. I don't wonder that such a man looks forward to a future without science, since it compels him to stand before the intelligent world of to-day as clothed in the prison stripes of superstition.

Modern Spiritualism is comprised in the facts of human immortality and spirit intercourse; but until generations shall have been born and educated free from the teachings of Christianity, we must expect to find some calling themselves Spiritualists, yet bowing with the old time reverence at the feet of "miracle" workers, and accepting "thus saith a spirit" as the voice of eternal truth. We shall find many thus accepting just as absurd beliefs in an unnatural hereafter, as the conception of Dr. Buckley that he is to live in a factless heaven, with a God who is not a fact, through an eternity which, of course, can have no existence. "Doctor, I leave you to run the carpet sweeper. Your corners are too full of superstition for me, so fare thee well."

JUGOI ARINORI MORI.

Japanese Religious Views.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Late discussions on the plans and prospects of Christianity in Japan, may give a special interest to a report of some interesting interviews with an eminent Japanese official a few years ago. In Washington, one evening in the winter of 1873, I attended a literary reunion at the house of Hon. Horatio King. The exercises of the evening were closed, and, as was the custom in those interesting meetings, the pleasant company of perhaps a hundred persons, were engaged in easy and animated conversation. I noticed a group of ladies and gentlemen hovering around a central figure which it was difficult to get a glimpse of. At last I saw a man, hardly of middle stature, of refined temperament and graceful deportment, with complexion and features that bespoke his nationality, his fine eyes as eloquent as his voice. Finding Mr. King I learned that this attractive foreigner was Jugoi Arinori Mori, Charge D' Affaires from the Empire of Japan. I knew that he was sent to our country mainly to gain information touching our education, material condition, habits, political and religious life, that Japan might better know our good and ill, and had heard of him as well fitted for so important a mission. Thinking of some things I might tell him I asked an introduction, and said I would like to call at his convenience, giving a general idea of what was in my mind. He replied; "Call at any time," and a few days after, about ten o'clock, I found my way to his house in the west part of the city, an ample mansion furnished in Japanese fashion, although, oddly enough, an Irishman opened the door for my entrance. In a few moments Arinori Mori came in, met me with simple ease and cordiality, and an hour's conversation followed very interesting to me and which he seemed to wish to prolong rather than to shorten.

I said, substantially, that my wish was to give him an idea of some phases of our religious life with which he might not be familiar, and then tried to give him some idea of Unitarianism, Universalism, Free Religion, Quakerism, and Spiritualism—of the growth of natural religion which held the soul above creed or book, the true life as of highest moment, the spiritual progress of man, here and hereafter, the rule of law as the will of God, the doing of duty as the high aim, the immortal life as near and real, natural as our life here but amid higher conditions. I told him that the millions among us who held these views were growing in willingness to accept truth, whether on Pagan or Christian grounds, and in a sense of the sympathy of religions and the spiritual fraternity of the race. While holding their own convictions they would never condemn Pagan or Musselman for their views, but would accept their truth and reject their error and ask them to do the same by us, that all might gain and grow in grace.

He showed deep interest, and said that many of what we call evangelical clergymen had talked with him and given him books; that he had been interested and helped by what they had said and held their kindness in grateful remembrance, and was now glad to hear these statements, and so add to his impartial knowledge of our religious opinions. I asked if he could accept books from me, and he answered, "Certainly, with pleasure, any books you send me will be sent to the royal library at Jeddo." I asked: "Of what use will books in English be there?" and he quickly replied: "Our educated people read your language and you may be sure that your books will be read with much interest."

On parting he cordially said: "Come again when it suits you."

In a few days I gathered together some forty volumes of books, among which I remember the admirable "No Cross, No Crown," of that noble Quaker, William Penn, the works of William E. Channing, the best of Epes Sargent, Hudson Tuttle, and others, aiming to get the ablest statements and illustrations of the views which we had discussed. These I sent him, with a letter, to which he replied, speaking of "the value and usefulness of the books, not only to myself, but to my countrymen and women."

These books I presented as from E. B. Ward of Detroit, and sent him the bill for them, which he promptly paid, as I supposed he would, and wrote me that he was glad of what I had done. I knew his feelings so well that I took the responsibility of the presentation without his knowledge, and his full approval came in due time.

Mr. Mori also sent me two copies of a pamphlet of his "Religious Freedom in Japan," addressed to "His Excellency Saneyoshi Sanjo, prime minister in his imperial majesty's government," a finely written plea for a "religious charter for the empire of Dai Niphon," (Japan). In this he says that "Matters of conscience and religious faith" are to be "determined only by reason and conscience, not by force and violence. No man or society has any right to impose his, or its, opinions or interpretations on any other in religious matters, since every man must be responsible for himself." He speaks of "avoiding for our nation the misery which the experience of the world shows has followed state patronage of any form of religion," and asks that all religions shall be free, none interfered with, none have special privileges or favors, "and no action which may promote religious animosity be allowed within the realm."

His dissent from state endorsement of any religion, Pagan or Christian, is clear, but he speaks of Christianity in most respectful and friendly terms.

I visited him a second time, and the two hours were filled with earnest and interesting conversation, in which I gained much information.

Not wishing to catechise him personally, I put this question: What are the general religious opinions of those with whom you associate? This, I thought, would bring an answer with an idea of the views and thoughts of the educated higher class of his people. He took the question to himself and replied: "Your Christian ministers have given me views which I prize highly. In the writings of Confucius and Buddha is much I find good, and our old Sintoo religion, the faith of our people, has truths also. I look over the whole ground," and looking upward expressively, he added, "What a man believes is between his own soul and the powers above." In all this there is no flippancy or sneering, no touch of agnostic doubt or materialism, but the free and reverent attitude of a seeker for spiritual light and truth. He said that while there was little religious persecution in Japan he wanted the government to guarantee and protect the equal rights of all and give favors or privileges to none. We parted in most friendly spirit and I hold in high esteem and respect that gifted man, catholic in the large sense, that true gentleman, Jugoi Arinori Mori. G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Antagonism of Theosophy to Mediumship and Spiritual Phenomena.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In the Madras *Theosophist* of June, 1888, is quoted a few of my remarks, such as I have published in the JOURNAL, relative to the progress theosophy is making in this country in undermining the doctrines and principles of Spiritualism,—denouncing and discouraging mediumship, and denying the possibility of communication with the so-called dead, except in cases of wandering "shells" and elementary spirits. After making this quotation, the editor of the *Theosophist* remarks as follows: "He might have simply said that we are rapidly explaining to the Western nations the Hindu ideas as to the state of man after death, and as rapidly they are opening their eyes to the danger of unregulated mediumistic intercourse and the cruel selfishness of dragging back the dead to gratify our idle curiosity, feed our conceit, or assuage our unnatural and selfish grief. When one considers that many millions of Europeans have, since the outbreak of Modern Spiritualism in the year 1848, been doing their best to encourage this perilous intercourse between the two worlds, the importance of this quoted admission of the gathering force of the theosophical movement will be seen at a glance."

In the same number of the *Theosophist* is found a report of a lecture delivered at Ootacamund, on May 16th, last, by Col. H. S. Olcott, upon "The Noble Army of Ghosts and their Mansions." In this lecture Col. Olcott gave his audience to understand that he was not a Spiritualist; he had been one for many years, but ceased to be so upon learning the views of man and nature which are taught in Hindu philosophy. He now knew that all the phenomena which occur with mediums are capable of production by living persons without recourse to the spirits of the dead." These extracts fully confirm my oft-repeated remarks concerning the deadly antagonism between theosophy and Spiritualism. In consequence of its rapid growth in the ranks of Spiritualists, leading them astray into the acceptance of theories and speculations which subvert the foundation principles of the spiritual philosophy, theosophy is undoubtedly the worst enemy of Spiritualism; and, in my judgment, it is the part of unwisdom, not to say of lamentable folly, for any one honestly desirous of conserving the essential truths of Spiritualism to have any connection with or in any manner encourage any form of so-called (and miscalled) theosophy. "Ye can not serve God and mammon." If theosophy is true, then Spiritualism is a delusion, to be given up as speedily as possible; and conversely, if Spiritualism is a reality then theosophy is a humbug; and that it is a humbug of gigantic proportions has been clearly established, to the satisfaction of all candid, thorough, and sensible investigators. The deluded enthusiasts who still champion so transparent a swindle and so irrational and nonsensical a system of philosophy as theosophy is, have my most profound commiseration. It is pitiable that seemingly intelligent men and women, in this enlightened age, should suffer themselves to be hoodwinked by the sham phenomena and plagiarized theories of such an impostor as Madame Blavatsky.

A Few Words of Comment.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I notice in the JOURNAL a paragraph, "The Senses." It quotes Paul: "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," and then goes on to say, "The physical body is the machinery," etc. I do not suppose my correction detracts from the substance of the article; but the terms used are not quite correct. The "natural body" in question is not "physical." In the Greek text of the verse the word used is not *phusikos*, which would be natural, but *psuchikos*, from *psache*, soul; and literally would, therefore, read, "a psychic body" as contrasted with a pneumatic or spiritual body. I doubt not that the senses are psychic functions, of which the physical organs are agents, which is the cream of the article.

The same incorrect translation of *psuchikos* is made in the second chapter of the same Pauline Epistle.—"The psychal man receiveth not the things of the spirit, for they are foolishness to him, but he that is pneumatic or spiritual discerneth all things."

Twice elsewhere this word *psuchikos* is used,—James iv, 15: "This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual" (psychic). Jude 19: "These be they who separate themselves, sensual [psychic] not having the spirit" (or not spiritual).

You put the question whether twelve woman could be collected by the ordinary court procedure who would unanimously damn a sister to death. As you get older you seem to become more gallant. I do not say much about "court-procedure," but my observation has been that women generally are more bigoted devotees of capital punishment than men, or even clergymen. Remember I am sojourning in New Jersey where the barbaric faith predominates. Whether women are tender of other women's lives as of their reputations, I leave to the jury. Still Mrs. Lucy Stone is right; it is attrocious to hang a woman who has been condemned solely by a court and jury of males.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith has done the "Witch of Endor" very fair justice. I am hardly prepared to go to the same length; still Endor or *Ain Dur* (fountain and pillar) was a shrine like Delphi and the woman of *ob*, or the inspired woman, was its *mantis* priestess. Very likely, therefore, she was like Deborah, who was a prophetess under an oak-tree shrine, and not undeserving of Mrs. Smith's eulogism. Certainly it is very lame prattling to impute evil to her.

ALEX. WILDER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

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The New Abolitionists, the International Federation for the Abolition of the State Regulation of Vice, a paper read by Mrs. Anna Rice Powell, at the Social Purity session of the International Council of Women, which has just been published in pamphlet form, twelve pages, is a deeply interesting sketch of a great international movement for the abolition of State-sanctioned vice, and for the promotion of social purity. It is a timely, valuable contribution to social purity literature, and should be widely circulated. Price by mail, post paid, 10 cents; per hundred, $3.00. Address, *The Philanthropist*, P. O. Box 2354, New York.

Educational Topics for the Day. Chips from a Teacher's Workshop. By L. R. Klemm, Ph. D. (Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.50. This book is just what the title indicates. Prof. Klemm has been a very successful educator, and this book is a collection of essays written by him to the leading educational journals of the country. A wide range of subjects are covered in the ten long chapters of the book; it will be found a valuable work to students and teachers.

August Magazines Received.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) The Octroi at Issoire: a City Made Rich by Taxation, by President Jordan, opens the August installment of good reading. The Home of the Great Auk, describes an expedition to procure bones of this extinct water-fowl; Ainu Houses and their Furnishing, is a study of the Ainu at home; Herbert Spencer contributes a paper on The Ethics of Kant; Natural history is represented by an article on Mosses and their Water-Supply, and Something about Snakes; Walter B. Platt. M. D., calls attention to some Injurious Influences of City Life; Teaching Physiology in the Public Schools, points out current faults and suggests remedies.

The Century. (New York.) The Midsummer Holiday number of the Century opens with A Home of the Silent Brotherhood, which describes a Kentucky Abbey; two new serials are begun, A Mexican Campaign and Siderial Astronomy; A picture of George Kennan appears, also a sketch of his life by Miss Dawes; John Burroughs writes pleasantly of the Southern Catskills; George W. Cable describes the objects of the Home Culture Club; The Pulpit for To-Day is contributed by Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, and the reader should remember it was written some time before the demise of Mr. Beecher; the Lincoln History continues in interest, and the Topics of the Time and open letters are as timely and suggestive as ever.

The Eclectic. (New York.) Prof. Seeley leads with an article entitled The Eighty-eights, full of suggestive comments on important epochs in English history; Algernon Charles Swinburne contributes a paper on Mr. Whistler's Art Theories; the discussion of the Sunday Question is by the Bishop of Ripon; Social Problems in America is a thoughtful and able paper; in Christina Bremner's study entitled Woman in the Labor Market, the reader will find much to furnish food for reflection; and another entertaining paper is that by Herman Merivale on Dickens and Thackeray. Other notable contributions are The Revival of Architecture and French Political Women, and J. A. Farrer writes about Schopenhauer.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation by Sarah Orne Jewett opens the August Atlantic, from which the reader is transported to the beginnings of Papal Rome, in the article, A Bishop of the Fifth Century; A Call on Mother Moscow describes a city more Asiatic than the capital of Russia; the concluding chapters of Yone Santo, and two chapters of the Despot of Broomsedge Cove are given; two timely contributions are Literature in the Public Schools and Political Essays; President Eliot of Harvard, contributes a practical article, Can School Programmes be Shortened and Enriched? William H. Downes discourses on Boston Painters and Paintings, and William Cranston Lawton adds an essay on The Prometheus of Æschylus.

Woman's World. (New York and London.) Carmen Silva, the Queen of Bohemia, contributes a story, Decebal's Daughter; a paper descriptive of A Lady of Ancient Egypt, tells how ladies adorned and cared for themselves in the days of Rameses; there are two papers on Some Irish Industries. Also papers on various subjects, among them A Plea for the Indifferent, The Home Arts and Industries Association, and Working Woman's Guild. The fashions occupy an important place for August.

The International Magazine of Christian Science. (New York.) Mrs. Mary H. Plunkett, the editor of this Monthly is well known by having been so long and favorably identified with Christian Science. The table of contents for July is varied and is furnished by popular writers.

The Woman's World. (Chicago.) The tenth lecture on Chemicalization or Ferment opens the July number and is followed by papers on suggestive and varied subjects.

The Kindergarten (Chicago.) Articles and stories adapted to home and school fill the August number of this monthly.

Lucifer. (London, Eng.) The July issue of Lucifer contains many articles that are attractive and timely. The serials are continued and much that is novel is found therein.

The Theosophist. (Madras, India.) Oriental Philosophy, Art, Literature and Occultism are well represented in the July table of contents.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) The usual good reading is given to the readers for August.

Also:

The American Akademe, Orange, N. J.

The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich.

St. Louis Magazine, St. Louis, Mo.

The Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery, Boston.

The Children's Friend, and Kindergarten, New York.

Psychische Studien, Leipzig.

La Revue Spirite, Paris.

Annali Dello Spiritismo, Torino, Italy.

New Books Received.

The Way, the Truth and the Life. A Hand book of Christian Theosophy, Healing and Psychic Culture, a New Education, based upon the Ideal and, Method of the Christ. By J. H. Dewey, M. D. Buffalo N. Y: The author. Price, $2.00.

The Servant Question. By H. S. Drayton, M. D. The Human Nature Library. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. Price, 5 cents.

Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. Part XII. London: Trubner & Co. Price, $1.00.

My Aunt's Match Making, and other stories. By popular authors. New York. Cassell & Co.; Chicago; S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 25 cents.

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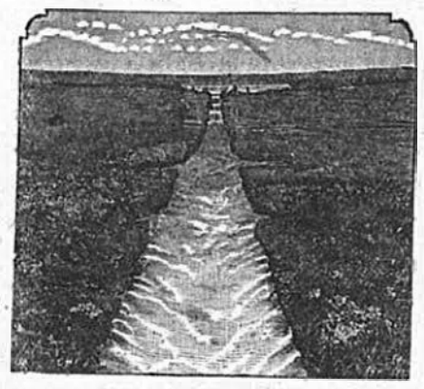
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Spiritual Culture.

The philosophy of the intuitions has received great enlightenment from Emerson. Like his predecessors who wrote and spoke from the interior, his methods of spirit culture and of harmony are predicated upon an impersonal omnipresent deific substance—God— or the "Over Soul," which Prof. Fiske calls, "Cosmic jelly." The key-note to Emerson's radical and instructive affirmations was given in the celebrated "Address to the Divinity Students," fifty years ago. It is asserted therein that the world goes on in silence wherever the senses dominate, yielding not one word of explanation as to causation, but when the mind opens and reveals the laws which traverse the universe and make things what they are, then the human spirit asks, "What am I?" and "What is?"

To these momentous questions Emerson always spoke and wrote pertinently and eloquently; never more so than in the address to those theological students. Its salient features are: "That the sentiment of virtue is a reverence and delight in the presence of certain divine laws and principles." "These laws refuse to be adequately stated or written out. The child amidst his baubles is learning the action of light, motion, gravity, muscular force, and, in the game of human life, love, fear, justice, appetite, man and God interact." "The moral traits which are all globed into every virtuous act and thought, constitute the essence of all religion." "One mind is every where active and is positive for good. Evil is merely privative, not absolute; it is like cold, which is the privation of heat." The religious sentiment is awakened when the mind perceives the operation of the universal mind, or God.

This is the beatitude of man. Through it the soul first knows itself. Herein is corrected the capital mistake of the earlier races, in the becoming good or great from another. When man is warmed by love of the good or great deeds, "then deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom." This sentiment lies at the foundation of society and successively creates all forms of worship. It is an intuition and cannot be received at second hand. All that can be received from another soul is provocative. This was the real mission of Jesus, who said: "I am divine. Through me God acts; through me speaks. Would you see God, see me; or see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think." "What a distortion did his doctrine and memory suffer in the same, in the next and the following ages." The war cry was: "This was Jehovah come down out of heaven. I will kill you if you say he was a man." "The idioms of his language, and the figures of his rhetoric, have usurped the place of his truth, and churches are not built on his principles, but on his tropes. Christianity became a mythus as the poetic teaching of Greece and of Egypt before." "The word miracle as pronounced by the churches gives a false impression; it is monster."

Emerson stigmatized Christianity as "an Eastern monarchy, built by fear and indolence and instead of being the friend of man, is made the injurer of man." He announced a continuous and ever-acting inspiration and revelation and said: "Men have come to speak of the Revelation as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead. Contrawise, "Always the seer is a sayer. Somehow his dream is told; somehow he publishes it with solemn joy; sometimes with pencil on canvas; sometimes with chisel on stone; sometimes in towers and aisles of granite, his soul's worship is builded; sometimes in anthems of indefinite music; but clearest and most permanent, in words." "The spirit only can teach. Courage, piety, love, wisdom, can teach; and every man can open his door to these angels, and they shall bring him the gift of tongues. But the man who aims to speak as books enable, as synods use, as the fashion guides, and as interest commands, babbles. Let him hush!"

No wonder that these startling utterances shocked and aroused the creeded piety of this century as never before, or since. It was a scholastic and ripened mind, preceded by a long line of orthodox and clerical ancestry, who made that eloquent and truthful speech. After this key-note for spirit, for self-trust, self-reliance, and individual sovereignty, he became their illustrious teacher and exampler. His peerless and instructive writings are now found in the libraries of all good thinkers and in most Protestant scholastic circles.

They are there for their spiritual truth, although he declares that "colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-shop made." His golden sentences are not only quoted by scientists, but daily furnish texts and illustrations for platform and pulpit. Emersonian societies are found as often within the churches as are Browning clubs outside. Representative Spiritualists regard Emerson as the modern Plato and realize that his every page contains genuine Spiritualism.

His perfect reliance on the "transcendent soul" causes Emerson to say, "that every man should be open to ecstasy or a divine illumination, and his daily walk elevated by intercourse with the spiritual world." Also that, "Astronomy to the selfish becomes astrology; psychology, mesmerism (with intent to show where our spoons are gone); and anatomy and physiology become phrenology and palmistry,"—thus ignoring professional mediumship.

This grand seer, poet, philosopher, citizen and Spiritualist, would have no pope or priest, no "mediumship" or "materialization," no scape-goat or atonement, attudinizing between the human spirit and the awful and eternal Over Soul. He believed that "the idiot, the Indian, the child, and unschooled farmer's boy, stand nearer to the light by which nature is to be read, than the dissector or the antiquary." "That welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man." "And truly it demands something God-like in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster." Emerson's own wonderful career illustrates his sentiment, that, "the heart which abandons itself to the Supreme Mind finds itself related to all its works, and will travel a royal road to particular knowledges and powers."

Discriminating and Undiscriminating Charity.

There are those who believe that all organized and compulsory charity, in fact all but purely private and voluntary charity, should be discountenanced. They argue that systematic public provision for the indigent increases the evil it is designed to relieve, and that with such provision in any community the eradication of the evil is impossible. For instance, it is said that homes for the aged poor, while affording relief to those who are received into them, are largely responsible for that lack of sagacity and providence to which this reliance upon charity is due, and that, therefore, institutions of this kind really cause more misery than they alleviate.

Supposing that this view, in defence of which something can be said, is correct, still it is undeniable that there are charities which strengthen in the poor habits of forethought and providence, such as industrial schools, libraries, reading rooms, measures for promoting temperance, and helping those who are out of employment to situations, at least, in exceptional crises. Moreover, it must be admitted by all that there is a vast amount of suffering the result of neither improvidence, nor vice, which will ever call for alleviation. The victims of blindness and insanity, of epidemic and contagious diseases, of war and famine, of fire and flood, of devouring locusts and destructive tornadoes, will never appeal in vain to enlightened charity. Widows and orphans and wives with dependent children deserted by their natural protectors, cannot be left to suffer and perish without aid lest imprudence in marriage be encouraged by such charity. The old and decrepit and those reduced to helplessness and want, in this age of invention and change, by the sudden collapse of the industry upon which they have depended, are proper objects of wise and discriminating charity.

Withholding aid from those who are unable to obtain the necessaries of life, for the reason that such aid will make others improvident, would result in indifference to suffering. It would narrow our sympathies and produce moral callousness. Those who in justification of such a course, refer to "the survival of the fittest" and imagine that they have the authority of Darwin to support them, neither understand his teachings nor comprehend the ethical consequences of his theory. "The aid," says Darwin, "which we feel impelled to give to the helpless is mainly an incidental result of the instinct of sympathy, which was originally acquired as part of the social instincts, but subsequently rendered, in the manner previously indicated, more tender and more widely diffused. Nor could we check our sympathy, if so urged by hard reason, without deterioration in the noblest part of our nature.... Hence we must bear without complaining the undoubtedly bad effects of the weak surviving and propagating their kind. But there appears to be at least one check in steady action,—namely, the weaker and inferior members of society not marrying so freely as the sound; and this check might be indefinitely increased, though this is more to be hoped for than expected, by the weak in body or mind refraining from marriage."

It is as true now as it was in the days of the Nazarene, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." While suffering exists the pitying heart and the helping hand will not lack objects in the sphere of useful charity. The beneficial effect of charity upon the donor is beyond all doubt, and it is one of the strongest arguments by Catholic theologians for their system during the middle ages and at the present time. Undoubtedly in this respect much may be said in its defense, especially before belief in the expiatory nature of gifts became general, a belief which exercised a most demoralizing influence throughout Christendom, because it made giving simply a means of getting to heaven, without interest in the recipient, a form of charity that still prevails under the influence of the Romish superstition and multiplies paupers without much benefit to the donors.

Enlightened communities are coming more and more to discountenance indiscriminate alms giving and to establish charity on a basis that will make it the most effective. The disposition is now not to give money to those of whose character and habits nothing is known. Even those who object to organized charities and systematic "out door relief," must concur in the wisdom of having an agency to investigate the condition of applicants for help, that the private giver may know whether his money or other contributions go to impostors or to the worthy poor.

Charity discriminatingly bestowed, which helps the recipient most and impairs his self-respect the least, which enables the poor whenever it is possible, to do more for themselves, and gives no encouragement to idleness, intemperance or improvidence, is the only kind of charity having any claim in this age upon intelligent men and women.

Incidents in the Life of A. D. Hager.

On Sunday, July 29th, as announced last week, Albert D. Hager passed to spirit life from his residence, 461 So. Leavitt street It appears from the *Inter-Ocean*, which gives an interesting sketch of Mr. Hager's life, that he was born at Chester, Vt., Nov. 1, 1817. As soon as he was old enough he was sent to the village school, but his course at that institution of learning was brief, for his help was needed at his father's bench, where he toiled until he was seventeen years old, at which period he was informed that he was master of the carpenter's trade. In the summer of 1836 he laid aside the saw and chisel, and sought employment more tasteful to him. In a short time he engaged himself to a map publisher, and in the sale of his goods traveled through Ohio and Kentucky. While journeying through these States he became deeply interested in the fossils which there abounded in such large quantities. By the time he was ready to return to Vermont, he had secured a large collection of valuable specimens. When home again he took up the carpenter's trade, but devoted every spare moment to studying geology, of which he had become very fond. Three years following his first trip to Kentucky he returned thither, and in a little cabin at Minerva, Mason county, opened a school, which he successfully conducted for five years. While at Minerva he took the first three degrees of the Masonic order, and united with the Christian church. When he closed the school he went back to his home in Vermont, and purchased a farm, which he cultivated for five years, and then resumed his first-learned trade, that of a carpenter. In the meantime he invested in a McCormick reaper; it was the first ever used in that vicinity, and caused considerable comment among the rustics, who scarcely believed the machine would work. It proved a success, however, and the next season Mr. Hager entered the employ of Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick as general agent. During all these years he plied himself diligently to his favorite study of geology, and in 1856 was commissioned Assistant State Naturalist of Vermont. He classified the first cabinet of natural history in the State at Montpelier. Shortly after this the State geologist resigned in Mr. Hager's favor, but the latter declined the honor and recommended for the position the venerable Prof. Edward Hitchcock of Amherst, Mass. Prof. Hitchcock accepted the position on the understanding that Mr. Hager should be first assistant and attend to the field work. Under this arrangement the geological survey of the State was completed in 1861, and by order of the General Assembly of the State it was published by Mr. Hager. The State House at Montpelier, including the cabinets and specimens collected by Mr. Hager, was destroyed by fire. He was afterwards made curator of the cabinets and State geologist. The organization of the Proctorsville library was largely due to the energy of Mr. Hager. For some years before the outbreak of the late rebellion Mr. Hager was a radical abolitionist. When the uprising of the North began, he went to the man with whom he had contracted in business, and offered $300 to be released, that he might take up a musket and fight for his country. The man refused and the patriot stayed at home. At the close of the war he drafted and secured the passage of the existing general law of the State of Vermont authorizing towns to raise money for founding and supporting public libraries. About this time he became interested in the fish culture, and was appointed State Fish Commissioner. Under his direction 50,000 salmon eggs were incubated and 40,000 hatched out, the largest number then produced in America. The Governor of Vermont commissioned Mr. Hager to attend the Paris Exhibition in 1867. Three years afterward he was appointed State Geologist of Missouri. His health was much impaired through the exhaustive labors for so many years, and he resigned his position and went to Wisconsin, where he married Miss Rosa Blood, in 1872. They both became interested in the reformation of drunkards, and on reaching Chicago were proffered the positions of superintendent and matron, respectively, of the Washingtonian Home, which positions they held for eighteen months.

Several years ago Mr. Hager was presented with a historic cane, which was made up of 111 pieces of wood. The cane was made by Mr. George S. Knapp. Among the pieces was one from old Fort Dearborn; a fragment of mahogany from a box found by Sir Francis Drake in 1586 at St. Augustine, Florida; a piece from the Royal George, which was sunk near Portsmouth, England, in 1782; a splinter from the old Constitution, and from the Merrimac. The charter oak is represented, so is the Washington elm at Cambridge, Mass. A piece from a mummy case, and from Dr. Kane's ship Faith, which now lies in the Arctic sea; a branch from the willow over Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena, and a portion of the weaver's beam that wove the first American flag, are samples that will show what an interesting relic the cane must be.

In May, 1877, Mr. Hager became secretary and librarian of the Chicago Historical Society, a position which he faithfully filled up to nearly the time of his death. He was also, for a number of years, corresponding secretary of the Vermont Historical Society. He received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Amherst College in 1859; in 1862 he was elected member of the Imperial Geological College of Vienna.

Mr. Hager was a self-made man. Merely a carpenter when young, with no facilities to acquire an education in school, he surmounted all obstacles through his keenness of intellect and intuition, and became an expert geologist. He is a prominent example of what may be accomplished in life through self-exertion alone. He was a Spiritualist, and his last days were rendered serene and happy, knowing that all would be well with him when he passed to the spirit realms.

Close of Lookout Mountain Camp.

The Chattanooga *Evening News* of the 30th ult., devotes a column to the closing exercises of this camp on the last Sunday of that month. The *News* gives a flattering account of Mrs. Gladding's lecture and tests and also of the venerable Samuel Watson's discourse, but says some of the incidents of his personal experience were "hard to believe," but that he "speaks with such sincerity beaming from his benevolent and venerable countenance that one is forced to feel that if he is deluded yet his honesty cannot be doubted." Of a medium from New England, who is known at Lake Pleasant Camp, the *News* reports thus:

> Dr. H. F. Merrill, the clairvoyant medium, had been detected in trying to get help in his tests by procuring names, etc., to be used on the platform. At the meeting of the directors he was requested to leave the grounds at once, and at the morning service the chairman publicly repudiated him as a medium.

This action on the part of the directors was most commendable and should inspire the managers of other camps to do their duty under similar circumstances. It is rather amusing though that poor Merrill, who, to say the least, is a soft and not very bright fellow, should be disciplined, while "Dr." Rothermel succeeds at the same camp in bamboozling all hands apparently, and even gets ordained as a "Minister of the gospel." He is a much more able swindler than Merrill. Of a speaker well known in the East the *News* says:

> Dr. Geo. A. Fuller held his audience spell-bound for over an hour in the discussion of 'The Origin, Progress and Future of Modern Spiritualism." The writer has heard all of Dr. Fuller's efforts, and they were master pieces of oratory and sound logic, but yesterday the bright young speaker seemed to outvie himself and at the close of his able discourse the entire audience seemed silent and overcome by the glowing words they had heard. This was a great compliment to Dr. Fuller, as usually his audiences would heartily demonstrate their appreciation by applause of the hands. However, at the close of the service he was surrounded by his many friends and greeted with enthusiastic congratulations. Chattanooga will be fortunate in securing this brilliant speaker next January, when he comes here to locate as secretary of the campmeeting association. After the Doctor's discourse, Mrs. Glading again took the platform in tests, and gave eminent satisfaction.
>
> When Dr. Fuller comes here to reside permanently, he will remove his paper, *Light on the Way*, from Dover, Mass., where it is published now. That paper has been made the official organ of the campmeeting association, and also that of the Southern Spiritualists' association. It will be improved when issued here as a weekly, and will be an acquisition to our newspaper fraternity.
>
> We congratulate the Southern Association of Spiritualists in that they have secured the co-operation of Dr. Fuller; he is an industrious and growing man who will bring to his new field ripe experience and integrity of purpose. We hope his little paper, *Light on the Way*, may secure a wide circulation, and that he will be generously sustained by the Spiritualists of the South.

Mr. R. A. Dague, Phillipsburg, Kansas, has kindly remembered us by sending his cabinet photograph, to add to our collection.

Modern Religious Teachings.

In "Notes by the Way," which is a valuable feature of our able English contemporary *Light*, and in which are chronicled in an off-hand and unpretentious way the views of W. Stainton-Moses on persons and events of current interest, we find much to instruct and aid. In the last two numbers received, the versatile commentator, under the head of "Modern Religious Teaching," quotes from three American teachers:

"Spiritual Evolution," Rev. Reed Stuart, Detroit, U. S. A.

"Evolution of the Soul after Death," Rev. F. Temple, Oneonta, New York, U. S. A.

"Psychics and Religion," Mrs. E. L. Watson, Chicago, U. S. A.

After drawing liberally from the JOURNAL'S report of Mrs. Watson's lecture, with running comments, the writer concludes his remarks thereon as follows:

> And what is the conclusion of the whole matter? First, a feeling of thankfulness that this is the kind of teachings that Spiritualism has made possible. Next, a conviction that such teaching must tend to clear men's minds of much rubbish, to brush away cobwebs and to let in light. And last, a private sensation of complacency that among them all the Spiritualist has the best of it. Mrs. Watson's noble utterance is the best specimen of public teaching that I remember to have seen. I can not conceive any man in the vast audience that she addressed not coming away with respect for the speaker, and perhaps with a new application of an old saying. "By their fruits shall ye know them. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." The thistle scored that day against the forest tree.

Considering the learned and descriminating source of this opinion it must be peculiarly gratifying to the friends of Mrs. Watson.

The New York *Observer* laments the fact that theological-Christianity is making no conquests and that "the Church" is "hardly holding its own." "We are compelled," it says, "to believe by the stern array of facts and figures that at the end of this boasted century of missions, while not 3,000,000, nominal and real, have been won to Christianity, in Pagandom, heathen and Mohammedan, are 200,000,000 more than there were at the beginning of the century. Thus the votaries of these faiths increase seventy times faster than the followers of Christ. The church is outstripped on its own methods. They evince in these modern days a propagandism and aggressiveness far superior. The necessity in the foreign field cannot be overtaken on the present line of church work." The *Observer* then goes on to say in substance, that at home the increased zeal, activity, audacity and massing of antagonistic forces, the decay of reverence for "the holy Sabbath," "the lower ethical standard of church membership in many quarters," the inculcation of heresy from the "sacred pulpit" and the general unrest and prevailing godliness are alarming. The outlook from the standpoint of our pious and conservative contemporary, is neither inspiring nor encouraging. The facts mentioned by the *Observer* ought to be sufficient to raise the question with the most orthodox even, whether there is not something radically wrong in what is taught under the name of Christianity, both to the heathens and at home. It evidently lacks the spirit of the Nazarene teacher, in whose name it is preached. There is more real Christianity, if by that word is meant the thought and spirit of Jesus, outside than inside the churches which are wasting precious energies in discussing theological doctrines and trying to make the heathen reject their present absurd beliefs for another hardly less absurd. Neither at home nor abroad can "heathens" be fed morally on the dry husks of medieval thought. Those who would "live in the spirit" must have something more nutritious.

It appears from the San Francisco *Examiner* that Sig. S. Marghieri, the well-known archæologist, discovered and explored a hermetically sealed cave at an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet on the eastern side of the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico, about 200 miles south of Deming, between Coralitos and Casa Grande, about two years ago. The floor was nearly smooth, the sides rough and rugged, and the vault covered with stalactites. In the far end of the cavern were found four dessicated human bodies. The bodies were in a sitting posture. They were carefully shrouded in their burial garments, and placed facing the rising sun. The male and female were seated side by side. The elder child, a boy, was at the right of the father, and the younger child, a girl, at the left of the mother. In addition to the funeral shrouds, the little girl was enveloped in the skin of an animal, similar to the method used in the Island of Fuerte Ventura, the better to preserve its tender frame.

The bodies were carried to San Francisco by Sig. Marghieri, and were purchased by J. Z. Davis, President of the Board of Trustees of the State Mining Bureau, and by him presented to the bureau. No embalming process was used in the preservation of these bodies. They were dried by the air alone. The bodies are not like those of the Indians of the present day, because the fingers and hands and feet are smaller than the average, and the woman's hair is brown and silken and of the Caucasian type. The body of the man must have weighed in life from 180 to 200 pounds, but it now weighs only fourteen pounds, while the body of the woman weighs only twelve pounds. In the lobe of each of the small and well-proportioned ears is a piece of hollow bamboo or reed as an ornament. The woman had a large forehead and well developed reasoning powers. The little boy weighs but three pounds and the girl only four and a half pounds. The burial shrouds on the bodies are composed chiefly of cotton, hair, hide, grasses, and the bark of willows.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, accompanied by her daughter, passed through this city last week on her way to Paw Paw, Mich.

GENERAL ITEMS.

We are glad to notice that *The Farmers' Review* and other papers are republishing chapters from "Heaven Revised," as it appears in the JOURNAL from week to week.

On another page Prof. Coues contributes a valuable and finely stated record of experiments in table-turning. We hope he will find time to bring out more from his well-filled storehouse of experience.

Geo. P. Colby, the well known lecturer and medium, who has been at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., during the camp meeting, has gone to Lake Helen, Florida, where he can be addressed for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Bundy left last Saturday for the East. They expect to reach Lake Pleasant Camp about the 15th. Mrs. Bundy will then go to the mountains to avoid hay fever, getting home again Oct. 1st. Mr. Bundy will be back at his post in three or four weeks.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, in the month of June, spoke at St. Louis, Mo., Wheeling, West Va., and Irwin, Pa.; in July, at Stroudsburg, Pa., New Haven and Niantic, Conn., Attleboro and North Attleboro, Mass. Address him, for engagements, P. O. Box 123 Scranton, Pa.

One of the good signs of the times is the fact that for nearly two years while their synagogue was building, the Temple Israel congregation of St. Louis worshiped in the First Christian church of that city. In returning thanks for this hospitality, the Rabbi Sonneschein characterized it as "one of those precious links in the golden chain of mutual recognition, which, under the fostering arms of American civilization, reconciles the disciples of Moses to the disciples of Jesus." He closed by invoking God's blessing on the church and all its aims.

Rev. John Moulson, son-in-law of the Bishop of Lahore, has just been up at the Westminster court of police, London, England, for cruelty to his infant daughter. The child, which was sixteen months old, cried in teething until the reverend gentleman lost his temper. The evidence proved that he took it from its nurse, went into a room with it and slapped it for a quarter of an hour. The child was black and blue, terribly swollen, and could not bear to be touched for days. It did not die, however, and the court dismissed the reverend gentleman with thirty-one shillings costs and a reprimand for giving corporeal punishment to a child of such tender years.

The house in which Edgar Poe wrote his celebrated poem, "The Raven," is about to be demolished. It is situated in what is now Eighty-fourth street and Tenth avenue, in New York City. Fifty years ago the place was entirely in the country and surrounded by trees and woodland, and now the rocks on the east and west of the old building are being quarried away, and the house will soon share their fate. Hourly at least the foundations of the cottage are shaken by an explosion of dynamite. From the west the miners are almost upon it, and those working from the other side will probably reach the centre in a week more. At present a great many amateur photographers are flocking to the place to take photographs of the poet's cottage while it yet stands.

After lying in a trance for nearly two years, Thomas Guilfoyle of Binghamton, N. Y., has just awakened from what appears to have been but the sleep of a night. Mr. Guilfoyle, who was attending the high school, was compelled to abandon studies because of his health. Instead of improving, he began to decline rapidly. Subsequently he was sent to the country, in the hope that air and exercise would bring again his former health; but this proved a false step. About two years ago last March, he sank one night into a partial trance or epileptic sleep, and since that time he has lain in this remarkable slumber. Lately he awoke, and though somewhat weak, he is on the high road to recovery. Of his sleep he remembers nothing. It appears to him as though he had only slept for a night.

Report comes from Kingston, Ontario, that Members of the Orange Grand Lodge of North America, intend at the meeting this year to introduce a resolution calling upon Sir John Macdonald, as the head of the federal government, to disallow the Jesuit endowment bill lately passed in Quebec, which provides for the payment of $400,000 to the Jesuits for the settlement of their claim against the Province of Quebec. The Orangemen who have taken the matter in hand are men who believe in Orangeism first and political partisanship afterwards. Some go so far as to say that if the grand lodge is afraid for party reasons to lift up its voice against the State incorporation and endowment of the Jesuits in Canada, the Orange order might just as well disband, for it cannot hereafter escape the charge of sacrificing Protestant principles to politics.

Mrs. Ada Foye writes the JOURNAL from San Francisco that she will reach Chicago the latter part of this month, leaving the Pacific coast on the 17th, and coming directly through. She will on her arrival be ready to fill public and private calls for the exercise of her psychic and medial powers. She will remain in Chicago about six weeks and then start on a tour through the country east of here. Societies and individuals desiring to engage her services should address her, P. O. box 517, Chicago. Mrs. Foye expects to go to England before she returns to San Francisco. She is an old friend of Emma Hardinge-Britten who is anxious to have her visit Europe at an early date. The *Golden Gate*, in a late issue, speaks in the most eloquent terms of Mrs. Foye, her mediumship and success in San Francisco.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Psychic Sense.

J. E. WOODHEAD.

The sketch which Charles Darwin has given of some of his father's traits and characteristics is extremely interesting to all interested in psychic research. Robert Waring Darwin, M. D., the father of Charles Darwin, was the second son of Erasmus Darwin, M. D., of whom Horace Walpole writes in 1792:

"The Triumph of Flora, by Dr. Darwin has appeared....It is most beautifully and enchantingly imagined; and the twelve verses that by miracle describe and comprehend the creation of the universe out of chaos, are in my opinion the most sublime passages in any author, or in any of the few languages with which I am acquainted"....

"One misfortune will attend this glorious work—it will be little read but by those who have no taste for poetry, and who will be weighing and criticising his positions, without feeling the imagination, harmony, and expression of the versification."

It is seldom that a man receives such acknowledgement of his talent, both as a scientist and also as a poet.

Charles Darwin's mother was a daughter of Josiah Wedgewood, the potter, and maker of the famous "Wedgewood ware." Of his father he writes—(Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, Vol. I, page 12.):

"His great success as a doctor was the more remarkable, as he told me that he at first hated his profession so much that if he had been sure of the smallest pittance, or if his father had given him any choice, nothing should have induced him to follow it. To the end of his life, the thought of an operation almost sickened him, and he could scarcely endure to see a person bled."

"Owing to my father's power of winning confidence, many patients, especially ladies, consulted him when suffering from any misery, as a sort of Father-confessor. He told me that they always began by complaining in vague manner about their health, and by practice he soon guessed what was really the matter. He then suggested that they had been suffering in their minds, and now they would pour out their troubles, and he heard nothing more about the body"....

"But the most remarkable power which my father possessed was that of reading the characters, and even the thoughts of those whom he saw even for a short time. We had many instances of the power, some of which seemed almost supernatural. It saved my father from ever making (with one exception, and the character of this man was soon discovered) an unworthy friend. A strange clergyman came to Shrewsbury, and seemed to be a rich man; everybody called on him, and he was invited to many homes. My father called, and on his return home told my sisters on no account to invite him or his family to our house; for he felt sure that the man was not to be trusted. After a few months he suddenly bolted, being heavily in debt, and was found out to be little better than a common swindler."

"'A gentleman brought his nephew, who was insane but quite gentle to my father; and the young man's insanity led him to accuse himself of all the crimes under heaven. When my father afterwards talked over the matter with the uncle, he said, 'I am sure that your nephew is really guilty of....,'—a heinous crime,—whereupon the gentleman said, 'Good God, Dr. Darwin, who told you; we thought that no human being knew the fact except ourselves.' My father told me the story many years after the event, and I asked him how he distinguished the true from the false self-accusations; and it was very characteristic of my father that he said he could not explain how it was."

"The sharpness of his observation led him to predict with remarkable skill the course of any illness, and he suggested endless small details of relief. I was told that a young doctor in Shrewsbury, who disliked my father, used to say that he was wholly unscientific, but owned that his power of predicting the end of an illness was unparalleled."

"My father was very sensitive, so that many small events annoyed him or pained him much. I once asked him, when he was old and could not walk, why he did not drive out for exercise; and he answered, 'Every road out of Shrewsbury is associated in my mind with some painful event.' Yet he was generally in high spirits."

"My father's mind was not scientific, and he did not try to generalize his knowledge under general laws; yet he formed a theory for almost everything which occurred. I do think I gained much from him intellectually."

It is extremely rare that one who has the "Psychic sense," has a scientific mind. He involuntarily becomes cognizant of so much that is outside the ken of science, by methods of which science can make no note, and should he undertake to scientifically investigate this sense and its workings, he would find that "this kind cometh not by observation." He who has it, knows that in some sort of manner he differs from those who do not have this sense, but he also learns that he cannot take it apart from his inner self and hand it over to his scientific brother for analysis and classification, and when it is proved to him that knowledge can only come through the use of five of his senses, the same as it does to his wonderfully wise scientific brother, who is able to dissect him, and show him the utter impossibility of his possessing any such thing as a psychic sense, he doubtless feels much as the poor soldier did who had never been away from home in his life, and at the end of two months, his homesickness was too great for him, and he pleaded with tears, with his General, for a permit to go and see his wife. The General amazed, contemptuously replied,—"Two months! Why I have not seen my wife for two years." The poor fellow gazed at him in awe for a moment and then replied, "General, my wife and I ain't made that way."

Are not too many who claim to be searching for this psychic sense like Professor Sedgwick and Charles Darwin, who made some geological investigations together in Wales, when Darwin was quite a young man? Darwin says:

"On this tour I had a striking instance how easy it is to overlook phenomena, however conspicuous, before they have been observed by any one. We spent many hours in Cwm Idwal, examining all the rocks with extreme care, as Sedwick was anxious to find fossils in them; but neither of us saw a trace of the wonderful glacial phenomena all around us; we did not notice the plainly scored rocks, the perched boulders, the lateral and terminal moraines. Yet these phenomena are so conspicuous that, as I declared in a paper published many years afterward, a house burnt down by fire did not tell its story more plainly than did this valley. If it had still been filled by a glacier, the phenomena would have been less distinct than they now are."

Having eyes, ye see not,? and having ears ye hear not, nor are ye able to perceive.

General News.

A machine has been invented to make change by electricity, with a saving in cash boys and girls.—James E. Sheridan, the new starter at the Saratoga race course, receives $50 a day for his services.—A Belgian makes brick for 20 cents a day. Bricks that cost next to nothing make good ship ballast.—The last seen of a 12 year-old-boy, bathing in the river at Georgetown, S. C., was when he disappeared in the jaws of a twelve foot alligator.—Whitelaw Reid gave $150 to each of the fire companies that did what they could to save him his $100,000 loss on his magnificent country house.—Dr. Joan C. Clark, wealthy and 65, and Miss Blanch Aspinwall, pretty and 19, were married at West New Brighton, N. Y.—A week ago Louisiana rice planters organized the Louisiana Rice Planters' Association.—Two hundred thousand silk paper handkerchiefs are ready for distribution for the Blaine reception in New York. The handkerchiefs have blood-red border, and a portrait of Blaine in the center with this inscription underneath: "Welcome Home, August. 1888."—A madstone has saved a colored woman at Orlanda, Fla., from death by a rattlesnake bite in the foot.—The statue by Marion F. Wells of the discoverer of gold in California is a bronze backwoodsman ten feet high, clad in flannel shirt, top boots and slouch hat, holding a nugget in the right hand, while the left points downward.

Don Manuel Barillan, President of Gautemala, is a fine rifle shot. It is said that he never misses.—Emperor William II., has presented Field Marshal Moltke with a bronzed plaster cast of himself.—Victorien Sardon says that Alphonse Daudet's most relentless enemy is not the French Academy but the French grammar.—Dr. William A. Hammond asserts that the brain is not an organ essential to life.—Col. Fix of the Belgian army has been made a Major General, and is the first Jew to reach that rank in Belgium.—Hadji Hosseim Kouli Khan Mohamed el Vesari is the name of the new Persian Minister to this country.—Andrew Lang earns $15,000 a year by writing six articles a week for the London *Daily News*, two articles and two reviews for the *Saturday Review*, and two humorous sketches for the *St. James Gazette*.

Yellow fever has appeared in the interior of Cuba.—Bristol, R. I., is suffering from an epidemic of typhoid fever.—The Australian Centenary exhibition at Melbourne was opened on Thursday.—A woman dentist in Philadelphia is reported to have a practice of $11,000 a year.—The St. Lawrence River Anglers' association has decided to make war on net-fishing.—The Catholic Total Abstinence union of the United States has begun its convention in Boston.—It is said that for taking part in Irish politics several Irish priests have been reported to the Pope.—Middle Tennessee has shipped $750,000 worth of new potatoes to the northern markets this season, already.—Philadelphia is alarmed over the foulness of her drinking water, and consequent increase of typhoid fever.—Washington Territory increased in population during the last year over 20,000.—A glove factory has been started at Winchester, Va., employing 450 hands, and spending $100,000 a year for labor.—It is said now that Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram" has already paid him $20,000, and that he regards the receipts as only the initial outpourings.—Prehistoric human foootprints have been found in volcanic rock in Nicaragua. The prints are described as being 9½ inches long, 4 inches wide at the heel, and 4½ inches at the toe. The apparent length of the foot itself is 8 inches.—The negroes of Augusta, Ga., were greatly alarmed a few nights ago by the sight of a Chinese lantern tied to a kite that was poised in mid air. They were moved to cries and tears, and thought it a celestial warning.

Lookout Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Our Camp Meeting closed July 29th with honor to our speakers and great pleasure to Spiritualists. Many have embraced our philosophy during the month. Our speakers were Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. Glading, Mrs. Richmond and Samuel Watson; test mediums, Mrs. Anna Cisna, with independent slate writing, and Mrs. Clanny, who have done much to convince skeptics. I think these too have given more proofs of spirit return than any others. The list of officers of the Southern Association of Spiritualists, elected for the ensuing year, are as follows:

President, Dr. Samuel Watson, Memphis; vice-president, Jerry Robinson, Charleston, Miss.; recording secretary, Dr. George A. Fuller, Dover, Mass.; corresponding secretary, G. W. Lewton, Crescent City, Fla.; treasurer, J. Seeman, Chattanooga, Tenn. The old board of trustees were re-elected, except in the case of Jerry Robinson, who, having been elected to the vice-presidency, caused a vacancy which was filled by electing G. W. Kates of Atlanta, Georgia.

We have made one important change in our secretary, electing the talented Mr. Fuller who, with broad views, will do our cause much good. I have had to combat prejudice against you here, for what I thank you for. This association has come to the conclusion that mediums and speakers should be above reproach, honest, moral, and true teachers of our philosophy.

Dr. Merrill of Bangor, Maine, was dismissed by the president and directors for conduct unbecoming a Spiritualist and a test medium.

JERRY ROBINSON.

Albion Landing, Miss.

CASSADAGA CAMP.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal:

Cassadaga has had good seasons before, but this year the camp is surpassing all its previous records. It is believed that there are more persons here for the purpose of investigating the phenomena than ever before. The slate writing mediums are kept busy, Mr. W. A. Mansfield and Mr. Keeler being in especial demand. Hon. A. B. Richmond, author of "Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report," has been here several days, and has secured writing on locked slates from Mr. Keeler, and communications of an extraordinary nature through Mr. Mansfield. He is going to write an appendix to his late book, and is collecting material for it now. Several gentlemen of the legal profession have come here through the influence of Mr. Richmond, and are deeply impressed by what they have witnessed. A man who has tried 93 murder cases must be an expert in sifting evidence, and when such a one declares in favor of the phenomena of Spiritualism, his opinion has weight with those who know him.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan is very popular here. At a gathering held to give the servants at the grand hotel an opportunity of learning something of Spiritualism, Miss Jennie was presented with a purse of $30 by admiring friends.

Library Hall, a very pleasant building erected during the past year, was dedicated with appropriate exercises last Wednesday evening. A. B. Richmond, Esq., was chairman, and addresses were made by Cora L. V. Richmond, Jennie B. Hagan, and Walter Howell. The occasion was much enjoyed by those present. The building contains a library, lecture and seance rooms, and meets a want long felt by the association.

Friday evening there was an entertainment in the amphitheatre given by the Children's Progressive Lyceum. There was a good attendance, and the programme was highly interesting.

Everybody is having a good time. There are hops on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, participated in by young and old. The best of order prevails at all times. No liquor is sold on or near the grounds, and there is nothing for the marshal to do.

The practice of holding out-door meetings is becoming very popular, and deservedly so. The fresh, free breezes that sway the tree tops are symbolic of the fresh breath of inspiration that comes to men when assembled in Nature's temple. In these quiet woodland places one feels that the God of all spirits is indeed present, and we are moved to say with Bryant:

"Thou art here. Thou fillest
The solitude! Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music: Thou art in the cooler breath
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes scarcely felt.
Here is continual worship. Nature here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence."

Lily Dale. GRAPHO.

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four eessays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents,

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received enconiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

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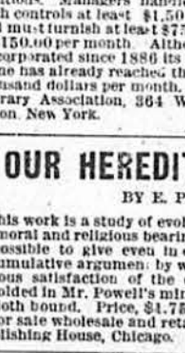
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The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will meet in convention in Westerfield's Hall Anderson, Ind., September 13, 1888, at 10 A. M. A corps of good mediums will be in attendence during the week and a grand time is expected.

All Spiritualists and friends of investigation invited. Hotel rater $1, per day.

GEO. W. HUNTER, Sec., Indianapolis, Ind.
DR. BECK, Pres., Delphi, Ind.

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GENERAL ITEMS.

We are glad to notice that *The Farmers' Review* and other papers are republishing chapters from "Heaven Revised," as it appears in the JOURNAL from week to week.

On another page Prof. Coues contributes a valuable and finely stated record of experiments in table-turning. We hope he will find time to bring out more from his well-filled storehouse of experience.

Geo. P. Colby, the well known lecturer and medium, who has been at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., during the camp meeting, has gone to Lake Helen, Florida, where he can be addressed for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Bundy left last Saturday for th East. They expect to reach Lake Pleasant Camp about the 15th. Mrs. Bundy will then go to the mountains to avoid hay fever, getting home again Oct. 1st. Mr. Bundy will be back at his post in three or four weeks.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, in the month of June, spoke at St. Louis, Mo., Wheeling, West Va., and Irwin, Pa.; in July, at Stroudsburg, Pa., New Haven and Niantic, Conn., Attleboro and North Attleboro, Mass. Address him, for engagements, P. O. Box 123 Scranton, Pa.

One of the good signs of the times is the fact that for nearly two years while their synagogue was building, the Temple Israel congregation of St. Louis worshiped in the First Christian church of that city. In returning thanks for this hospitality, the Rabbi Sonneschein characterized it as "one of those precious links in the golden chain of mutual recognition, which, under the fostering arms of American civilization, reconciles the disciples of Moses to the disciples of Jesus." He closed by invoking God's blessing on the church and all its aims.

Rev. John Moulson, son-in-law of the Bishop of Lahore, has just been up at the Westminster court of police, London, England, for cruelty to his infant daughter. The child, which was sixteen months old, cried in teething until the reverend gentleman lost his temper. The evidence proved that he took it from its nurse, went into a room with it and slapped it for a quarter of an hour. The child was black and blue, terribly swollen, and could not bear to be touched for days. It did not die, however, and the court dismissed the reverend gentleman with thirty-one shillings costs and a reprimand for giving corporeal punishment to a child of such tender years.

The house in which Edgar Poe wrote his celebrated poem, "The Raven," is about to be demolished. It is situated in what is now Eighty-fourth street and Tenth avenue, in New York City. Fifty years ago the place was entirely in the country and surrounded by trees and woodland, and now the rocks on the east and west of the old building are being quarried away, and the house will soon share their fate. Hourly at least the foundations of the cottage are shaken by an explosion of dynamite. From the west the miners are almost upon it, and those working from the other side will probably reach the centre in a week more. At present a great many amateur photographers are flocking to the place to take photographs of the poet's cottage while it yet stands.

After lying in a trance for nearly two years, Thomas Guilfoyle of Binghamton, N. Y., has just awakened from what appears to have been but the sleep of a night. Mr. Guilfoyle, who was attending the high school, was compelled to abandon studies because of his health. Instead of improving, he began to decline rapidly. Subsequently he was sent to the country, in the hope that air and exercise would bring again his former health; but this proved a false step. About two years ago last March, he sank one night into a partial trance or epileptic sleep, and since that time he has lain in this remarkable slumber. Lately he awoke, and though somewhat weak, he is on the high road to recovery. Of his sleep he remembers nothing. It appears to him as though he had only slept for a night.

Report comes from Kingston, Ontario, that Members of the Orange Grand Lodge of North America, intend at the meeting this year to introduce a resolution calling upon Sir John Macdonald, as the head of the federal government, to disallow the Jesuit endowment bill lately passed in Quebec, which provides for the payment of $400,000 to the Jesuits for the settlement of their claim against the Province of Quebec. The Orangemen who have taken the matter in hand are men who believe in Orangeism first and political partisanship afterwards. Some go so far as to say that if the grand lodge is afraid for party reasons to lift up its voice against the State incorporation and endowment of the Jesuits in Canada, the Orange order might just as well disband, for it cannot hereafter escape the charge of sacrificing Protestant principles to politics.

Mrs. Ada Foye writes the JOURNAL from San Francisco that she will reach Chicago the latter part of this month, leaving the Pacific coast on the 17th, and coming directly through. She will on her arrival be ready to fill public and private calls for the exercise of her psychic and medial powers. She will remain in Chicago about six weeks and then start on a tour through the country east of here. Societies and individuals desiring to engage her services should address her, P. O. box 517, Chicago. Mrs. Foye expects to go to England before she returns to San Francisco. She is an old friend of Emma Hardinge-Britten who is anxious to have her visit Europe at an early date. The *Golden Gate*, in a late issue, speaks in the most eloquent terms of Mrs. Foye, her mediumship and success in San Francisco.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Psychic Sense.

J. E. WOODHEAD.

The sketch which Charles Darwin has given of some of his father's traits and characteristics is extremely interesting to all interested in psychic research. Robert Waring Darwin, M. D., the father of Charles Darwin, was the second son of Erasmus Darwin, M. D., of whom Horace Walpole writes in 1792:

"The Triumph of Flora, by Dr. Darwin has appeared....It is most beautifully and enchantingly imagined; and the twelve verses that by miracle describe and comprehend the creation of the universe out of chaos, are in my opinion the most sublime passages in any author, or in any of the few languages with which I am acquainted"....

"One misfortune will attend this glorious work—it will be little read but by those who have no taste for poetry, and who will be weighing and criticising his positions, without feeling the imagination, harmony, and expression of the versification."

It is seldom that a man receives such acknowledgement of his talent, both as a scientist and also as a poet.

Charles Darwin's mother was a daughter of Josiah Wedgewood, the potter, and maker of the famous "Wedgewood ware." Of his father he writes—(Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, Vol. I, page 12.):

"His great success as a doctor was the more remarkable, as he told me that he at first hated his profession so much that if he had been sure of the smallest pittance, or if his father had given him any choice, nothing should have induced him to follow it. To the end of his life, the thought of an operation almost sickened him, and he could scarcely endure to see a person bled."

"Owing to my father's power of winning confidence, many patients, especially ladies, consulted him when suffering from any misery, as a sort of Father-confessor. He told me that they always began by complaining in vague manner about their health, and by practice he soon guessed what was really the matter. He then suggested that they had been suffering in their minds, and now they would pour out their troubles, and he heard nothing more about the body"....

"But the most remarkable power which my father possessed was that of reading the characters, and even the thoughts of those whom he saw even for a short time. We had many instances of the power, some of which seemed almost supernatural. It saved my father from ever making (with one exception, and the character of this man was soon discovered) an unworthy friend. A strange clergyman came to Shrewsbury, and seemed to be a rich man; everybody called on him, and he was invited to many homes. My father called, and on his return home told my sisters on no account to invite him or his family to our house; for he felt sure that the man was not to be trusted. After a few months he suddenly bolted, being heavily in debt, and was found out to be little better than a common swindler."

"A gentleman brought his nephew, who was insane but quite gentle to my father; and the young man's insanity led him to accuse himself of all the crimes under heaven. When my father afterwards talked over the matter with the uncle, he said, 'I am sure that your nephew is really guilty of....,'—a heinous crime,—whereupon the gentleman said, 'Good God, Dr. Darwin, who told you; we thought that no human being knew the fact except ourselves.' My father told me the story many years after the event, and I asked him how he distinguished the true from the false self-accusations; and it was very characteristic of my father that he said he could not explain how it was."

"The sharpness of his observation led him to predict with remarkable skill the course of any illness, and he suggested endless small details of relief. I was told that a young doctor in Shrewsbury, who disliked my father, used to say that he was wholly unscientific, but owned that his power of predicting the end of an illness was unparalleled."

"My father was very sensitive, so that many small events annoyed him or pained him much. I once asked him, when he was old and could not walk, why he did not drive out for exercise; and he answered, 'Every road out of Shrewsbury is associated in my mind with some painful event.' Yet he was generally in high spirits."

"My father's mind was not scientific, and he did not try to generalize his knowledge under general laws; yet he formed a theory for almost everything which occurred. I do think I gained much from him intellectually."

It is extremely rare that one who has the "Psychic sense," has a scientific mind. He involuntarily becomes cognizant of so much that is outside the ken of science, by methods of which science can make no note, and should he undertake to scientifically investigate this sense and its workings, he would find that "this kind cometh not by observation." He who has it, knows that in some sort of manner he differs from those who do not have this sense, but he also learns that he cannot take it apart from his inner self and hand it over to his scientific brother for analysis and classification, and when it is proved to him that knowledge can only come through the use of five of his senses, the same as it does to his wonderfully wise scientific brother, who is able to dissect him, and show him the utter impossibility of his possessing any such thing as a psychic sense, he doubtless feels much as the poor soldier did who had never been away from home in his life, and at the end of two months, his homesickness was too great for him, and he pleaded with tears, with his General, for a permit to go and see his wife. The General amazed, contemptuously replied,—"Two months! Why I have not seen my wife for two years." The poor fellow gazed at him in awe for a moment and then replied, "General, my wife and I ain't made that way."

Are not too many who claim to be searching for this psychic sense like Professor Sedgwick and Charles Darwin, who made some geological investigations together in Wales, when Darwin was quite a young man? Darwin says:

"On this tour I had a striking instance how easy it is to overlook phenomena, however conspicuous, before they have been observed by any one. We spent many hours in Cwm Idwal, examining all the rocks with extreme care, as Sedwick was anxious to find fossils in them; but neither of us saw a trace of the wonderful glacial phenomena all around us; we did not notice the plainly scored rocks, the perched boulders, the lateral and terminal moraines. Yet these phenomena are so conspicuous that, as I declared in a paper published many years afterward, a house burnt down by fire did not tell its story more plainly than did this valley. If it had still been filled by a glacier, the phenomena would have been less distinct than they now are."

Having eyes, ye see not,? and having ears ye hear not, nor are ye able to perceive.

General News.

A machine has been invented to make change by electricity, with a saving in cash boys and girls.—James E. Sheridan, the new starter at the Saratoga race course, receives $50 a day for his services.—A Belgian makes brick for 20 cents a day. Bricks that cost next to nothing make good ship ballast.—The last seen of a 12 year-old-boy, bathing in the river at Georgetown, S. C., was when he disappeared in the jaws of a twelve foot alligator.—Whitelaw Reid gave $150 to each of the fire companies that did what they could to save him his $100,000 loss on his magnificent country house.—Dr. Joan C. Clark, wealthy and 65, and Miss Blanch Aspinwall, pretty and 19, were married at West New Brighton, N. Y.—A week ago Louisiana rice planters organized the Louisiana Rice Planters' Association.—Two hundred thousand silk paper handkerchiefs are ready for distribution for the Blaine reception in New York. The handkerchiefs have blood-red border, and a portrait of Blaine in the center with this inscription underneath: "Welcome Home, August. 1888."—A madstone has saved a colored woman at Orlanda, Fla., from death by a rattlesnake bite in the foot.—The statue by Marion F. Wells of the discoverer of gold in California is a bronze backwoodsman ten feet high, clad in flannel shirt, top boots and slouch hat, holding a nugget in the right hand, while the left points downward.

Don Manuel Barillan, President of Gautemala, is a fine rifle shot. It is said that he never misses.—Emperor William II., has presented Field Marshal Moltke with a bronzed plaster cast of himself.—Victorien Sardou says that Alphonse Daudet's most relentless enemy is not the French Academy but the French grammar.—Dr. William A. Hammond asserts that the brain is not an organ essential to life.—Col. Fix of the Belgian army has been made a Major General, and is the first Jew to reach that rank in Belgium.—Hadji Hosseim Kouli Khan Mohamed el Vesari is the name of the new Persian Minister to this country.—Andrew Lang earns $15,000 a year by writing six articles a week for the London *Daily News*, two articles and two reviews for the *Saturday Review*, and two humorous sketches for the *St. James Gazette*.

Yellow fever has appeared in the interior of Cuba.—Bristol, R. I., is suffering from an epidemic of typhoid fever.—The Australian Centenary exhibition at Melbourne was opened on Thursday.—A woman dentist in Philadelphia is reported to have a practice of $11,000 a year.—The St. Lawrence River Anglers' association has decided to make war on net-fishing.—The Catholic Total Abstinence union of the United States has begun its convention in Boston.—It is said that for taking part in Irish politics several Irish priests have been reported to the Pope.—Middle Tennessee has shipped $750,000 worth of new potatoes to the northern markets this season, already.—Philadelphia is alarmed over the foulness of her drinking water, and consequent increase of typhoid fever.—Washington Territory increased in population during the last year over 20,000.—A glove factory has been started at Winchester, Va., employing 450 hands, and spending $100,000 a year for labor.—It is said now that Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram" has already paid him $20,000, and that he regards the receipts as only the initial outpourings.—Prehistoric human foootprints have been found in volcanic rock in Nicaragua. The prints are described as being 9½ inches long, 4 inches wide at the heel, and 4½ inches at the toe. The apparent length of the foot itself is 8 inches.—The negroes of Augusta, Ga., were greatly alarmed a few nights ago by the sight of a Chinese lantern tied to a kite that was poised in mid air. They were moved to cries and tears, and thought it a celestial warning.

Lookout Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Our Camp Meeting closed July 29th with honor to our speakers and great pleasure to Spiritualists. Many have embraced our philosophy during the month. Our speakers were Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. Glading, Mrs. Richmond and Samuel Watson; test mediums, Mrs. Anna Cisna, with independent slate writing, and Mrs. Clanny, who have done much to convince skeptics. I think these too have given more proofs of spirit return than any others. The list of officers of the Southern Association of Spiritualists, elected for the ensuing year, are as follows:

President, Dr. Samuel Watson, Memphis; vice-president, Jerry Robinson, Charleston, Miss.; recording secretary, Dr. George A. Fuller, Dover, Mass.; corresponding secretary, G. W. Lewton, Crescent City, Fla.; treasurer, J. Seeman, Chattanooga, Tenn. The old board of trustees were re-elected, except in the case of Jerry Robinson, who, having been elected to the vice-presidency, caused a vacancy which was filled by electing G. W. Kates of Atlanta, Georgia.

We have made one important change in our secretary, electing the talented Mr. Fuller who, with broad views, will do our cause much good. I have had to combat prejudice against you here, for what I thank you for. This association has come to the conclusion that mediums and speakers should be above reproach, honest, moral, and true teachers of our philosophy.

Dr. Merrill of Bangor, Maine, was dismissed by the president and directors for conduct unbecoming a Spiritualist and a test medium.

JERRY ROBINSON.

Albion Landing, Miss.

CASSADAGA CAMP.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal:

Cassadaga has had good seasons before, but this year the camp is surpassing all its previous records. It is believed that there are more persons here for the purpose of investigating the phenomena than ever before. The slate writing mediums are kept busy. Mr. W. A. Mansfield and Mr. Keeler being in especial demand. Hon. A. B. Richmond, author of "Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report," has been here several days, and has secured writing on locked slates from Mr. Keeler, and communications of an extraordinary nature through Mr. Mansfield. He is going to write an appendix to his late book, and is collecting material for it now. Several gentlemen of the legal profession have come here through the influence of Mr. Richmond, and are deeply impressed by what they have witnessed. A man who has tried 93 murder cases must be an expert in sifting evidence, and when such a one declares in favor of the phenomena of Spiritualism, his opinion has weight with those who know him.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan is very popular here. At a gathering held to give the servants at the grand hotel an opportunity of learning something of Spiritualism, Miss Jennie was presented with a purse of $30 by admiring friends.

Library Hall, a very pleasant building erected during the past year, was dedicated with appropriate exercises last Wednesday evening. A. B. Richmond, Esq., was chairman, and addresses were made by Cora L. V. Richmond, Jennie B. Hagan, and Walter Howell. The occasion was much enjoyed by those present. The building contains a library, lecture and séance rooms, and meets a want long felt by the association.

Friday evening there was an entertainment in the amphitheatre given by the Children's Progressive Lyceum. There was a good attendance, and the programme was highly interesting.

Everybody is having a good time. There are hops on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, participated in by young and old. The best of order prevails at all times. No liquor is sold on or near the grounds, and there is nothing for the marshal to do.

The practice of holding out-door meetings is becoming very popular, and deservedly so. The fresh, free breezes that sway the tree tops are symbolic of the fresh breath of inspiration that comes to men when assembled in Nature's temple. In these quiet woodland places one feels that the God of all spirits is indeed present, and we are moved to say with Bryant:

"Thou art here. Thou fillest
The solitude! Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music: Thou art in the cooler breath
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes scarcely felt.
Here is continual worship. Nature here,
In the tranquility that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence."

Lily Dale. GRAPHO.

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The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four eesays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents,

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The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received enconiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

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The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will meet in convention in Westerfield's Hall Anderson, Ind., September 13, 1888, at 10 A. M. A corps of good mediums will be in attendence during the week and a grand time is expected.

All Spiritualists and friends of investigation invited. Hotel rater $1, per day.

GEO. W. CUNTER, Sec., Indianapolis, Ind.
DR. BECK, Pres., Delphi, Ind.

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Voices From the People.

AND

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In the Depths.

(To a Poet Friend.)

HELEN M. COMSTOCK.

O eyelids so heavy with weeping,
And tears that are yet unshed;
O heart, that so sorely is keeping
The half of its woe unsaid;

O soul-life, so grievously wounded,
Thy moans doth thy hurt betray,
And deeps that no mortal has sounded,
'Tis dark in thy depths to-day.

O bosom, with agony heaving,
O'erswept by the tide of wrong,
Beneath the dark billows, yet breathing
The low, sweet cadence of song;

In misery's bark thou art sailing
O'er wild, tempestuous waves,
No beacon the darkness unveiling,
No beckoning light that saves.

O sister! thro' sorrow made kindred,
Have courage! be patient and strong;
I, also, have stemmed the dark current
Of falsehood, injustice and wrong;

And know there is sure compensation
For all of life's troubles and ills,
Thro' time and earth's discords unchanging,
Which destiny ever fulfills.

O think not, in Love's dark Valhalla,
Thy spirit should still weep its dead,
Where all the past's bitter memories
Steal ever with phantom-like tread;

There are hearts whose love will not falter,
True souls that no dross can alloy,
According thee justly thy merits,
The same thro' all trials and joy.

The flowers of thought breathe a fragrance,
And healing naught else can impart,
With tenderest sympathies glowing,
If born in the true poet-heart.

O sensitive soul! gather comfort,
And singing, grow hopeful and strong;
For only the beautiful spirit
Can triumph o'er sorrow in song.

And others, less gifted, shall bless thee,
And feel as they read less alone,
For lifting another life's burden,
A blessing will fall on thine own.

Rochelle, Ill.

Extraordinary Manifestations.

A case that has excited the greatest curiosity has just been tried at Danford, Wis., before the justice, who has taken it under advisement for three weeks. William Roberts, a farmer living near Princeton, is the defendant, and the proceedings are designed to keep him from killing Mrs. Albright, an old German woman who lives just across the road from him, and who, he claims, has bewitched his family. Before she does further harm he wants to put her out of the way. During the hearing of evidence Mr. Roberts swore that as long ago as last Christmas things about his house began to act very queerly. The first he noticed was a spot of blood on the sheets of his bed. The sheets were changed continually, but in a short time the bloody spot would again appear. One morning he lay down on the outside of the bed to await the call for dinner. When he arose there was a large pool of blood underneath him. He was terribly frightened, and took of his coat and shirt to see if there was any blood on his back or garment, but there was none. Then there were great letters "B" and "R" drawn on the wall in blue ink, which would come and disappear mysteriously. He believed it was the premonition of death, and supposed the "B" meant his brother Benjamin, who lived in Northern Wisconsin, but he received word later that Benjamin was all right. His wife was also having great trouble with her cooking utensils and dinner dishes. Many a time, having gotten the meals upon the table and stepped to the door to call the rest to dinner, she had turned again to find the table nearly stripped of its contents. The bread and meat had disappeared, and plates, knives, forks and salt cellars had absolutely vanished as by magic. Sometimes they would be found in out-of-the-way places, under the wagon-house, in the corn crib, out in the garden, and often they never were discovered. These queer demonstrations and many others were sworn to by Mr. Roberts and his wife in the most honest and solemn manner, and no cross-questioning could divert them from a straightforward story.

On two occasions he left a pail of drinking water on the porch. He retired after all the rest of the family and was the first to arise, and the pail of water was missing. Careful search disclosed it perched on the top of the house and not a drop spilled. One day in March last he took his two children, Anna, aged fifteen, and John, aged twelve, to school in a sleigh. It was before he had suspected Mrs. Albright of being a witch, and meeting her on the road he asked her to ride. That night the children came home hungry and crying, and related that on opening their dinner pails at noon they had found all their food wound about with long human hair, and they had been compelled to throw it away.

Both children, Anna and John, were placed upon the stand, and they told in a frank and artless manner the same and many other equally astonishing occurrences. A ring had suddenly disappeared from Anna's finger. She had seen dishes come sailing out of the cupboard when no one was near it, and settle softly down on the floor without breaking. Both she and the boy had seen the clothing thrown off the beds, and coats and dresses pulled from the walls and hurled across the room. It was suspected by some that these children might have been the mischievous agents of all the trouble, but they gave every appearance of innocence, and not the severest cross-questioning could confuse them.

H. B. Jackson, a prominent attorney from Oshkosh who is stopping with his family at Sherwood Forest and has been in constant attendance at the trial, said that it baffled all his theories, and that it was the most astonishing case within all his experience. —*The Northwestern, Oshkosh, Wis.*

Demise of a Council Bluffs Pioneer.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mr. A. J. Bump, a pioneer citizen and Spiritualist of Council Bluffs, Iowa, passed on to a higher life on Sunday, July 22, 1888, aged 70 years, after a prolonged and trying illness. He was a regular subscriber to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and a firm advocate of its views and its manner of presenting the new philosophy. Mr. Bump was born in Meadville, Pa. He was married to Miss Mary Milliken, in May, 1842. His wife, who survives him, has been an able medium. The union proved happy until death. He also leaves a son and daughter, Charles C. Bump, a scholarly gentleman of this city, and Mrs. Mary E. Patton, of Park City, Utah—likewise an adopted daughter, who holds a position in the telephone service. A. J. Bump arrived in Council Bluffs in 1852 and engaged in farming. In 1863 he was chosen city marshal, holding the office with much credit till 1869, and then served two years as chief of police. He also held minor offices at different times. He resumed farming, but retained his residence in the city. Over-work broke him down, yet he was not compelled by necessity to toil. He was positive and active, full of integrity to principle, and equally as severe in denouncing all hypocrisy and deception. A bold republican politician, an uncompromising Spiritualist, the foe of all creeds, a decided character, and yet very gentle to his family and to all persons whom he esteemed, and enjoying the unlimited confidence of his fellow-citizens. He exhibited a strongly marked individuality not lacking in hints of greatness. The Bump residence has been the shelter of many a medium and Spiritualist lecturer. His long and insidious illness wrought no change or modification upon his religious views. At last he looked up repeatedly and raised his frail hands to receive the angels, and then fell to sleep so gently that God would not permit him to be awakened again in the flesh. His funeral, two days afterwards, was largely attended. The services were conducted by Mr. George Canning, an inspirational speaker. No emblems of mourning were used on the occasion. His life was cast in pleasant places and his testimony was true. J. M. H.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Stray Notes by the Way. No. 2.

J. J. MORSE.

A word of caution so that I may forestall the readers' righteous indignation. Let me admit at once that the above heading is not quite correct! In the JOURNAL for June 16th, there appeared the first of this series of articles under the heading of "Confidential," the editor acting as a literary headsman having chopped off the head put by the writer—*i. e.*, "Entre Nous,"—but in the hurry of many duties on my part the really intended heading as above got left off; so if the reader wants the "No. 1" of what was intended to be described as "Stray Notes by the Way," the issue of the JOURNAL above alluded to must be referred to.

There seems to be an increasing desire upon the part of some ultra refined speakers and writers among us to substitute the word "Psychics" in the place of Spiritualism. Why? If it is done to curry favor with any class, it is an evidence of weakness; while on the other hand if it is done to escape any presumed slur the name Spiritualist may involve, such advocates but injure the cause they are supposed to support. Plain and simple Spiritualism is sufficient. A "psychic" Christian would be as anomalous as a "psychic" Spiritualist.

In looking over the advertising cards of many workers in the cause, one scarcely knows whether to smile at, or resent, the everlasting "Doctor" and "Professor" that the eye encounters. Without doubt two-thirds who use the above designations have no sort of right to them. In such cases carelessness, duplicity or vanity must account for their continued use. The secular press is at times responsible for these brevet titles, but when mediums persistently use such designations without justification they simply earn the condemnation of the right thinking.

Every now and then, too, one encounters a lecturer who has been "ordained," and got "Reverend" tacked on as a front name! The inconsistency of the advocates of a system of facts and principles that are death blows to all sacerdotal claims being "ordained" and made into "reverends," is so palpable that one may be pardoned for assuming it as evidence, either of vulgarity or vanity. In many cases, however, there is another reason: the "ordained" speaker gets reduced rates from railroad and steamship companies! The ordination becomes a ticket-scalping process and our denunciations of theology and priestcraft become as the cooing of turtle doves when there is the prospect of a cheap ticket! Perhaps some folks' convictions are not worth even a railroad ticket? A priest has intrinsically no more right to a reduced fare than has a peddler.

The character of one's opponents may in some cases be indicative of the power and importance of one's own case. The greater and more powerful the opposition the more important must the thing opposed be. Adopting this argument, and applying it to an article in *Lucifer*, the English theosophical monthly, it would appear that the entire Roman Catholic Church, and especially the Society of Jesus (Jesuits), were—to use a familiar colloquialism—"down on" the Theosophical Society, its works and members. The article referred to, "Theosophy and Jesuitism," is certainly interesting and instructive reading, though being in great part historical it presents nothing new; but its writer evidently has two "dominant ideas": that Jesuitism is the unrelenting foe of "Occultism" in all forms, and that Theosophy is counted worth the chief place among the things the Catholic Church is fighting against to-day. Is there not some fable about a frog? The theosophical frog is too small to excite the ire of the Romish bull! N. B., no joke intended.

Readers of the JOURNAL are, of course, quite familiar with the writings of my friend Charles Dawbarn, and, therefore, may possibly be interested in an *on dit* concerning that genial gentleman. By a copy of the Wisbech (Eng.) *Advertiser*, that has just reached me, the departure of our friend's father to the higher life at the ripe age of 90 years is duly noted. Mr. Robert Dawbarn was a Justice of the Peace, a man of strong convictions, earnest character, occupying a prominent social position, and the interment of his remains called out the largest concourse that has attended any funeral for many years in the quiet little English town in which it took place. Brother Dawbarn has the light of spiritual illumination to guide him, therefore he knows that he will clasp hands with an honored parent in the great beyond. In the hour of present separation all will send him sincerest sympathy.

One of the most complete and circumstantial expositions of Blavatsky-Sinnet-Olcott-Theosophy that has probably ever been presented, was that from the pen of my esteemed friend, Wm. Emmette Coleman, which appeared in San Francisco *Examiner*, for July 8th, of this year. If it could be produced for the benefit of the JOURNAL'S readers good service for the cause of common sense, non-mystical Spiritualism would certainly be done. Theosophy is to the spiritual banquet not unlike the hash of the ordinary boarding-house. It is better eaten without too close inquiry into its component parts.

San Francisco, Cal.

Excellent Manifestation at the Home Circle.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I weekly resolve to offer you something from this benighted region, but so far my resolutions have been too weakly. I have been investigating Spiritualism since the fall of '84. We have in our own home a privilege few enjoy: table-tipping, rapping, planchette writing, clairaudience, clairvoyance, trance-speaking, writing in livid characters on the arms, independent voices, independent writing, materialization of laces, the introduction of flowers, etc., into closed rooms, the movement of material bodies without physical contact, materializations both in dark and light séances, and the levitation of the human body, are among the manifestations that have been enjoyed by us, all through the mediumship of her little, serene highness, Mrs. Jessie Kellogg Rugg.

Although we have witnessed all of these phases of manifestation and know them to be exercised to a remarkable degree, still our wise counselors across the way vigorously claim at least another twelve month's preparation before a strength sufficient to cope with the powers that are at enmity with true, pure mediumship, shall have been attained. In this course we see naught but wisdom. The going forth of partially informed and developed mediums is what we hold to be one of the most vital evils peculiar to modern Spiritualism. Institutions for the perfection of men in all vocations of life are universally considered of vast benefit. Even he whose purpose it is to guide the plow will find the discipline of an agricultural college of greatest value. Why should it be expected that God's grandest gift to His creatures should be exercised at random? Few homes offer just the conditions necessary for the proper development of the gift of mediumship; an institution is needed. Who will be the founder?

A necessity in the west is a place for an annual camp meeting. Thousands of people throughout Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, and even Kansas and Missouri, would, I believe, rally to the support of such an enterprise, providing it be understood that everything pertaining thereto be only of the highest order. As to the choice of a location, I consider clear Lake, Iowa, superior to any other. I have visited camp meetings in the East and have traveled much over the Western States mentioned, but remember that no place would afford visitors the same advantages for rest, recreation, health and pleasure as on the shores of this beautiful body of water. A very superior tract of land can be secured for the purpose, which has the double advantage of both lake and railway frontage, and is rendered grand beyond description by a majestic grove of gigantic walnut trees. Chicago and Milwaukee Spiritualists would find it a convenient and healthful resort. Minneapolis and St. Paul people would not stay away, and as for the Southwest, Kansas City people already own three-fourths of the desirable lake frontage. The numbers which would certainly be drawn to this central point between the great cities mentioned, as well as from the thousands of towns, villages and hamlets throughout the district, by the combined attractions of the place and the very best talent in spiritual ranks, would, beyond a doubt, be very great,—it would be pre-eminently western for everybody to come. Let some wealthy Spiritualist consider this, and seize the opportunity of doing some one thing of which he will not feel regretful when he is called to part with all that is material for that which is only spiritual.

May the JOURNAL continue to give us pure, unadulterated doctrine is the wish of

W. A. RUGG.

Mason City, Iowa.

A Cure For Drunkenness.

In Russia they have—or think they have—found a means to destroy the love for liquor, which, if proved reliable, will beat all the temperance sermons of our much be-preached country. It is true, no land in the world needs it more, for there are more spirits consumed in Russia than anywhere else in the world. The cold climate may furnish some excuse, but there are national and religious holidays there when it is a virtue to be drunk and a deplorable exception to be sober. Hence, people of all classes and both sexes are well seasoned in the Muscovite empire, and if any means are successful against their great love of liquor and their mighty drunks, it should certainly prove so against our petty tipsinesses, and occasional sprees. But—not all remedies carry out their promise, and even M. Pasteur has occasionally failed to prevent hydrophobia, notwithstanding the injections of "mad rabbit's brain." At any rate it behooves Dr. Crothers, our excellent specialist in this direction, to try what Dr. Portugaloff suggests. This eminent medical gentleman writes an enthusiastic letter to the "Grashdanin," a journal not among our exchanges, which the German *Herold* of this city copies. He says:

"The effect of this treatment is infallible. A drinker is brought to the physician, and an injection is made at once. Next day the drinker refuses spirits, and in a few days he cannot think of them without disgust. Yesterday this man was senselessly drunk, sick, unable to muster up will enough to break with this horrible habit—to-day he is well and hardly recognizes himself. Only one treatment was necessary and he is well. Is this, then, no disease, no miracle of healing medicine? And the means are so simple—medicine may be proud of it; they are as certain as quinine against fever. The application is quite simple. One grain of strychnine is dissolved in 200 drops of water, and five drops of this solution are injected hypodermically once a day. This is repeated for eight or twelve days, and its effect is surprising; after two or three injections the drinker has appetite and sleep. And if, after months, he should again begin to drink, he is afflicted with such symptoms (palpitation of the heart, nausea, headache, vomiting,) that he will never try it again. It is most convenient to give this hypodermic injection during sleep. The drinker wakes up fully restored, and will beg for a second and third injection."

This is magnificent if true. It knocks the moral element all out of the question, and leaves it a disease curable by medicine. One will talk of a drunkard as one would of a man with chills, and to have been on a spree will be no worse than to have overloaded one's stomach. There is sufficient resemblance anyway in the latter case. A person may calmly tell his pastor: "I've had a little touch of beastly drunkenness, and Dr. Portugaloff is giving me injections!" But really the reports are too magnificent, too good to be altogether true. Yet if there is but a tithe of truth in it, it is well enough and thanks. Some pointing that way is found in the newest medical practice in this country, which treats delirium tremens with energetic doses of tincture of nux vomica or with strychnine. The doses indicated above are one-fortieth grain, a moderate dose. A one-thirtieth or one-twentieth grain is often given by mouth. A hypodermic dose is one-third stronger than one administered by mouth.—*Hartford, Ct., Times.*

Mr. Cable's Advice to the Negroes.

Vote! Cast your vote though taxed for it. Cast your vote though defrauded of it, as many a white man is to-day. Cast your vote though you die for it. Let no man cry, "Liberty or blood;" leave that for Socialists and Parisian mobs; but when liberty means duty, and death means one's own extinction, then the cry of "Liberty or death" is a holy cry, and the man who will not make it his own even in freedom is not free. Seek not to buy liberty with the blood either of friends or of enemies; it is only men's own blood at last that counts in the purchase of liberty. Whatever may have been the true philosophy for more ferocious times, this is the true philosophy for ours. Cast your votes, then, even though many of you die for it. Some of you have died, but in comparison how few; three hundred thousand white men poured out their blood to keep you bound, other three hundred thousand died to set you free, and still the full measure of American freedom is not yours. A fiftieth as much of your own blood shed in the inoffensive activities of public duty will buy it. Keep your vote alive; better nine free men than ten half free. In most of the Southern States the negro vote has been diminishing steadily for years, to the profound satisfaction of those white men whose suicidal policy is to keep you in alienism. In the name of the dead, black and white, of the living, and of your children yet unborn, not as of one party or another, but as American freemen, vote! For in this free land the people that do not vote do not get and do not deserve their rights.—*August Forum.*

Wonderful Exhibition of Phenomenal Strength.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Miss Lena Loeb, known as the Little Rocky Mountain Girl, gave an exhibition of her wonderful feats in what appears to be a supernatural strength. She invites from fifteen to twenty of the most muscular men upon the stage. Taking an iron rod or hoe handle, she requests any one or two to so brace themselves that they may resist her force. Six heavy, muscular men were readily pushed around and over the stage by her, she simply plying her hands to the stick. Ten men, each grasping the rounds of a chair, and one standing upon it, exerted all their strength to force the back legs to the floor, she quietly holding on to the chair-back. These feats do not seem to exhaust her in the least, her pulse beating about 70 immediately after the struggle. An umbrella is torn to shreds if any one tries to arrest it from her grasp. As a mind-reader she certainly is a phenomenal success, scarcely ever failing. Quite a sensation is being created wherever she has been, giving skeptical minds food for digestion. I. N. RICHARDSON.

Delphos, Kan.

The Value of Longevity.

Can there be a doubt that Burns and Keats foresaw the issue of their struggle against bigotry, or that Cervantes, in the gloom of his misery, could read the signs of the dawn presaging a sunburst of posthumous fame? Spinoza and Schiller died at the threshold of their goal; Pascal, Harvey, Macaulay, Buckle and Bichat left their inimitable works half-finished; Raphael, Mozart, and Byron died at the verge of a summit which perhaps no other foot shall ever approach. Who knows how often, since the dawn of modern science, the chill of death has palsied a hand that had all but lifted the veil of the Isis temple? Or in how many thousand lives time alone would have solved all discords into harmonies? An increase of longevity would, indeed, solve the most vexing riddles of existence; it would furnish the secular indorsement of Mr. Mallock's conclusion. It would give the vicissitudes of fortune a chance to assert their equalizing tendencies; it would supply a missing link in the arguments of that natural religion that trusts the equipoise of justice in the apparent caprices of human fate. The price of longevity would redeem the mortgage of our earthly paradise.—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald in the August Forum.*

John Salter in San Francisco.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am at present in San Francisco, Cal., and am in exceedingly good health, and improving every day. My work here has been successful, far beyond my greatest expectations. The people here are very kind to me, and vie with one another to load me down with presents of flowers and baskets of fruit. This week I received a diamond scarf pin; also a scarf pin of pure gold, which is very unique. I have hardly a moment to my self. At Metropolitan Temple, on Sundays, at 2 and 8 p. m., I have large crowds of people; in the evening it is impossible even to get standing room at 8 o'clock. The hall seats 1,500 people. Mr. Reckless is with me. I shall leave for Australia in September. I shall go to Melbourne, and also other places.

JOHN SLATER.

400 Geary St.

P. R. Kniffin, Elmira, N. Y., writes: The First Spiritualist Church of Elmira, was organized last winter; F. M. Chase, president, and Mrs. Ira Perrin, speaker. We meet in Odd Fellow's Temple every Sunday evening. Mrs. Brigham spoke for us in May. Our cause is growing.

The "Indulgences" and the "Inquisition."

When I was quite a lad, I was fond of reading. I lived in Franklin Co., New York. In that State is a public library in every school district. I cannot at this time recall the title of the book in which I got my first ideas of the blood-curdling tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, but I do remember what a tearful and indelible impression those tales put upon my young mind. There seemed to be no form of torture conceivable by human ingenuity that was not used. As I grew older, I found such things confirmed by other historians, and never anywhere saw any denial of these diabolical outrages by the Holy R. C. Church. From the testimony of many able authors, I was obliged to believe that such things had been done in past centuries, but then I questioned whether human nature had not changed since then. Those terrible crimes against God and man were committed in the dark ages; would the R. C. Church do the same things now in the light of the nineteenth century? For many years my mind wavered on this question; but at length I got a solution from the very best authority. About 1877, I saw a notice in one of our Washington papers, which ran about as follows:

"The Rev. Father White will deliver a lecture on Christmas eve., at St. Matthews Church, Subject, "The Indulgences."

You may be sure I was anxious to hear him, because the lecturer was a famous expounder of R. C. doctrine, and had won distinction by a public controversy with a now famous bishop, J. P. Newman, who since made the tour around the world with General Grant. White was a Jesuit of very high rank, and some thought he was their general in this country.

I took with me a liberal R. C. friend—one of my near neighbors. We were early and got a good seat directly in front of the speaker, and quite near, and we could hear every word. I supposed that he would deny that indulgences were ever sold with the knowledge and approbation of the Romish Church, but in this I had reckoned without my host. He commenced by quoting passages from the New Testament, showing that Christ had given to Peter the keys of heaven and hell; and he asserted that the language used by Christ on that occasion demonstrated unmistakably that the R. C. Church was ever thereafter to have the power of saying who should enter heaven, and who should not. Next he said that it was very clear that, if the church could say who should enter, it could say on what terms they should enter! Then he quoted more scripture and tradition and the "Fathers" to show that the Church had in the earliest times believed this doctrine and had put it in practice. Then he went on treating the sale of indulgences as a well-established historical fact, and thoroughly recognized and approved by all good Papists. It was an easy glide from "Indulgences" to the "Inquisition." The same texts of scripture, the same quotations from the "Fathers," and the same tradition for both! The "Inquisition" was fully recognized as the natural outgrowth and ally of the R. C. Church. "But it may be asked," said he, "why the church does not make use of the 'Inquisition' *now*; for if it was right then it must be right now." "I answer," said he, "that the church has a *right* now to use the tortures of the "Inquisition" upon heretics and infidels; but we are restrained, as I may say, by the force of circumstances!"

The doubts of my youth were dispelled! Here I heard an *official* declaration that the church of Rome only wants the *power* to bring out her instruments of torture, and she will put every Protestant and Infidel upon the rack as of old. Human nature is quite susceptible of *change*. It was worse then than now. Protestantism, beginning a way back in the days of Martin Luther, has let in a vast amount of light, and the nature of man has been immensely improved and ameliorated. The Common Schools and the *press*, the two greatest enemies of the R. C. Church, are the guards of liberty and the temporal saviors of mankind. Let the R. C. Church, the Anarchists, come into power, and she will muzzle the *press*, stamp out the common school system, enslave the whole human race, turn men once more into savages and torture as fiendishly as of yore.

The reader may desire to know how the Rev. Father's endorsement of the Indulgences and Inquisition affected my liberal Catholic friend. He was astounded and declared "Those d—d priests would drench this whole country in blood, if they had a chance." He realized fully that his liberty was as much in danger as mine. Let all men bear in mind that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."—CHAS. ROYS, LL. D., *in Peabody Reporter.*

Ada Ballou Among the Prisoners.

I notice by the last number of the *Golden Gate* that Mrs. Ada Ballou has returned to your State from her trip to Australia. This reminds me of her first visit to Oregon in 1874. It would take volumes to write the good that that gifted lady did while with us.

I remember going with her to visit the prisoners of our State Penitentiary. It was a bright Sabbath morning, and nature wore her loveliest garb. But prison walls always have a gloomy aspect, from the law of association, I presume. The chapel of the prison was well filled with the boys in striped clothes, there being over two hundred.

After the singing by the choir, Mrs. Ballou stepped upon the rostrum, and gave a most impressive invocation. She then commenced, in a pleasant, off-hand way, to talk to the men. She said:

"I have not come here to censure you, or to find fault with you, for being in this place. You have already had enough of that kind of talk. But I wish to engage your attention a few moments on something of far more importance—on a subject far more to your interest—not what you have been, not what you might have been, but what do you propose to be? I observe that you have all attained to man's estate, physically speaking; but in my mind's eye I trace you all back to the days of your childhood, ere the dark clouds had settled over your heads—before the tempter's snare had lured your feet from a path of rectitude—when you were bright-eyed little boys dangling at your mothers' knees, or fondled in her loved embrace. And do you know that every mother looked forward with all the fondness of a mother's love to the day when each of you should have grown to man's estate—not only in stature, but in all that makes up the true, the noble man? How far have you fulfilled the measure of that mother's hopes, I leave for you to decide. But let me assure you, one and all, that your mothers still live, whether in this earth-life or in the spirit world I know not; and a mother's love never dies; a mother's hope never forsakes her; and I want to know right here how many of you desire to gratify the wish of your mother? How many this morning are ready and willing, letting the past go (as it cannot be recalled),—how many that will resolve from this time forward to live better lives, and will strive, day by day, to become the embodiment of your mother's fondest hopes and brightest anticipations?"

I glanced around the room. There was not a dry eye in the house; and in after years, the Superintendent of the Penitentiary, while inquiring what had become of the lady (Mrs. Ballou), remarked that for three months after her talk that morning, he did not have to enforce a single prison rule; that every prisoner seemed to be on his good behavior.

This gave me a few hints of what might be done in reforming criminals.—*C. A. Reed, of Portland, Ore., in Golden Gate.*

A New Organization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On Sunday evening, the 29th of July, the Spiritualists of Byesville, Ohio, met at the house of Mr. Simon D. Main, for the purpose of instituting a spiritual association, Mr. John R. Grant in the chair. A constitution was submitted which, after a little revision and amendment, was adopted. The constitution recognizes the equality of the sexes, allows mental liberty for the expression of any ideas in accordance with the spiritual philosophy, and has for its fundamental principle the diffusion of truth as revealed scientifically or spiritually. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. John R. Grant; vice-president, Mrs. P. L. Huber; cor. sec'y, Mr. C. G. Oyston; financial sec'y, Mr. P. L. Huber; treasurer, Mrs. E. B. Grant.

Byesville, Ohio. C. G. OYSTON.

An "old witch," who can "locate" oil wells as the ordinary conjurer does those of water, is reported from somewhere in Pennsylvania, and it is said that near a dozen gushers are due to her magic powers. She is a beautiful Swede, rich and well educated.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A Hindostanee merchant has come to New York with five clerks to open a shop for the sale of Hindostanee goods.

A bear weighing 275 pounds was killed upon New River, in Piedmont, Va., with a single load of squirrel shot at not very close range.

A Georgia minister has just constructed a sermon upon "The evolution of the Englishman from the Crusader to the Dude," but, unfortunately, the text is not specified.

The new town of Judsonia, Ark., has a canning factory that handles 100 bushels of tomatoes and half as many of peaches every day, and a box factory that uses up four car loads of lumber per month.

Rev. B. Waugh, secretary of an English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, recently asserted that 1,000 children are murdered every winter in England to obtain the insurance on their lives.

Some time ago a woman was drowned in a creek near Americus, Ga. Now it is said that her ghost haunts the place and walks back and forth across the bridge spanning the stream, carrying a torch in her hand.

A merchant at Sanford, Ga., had a lot of melons that he could not sell, and in order to be rid of them left them in front of his store one night. When he went down the next morning he was chagrined to find them all there.

Florida mourns the loss of the sweet notes of the mockingbird. Formerly hundreds of them could be heard singing, but their nests have been so systematically broken up or robbed of their young that they are rapidly disappearing.

A Milltown mechanic has invented a log-sawing apparatus which has an upward as well as a downward motion. The scheme has not been fully tested yet, but, if successful, will be a great time-saving invention to lumber dealers.

Deer are seen nearly every day in the vicinity of Bangor, Me., and seem to be gaining confidence in man. A fine specimen was seen grazing in a pasture a few days ago by a man driving past, and the animal did not leave at his approach.

The wife of John Putnam, of Neosho, Wis., has suffered severely for years from rheumatism. Three weeks ago their house was struck by lightning and she received a sharp shock. Since then she has been entirely free from rheumatism.

Favored subjects of the Shah of Persia are permitted, as a special mark of esteem, to be present when he has a tooth pulled, while all persons who would really enjoy the spectacle—those suspected of being unfriendly to him—are cruelly excluded.

A Hudson River ferry company has devised a new use for automatic machines. You put your handkerchief in a saucer, drop a penny in the slot and the handkerchief is sprinkled with cologne. The working girls of Jersey City patronize it liberally.

Who was the last man killed in the war? This is not an easy question to answer, but in the town of Union, Me., some of the people think it was Jacob Sidelinger, of that town. He was killed on the very day of Lee's surrender to General Grant, and in the latter part of the day.

The destruction of forests has proceeded so rapidly in Prussia of late years that the Government has passed a law protecting timber. It was found that the climate in many districts was changing, and rivers and lakes were becoming shallow in consequence of the wholesale cutting away of woods.

The old belief that more light-haired persons than dark become insane has gone the way of other ancient delusions. Out of the 165 patients who are being treated in the Kirkbride Insane Asylum in Philadelphia all except four are of decidedly dark complexion.

One hundred and six million feet of lumber, valued at $1,890,000, has been shipped from Fernandina, Fla., in the current year. If strung out end to end it would make 2,000 miles—or make a plank walk as far as Denver, Colorado. Over 14,000 cars were required for the transportation of it.

High life is barred against actors and actresses in France. It is everywhere understood that no actress enters a fashionable front door in Paris save in her professional quality. She comes to act or to recite, says her say, and then departs; mingles never with the audience who have applauded her to the skies.

At one of the schools for negroes in the South the girls learn housekeeping practically by being placed four at a time and for a month at a time, in a cottage, where they live and have complete control, under the oversight of a matron. They keep a strict account of their expenditures, practice economy, and sweep, cook, wash and iron.

In 1810, Henry Mogel, father of County Treasurer Mogel, of Reading, Pa., caught a turtle on his farm and cut into his back the initials "H. M., 1810." It was not seen again until a few days ago, when the County Treasurer discovered it alive and well and not more than forty feet from where his father had found it seventy-eight years before.

Just what punishment ought in justice to be meted out to Lawrence Russell, of Springfield, Mo., is a question. He has been arrested for shutting up his ten-year-old boy in a box four feet high, and making him stand bent over in it for five hours; also for tying the boy to a plank and smearing molasses over his face so as to attract flies to torture him.

A Minnesota farmer near Clearwater, while digging a cellar, came upon seven skeletons in good condition. They were found in a sort of mound, and the bodies had been buried heads downward. The skeletons were from seven to eight feet in height, and the shape of the skulls indicated a low order of intelligence. It is thought that the bodies were buried 200 years ago.

The names and location of the navy yards in the United States are as follows: Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Gosport Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.; Kittery Navy Yard, Kittery, Me.; League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mare Island Navy Yard, San Francisco, Cal.; New London Navy Yard, New London, Conn.; Pensacola Navy Yard, Pensacola, Fla.; Washington Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.

When people prate of novelties found only in Paris, confound them by stating that tall lamps which decorate fashionable drawing-rooms are unknown to the conservative Parisian households. Two of these "piano lamps," as they are sometimes called, were carried over as gifts in June and set up in one of the most elegant apartments in Paris, where they instantly created a sensation. French taste has been forced to admit that American taste is to the front in the matter of lamps at least.

Edison has invented a new dinner clock which talks. Instead of striking the hour it speaks it. At dinner time a voice issues from the clock and says "Dinner time;" also "1 o'clock," "2 o'clock," etc., as the case may be. Another device which he is perfecting in connection with the clock is that of a female face, which he proposes to set in the face of the clock. The lips of this figure will move at the hour, the head will bow, and the fictitious lady will say, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is bedtime."

A diamond merchant of New York is reported as saying that when the African mines were discovered there was very nearly a panic, which was averted by a combination of large dealers who banded together, and bought a control of all the diamond mines. Two great companies, the Central Mining Company and the Kimberly Company, practically control the diamond market of the world, and no new diamonds are put on the market except as they permit, and the price is kept where it is by a combination, and is not influenced by supply or demand.

The territory lying between Coomobarabran and Coolah, Australia, is literally overrun with mice. The pests came by millions, and have eaten everything that came in their way. On one station 2s per hundred were offered for their destruction, and during a single night 2,000 were killed. In one hotel in three nights 1,000 mice were killed with a mixture of flour and strychnine. At another place the mice ate the whole carcass of a freshly killed sheep in one night, leaving only the bare bones. At another station a man was kept whose sole duty it was to keep the mice away from the provender during the time the horses were eating it, and this man found it a difficult task. The week before the races at Coolah the vermin got into the horse boxes at the station, and accurately ate the bandages from the legs of the race horses. Sleeping people are said to have been attacked by them, and the crops are being destroyed for miles around.

Live It Down.

Do you hear that cruel slander,
Envious tongues with malice frame,
Has been put in circulation
Just to tarnish your good name?
Never mind, don't be disheartened,
Overcome it—live it down;
Though it clouds your sky with sorrow,
Just be faithful—live it down.

Do you hear that fiery gossip
Is now floating in the air;
Piercing hearts so pure and tender,
Blighting hopes once bright and fair?
Never mind—don't be discouraged;
Always faithful—live it down;
'Tis the lot of all that's mortal—
Good or bad—then live it down.

Do you feel that stones and arrows,
By outrageous villains cast?
Do you see them hurled with vengeance
To embitter all your past?
Still be calm! Do good for evil;
Stand undaunted—live it down;
Silence gives the sweetest pleasure;
Ever faithful—live it down.

Are you growing weary-hearted?
Do the dogs your doorway throng?
And your steps are they pursuing,
Snarling, bitter all along?
Do not go around bewailing—
Let them growl—just live it down;
'Tis the truth that cuts the sharpest—
Mind not falsehood—live it down.

Do you think the world grows colder,
When its venomed sting is flung?
Do they call your good all evil?
Has your heart with anguish wrung?
Never mind—rail not in answer;
Just be cheerful—live it down;
Dream not of revenge or hatred;
Let it pass—live it down.

Do not mourn, though toils environ,
Ne'er be angry—just be calm;
Though the storm comes in its fury,
Silence yields the richest balm.
Should the hot breath of foul slander
Burn with fagots—live it down;
Think of Christ, the blessed Savior,
So much slandered—live it down.

Think of those down through the ages,
Who likewise the name withstood,
They, by passing through the furnace,
Grew more powerful for good;
Therefore do not grope in anguish,
But be faithful—live it down;
One day in the coming future,
You'll be glad you lived it down.

—*Canadian Freeman.*

Prison Life.

In a late address, in Boston, by Rev. Phillips Brooks, on "The Nature and Purpose of Imprisonment," he said: "Sentiment, duty and safety. Never have these three combined in greater harmony and strength than in the wonderful regeneration of prison life which has marked the last hundred years. From the first journey of John Howard to the Act of 1877, which completed the unification and regulation of the whole prison system of England, was just a century. During that same period, the United States, with even greater enterprise and boldness and intelligence, has moved onward in the same direction. Sentiment and duty and safety have combined to work the great beneficent result.

The work is not complete. Do not our thoughts this morning indicate the direction in which alone it can obtain completeness? The man held in the grasp of the State which represents and expresses his humanity, that is the prisoner. Only by the advancement and improvement of that humanity, only by a more human and so a more humane spirit in the State, only a purer, nobler, more just, more generous, more Christian life everywhere, only by a better manhood to hold in its grasp the weak or wicked man, can this special improvement or any special improvement come about. In the hand which holds must be first the ripeness and the strength which it shall give them to the broken, enfeebled and demoralized nature which it holds. Therefore, all good influences are confederate with this, for which your Congress is assembled.

The State must be more full of sacredness before it can know the sacredness of man whom it imprisons and so accept its deep responsibility concerning him. The time will come, the time is coming, when the preciousness of every human soul shall be no longer a mere doctrine of the churches and the schools, but shall become the soul and shaping power of our softened and humanized institutions. Then shall our prisons become the true recreation and renewal places of character. Then shall what seemed dead in them be born anew. And, seeking the true man, the Christ, in every prisoner, the eyes of those who seek shall find it, and their hands shall help it forth into activity and light.

May the work of this association do much for the hastening of that day!

Yes, he loves you now, 'tis true,
Lass with eyes of violet blue,
Lips as sweet as honey-dew,
Bonny little bride!
Will he love you as to-day,
When your bloom has fled away,
When your golden locks are grey,—
Will his love abide?

Yes, if it is the true kind it will survive all the inevitable wastes and changes of life. But, it is every woman's desire and duty to retain, as long as she can, the attractions that made her charming and beloved in youth. No one can keep her youthful bloom or equable temper if weighed down and suffering from female weakness and disorders. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy for these troubles. Sold by druggists.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

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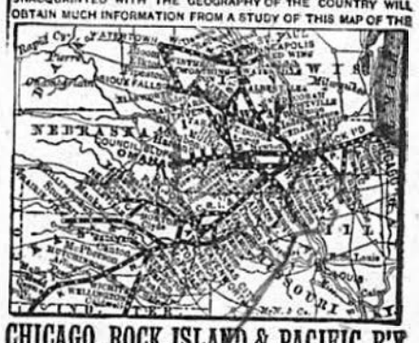
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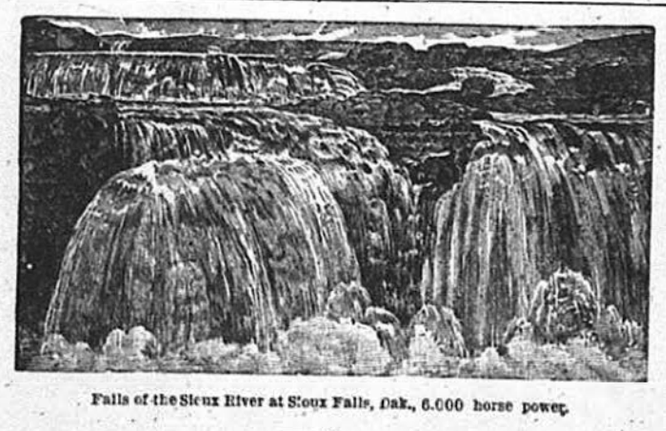
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(Continued from First Page.)

which none but a master could produce, and with infinite labor.

The peculiarity of the drawing was that there was nothing of what artists call "hand work" about it, the lights and shadows all interblending with a softness and evenness to be seen only in a photograph. It was not a photograph and not a pencil drawing, for the lead in a pencil always makes a shining mark which reflects against the light, and which this did not show, and it could not have been done with such softness by a crayon. The words above the head of Christ were written in large characters in red ink and began "In his presence."

WANTED, AN EXPLANATION.

"Now this picture," said Mr. Marsh, "was produced by Mme. Diss Debar when I first became acquainted with her, some two or three years ago, and when I was more skeptical than I am now. It was done in this way. I went out and bought a pad of yellow writing paper, such as lawyers use, gummed on one side and on the end, so that each sheet must be torn off cornerwise. I brought it to Mme. Diss Debar's parlor and, sitting down, held one end of it firmly in both hands, in this way." And then he took a pad from the table and held it in both hands so tightly that *The World* representative could not have pulled it away.

"The Madame," continued Mr. Marsh, "held the other end of the pad in the same way. In a few minutes we heard a faint sound of writing inside and then the Madame said it was done, the whole time being perhaps seven minutes. I took the pad to the light and there was nothing on its surface. She said to open it, and I did so, and down near the middle of the pad, under ten or twenty pages I found this picture on one of the pages of the pad, so it was utterly impossible that it could have been put there by human hands. I had to tear off the blank pages before I could reach the one with the picture on it. That is the way many other pictures have since been produced and nothing has been brought forward by anybody to show how they could have been made by human hands.

"There are," continued Mr. Marsh, "only two ways in which that could have been done by a trick—only two explanations. One is that the picture had been prepared beforehand on a similar pad and substituted by legerdemain for the one I was holding. In this case you will remember I went out and bought the first pad I came across, which might have been in any one of a thousand forms and kinds of paper, and went immediately with it to the house, so that if they had a pad of that kind there, which is hardly probable, they could not have put the picture on it in the short time before it came, there being at least a day's work in it. Then I am not such a fool that a person can take from my tightly closed hands one pad of paper and substitute another without my knowing it. The other explanation is that I was hypnotized or put into a mesmeric state, when a pad already prepared could be put in my hands without my knowing it. But there were half a dozen people in the room at the time, friends of mine, and they must have been hypnotized also, an impossibility for any one person to perform, and besides there is the question to overcome of putting the picture on the paper in a few minutes. Those are the only theories advanced to explain the phenomenon from a materialistic standpoint, and neither of them will hold water with me nor with any other man of common sense."

WHAT HE THINKS OF PROF. HERRMANN.

"What do you think of the picture-producing that was done by Prof. Herrmann and others to show how Mme. Diss Debar did the business?"

"I was at Prof. Herrmann's lecture on the subject, and I called on him twice and we went over the whole subject together," replied Mr. Marsh. "He is a very clever gentleman, but he cannot begin to approach Mme. Diss Debar in producing the pictures, nor offer any solution other than that they are the work of spirit hands. He took a glass of water and it went up in the air and disappeared, and then he took it out of my sleeve, and he grasped a friend of mine by the beard and took from it a roll of bills, and all that sort of business, but when it came to bringing pictures on blank canvas or in a pad of paper he could not do it in a way that could not be easily understood and explained, and he could not do it as Mme. Diss Debar did. So again during the trial they called an expert who said that then and there he was going to bring a picture as she brought pictures, and I sat in the witness chair and held a pad tightly as you saw me do a moment or two ago, and the expert said he could not do it if I held the paper that way. I laid the pad down on the table in disgust, and while my back was turned Mr. Townsend, the counsel for the defense, saw the expert write a word or two in it. This man Salomon, the brother of Mme. Diss Debar, met me on the street the other day and said: 'I know the man who painted those pictures, and I know who did the writing,' and when I asked him to explain how the trick or substitution was done which he alleged, he switched off on another branch of the subject, and I said, 'Yes, you are like all of them, you cannot explain it.'

"And thus it is," continued Mr. Marsh. "Nobody has come along in all this time who, when it comes right down to the merit of the case, can explain on any plausible theory the production of these pictures by other than supernatural agencies. The pictures simply come, that is all there is of it, and you can't tell how the devil they do come.

HOW ANOTHER PICTURE CAME.

"Then here is another picture," said Mr. Marsh, as he took from the mantelpiece a small painting in oil of the head of a woman, unfinished and roughly done, but with some artistic merit. On the bottom was written in lead-pencil the date and the names of the witnesses before whom the manifestation was performed, together with the letter "A." the picture being supposed to have come from Adelaide Neilson and being not unlike that famous actress.

"This," said Mr. Marsh, "was produced some two years ago through Mme. Diss Debar, and it simply appeared on that piece of board while I and others were looking at it, and there is an unfinished steamboat that came about the same time," pointing to a rough painting of a steamer in one color, such as those which children draw and which, unlike the others, possessed no redeeming artistic feature. Mr. Marsh laughed heartily when *The World* reporter told him the steamboat picture was a wretched production, unworthy of the spirits and said that fortunately the others were all better.

"I have one picture," said he, "a fine, large one, nearly as big as a window, which is a portrait of the man who built the Appian Way out of Rome over two thousand years ago and who was an ancestor of Appius Claudius and an ancestor of mine, as I am informed by the spirits. I invited a gentleman employed in one of the great art stores of New York, and who is an expert, to come and see it, and he pronounced it a work of art of a high order and noticed at once its resemblance to me. Strongbow was also a descendent of his and consequently an ancestor of mine, as was Charlemagne."

"Why didn't Mme. Diss Debar produce a picture in court and satisfy the skeptics?"

"Simply because," replied Mr. Marsh. "It could not have been done under those conditions. There must be no disturbing element when a picture is produced. Thus I lost a beautiful portrait of my mother which was coming on the canvas when somebody entered the room and it vanished, and you must remember that my mother lived before the time of photographs and daguerreotypes. In a court-room it would have been utterly impossible to make a picture come. The oil paintings did not appear at once, but came gradually, though quickly, and the people in the room could see them growing from the first faint outlines to perfection, and then it took a day or two for them to dry. Mme. Diss Debar was sitting in that corner one morning and said she saw a light on a blank canvas on the other side of the room, and I took it up to bring to her, and in passing before the mirror I looked in there and saw a complete picture on the canvas, which will show you how quickly they come, both sides of the canvas having been plain when I took it up and Madam sitting some feet away. There were some thirty or forty pictures promised to me that I cannot get, now that Mme. Diss Debar is gone."

WHAT HE THINKS OF MME. DISS DEBAR.

"Will you see her when she is released from prison?"

"No, I will have nothing more to do with Mme. Diss Debar," replied Mr. Marsh, "as my eyes have been opened to her character. I believe her to be a thoroughly bad woman, though a wonderful medium, all the same. She has deceived me in many ways. I believed all she told me for a long time, and I will tell you a good joke on me where a conviction of mine was knocked sky high by the trial. When I first met her and believed her story that she was the daughter of Lola Montez, I told her one day that the little girl she had with her, and who was introduced as her daughter, bore a striking likeness to a picture I had seen of Lola Montez. HUG

"All along I believed in the Princess story, until at the trial it was shown that this girl was not her child at all, but the daughter of some drunkard here about the City Hall whom she had adopted. Likewise I believed that Gen. Diss Debar was her husband until I found at the trial that he was not."

"While the Madame was in this house she always conducted herself in an upright, moral manner, and I do not believe the stories that have been printed about her immoral nature. I know she tells lies, and there is nothing I hate more than that. She has, as I say, deceived me basely, and I will have nothing more to do with her. At the same time she is a wonderful medium—the greatest medium in the world—and bad as she has been, I have still the utmost confidence in the pictures and in Spiritualism and in her powers as a medium.

HE WOULD HAVE DEFENDED HER.

"If it had not been for the way my eyes were opened as to her character," continued Mr. Marsh, "I would have taken an active part in defending her at the trial, and you may be assured that I would have got her off. As it was, I simply maintained a neutral attitude, and in all my testimony and utterances I have confined myself to her merits as a medium and never said anything against her character. If she had not deceived me as she did and if I had had perfect confidence in her in everything else than Spiritualism, I would have stood by her through thick and thin and appeared actively in her defense. Gen. Diss Debar always acted in an upright and honorable way in everything, and I know of nothing against him save his association with her. He never had any paints or canvas in this house and was not an artist at all, though he was an engineer and could draw a little."

Mr. Marsh then spoke of the advances the cause of Spiritualism was making from the first discoveries, only a few years ago, of the rappings on the tables, and said that it was gaining ground rapidly and "permeating all the churches." He was sorry that there had been so much fraud and humbug about the business, as, but for that, it would have made greater strides. He then said that he would continue his researches, and was even now in communication with the spirits.

A MESSAGE CAME LAST WEEK.

"Have you received any messages from the spirits since Mme. Diss Debar left?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Marsh, "I am receiving great sympathy and encouragement from the spirits. Here is a long letter I received from Henry Ward Beecher only a day or two ago through Mrs. Sawyer, who is a wonderful medium, and can produce pictures in a slight degree, as can Mr. Duguid, of Scotland, and one or two others living."

Mr. Marsh then showed the reporter a long type-written communication signed "H. W. Beecher," which had come from the spirits through Mrs. Sawyer just as it was. It covered three or four closely written pages and said that Mr. Marsh was going to be a great leader and discoverer in the spiritualistic world in connection with some great medium whom he was going to meet, and that after death he should pass to the spirit land and associate with all the great men who had ever lived. This epistle was couched in a peculiar, spiritualistic, semi-biblical style and was well composed. Mr. Marsh said it was the first type-written message he had ever received from the spirits and that they had generally communicated with him in pen or pencil writing, which was something backward and had to be turned to a looking glass to be made out.

"My wife," said Mr. Marsh, "was a believer at a time when I paid little attention to Spiritualism. She wrote out with great rapidity long messages inspired by the spirits, covering fifty or sixty pages at a time, and these she used to hand to me. I had little time to spare then, being in active practice, and put them away in a drawer. That was some twenty years ago, and I have recently taken up these spirit communications and read them and find therein many singular prophetic uttrances that have since come true. It was pointed out in these messages that I would ultimately become a believer and do a great deal for the cause of Spiritualism. I have had all of these letters of my wife nicely type-written and bound; and here they are."

Mr. Marsh then showed *The World* reporter one of the original messages written by his wife over twenty years ago, which covered many closely written pages of foolscap paper. The type-written copies were bound in six volumes and embraced about one hundred and fifty pages, some of which he read to *The World* reporter and which were well-written in a dignified Biblical style.

HIS PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

Mr. Marsh then spoke of his plans for the future, and although he lays down his work as a public officer and has retired from active practice at the bar, he is not going to lead an idle life at the beautiful farm to which he will go early this week, having sold his house, No. 156 Madison avenue, and shipped all his household goods to his new home. The farm includes some one hundred and fifty acres, and, with its improvements, has cost Mr. Marsh about $75,000. He bought it twelve years ago for the only people who have even a sentimental claim upon him, three sons of his wife's sister, named Dean, and who are all married and living there.

It is two or three miles from the village of Brocton, Chautauqua County, two hours' ride from Buffalo, and one mile from Lake Erie, of which it commands a magnificent view. Mr. Marsh is building a fine new house there, which he expects to move into this summer.

He said yesterday: "I will spend my time studying and reading and perfecting myself in a knowledge of Spiritualism, and in driving around the country visiting the many friends I have there. There are eighty acres of the farm planted in grapes, and I will have a good time among the grapevines when the fruit is ripe. I don't expect to come to New York again, except once next September on some official business, and am contemplating a trip to Europe in the winter. I have never been in Europe and think I would enjoy a stay in London, where I have many friends. I will keep up my investigations and researches in the spirit world all the time and hope to be able to advance the cause."

Mediumship, and Its Development.

One of the questions frequently put to those who have some experience in the ins and outs of Spiritualism is in some form or other such as this:—Is it wise to seek to develop physical mediumship, and especially in the young? And then come others:—How can I best develop the mediumship, the germs of which I know to be latent in me? How can I cultivate the gift of automatic or passive writing? What must I do to stimulate the clairvoyant sense? And then again others of another group:—How can I be sure that I am in communication with what is pure and good in the world of spirit? How am I to account for the fact that, while my aspirations are pure, I am apparently surrounded by deceiving spirits, or at least that the evil is so mingled with the good that I cannot separate them? Why am I deceived by an intelligence which is certainly not merely foolish but designedly mis-leading? Why am I the sport of a series of Puck-like jokes?

Anyone who has had much experience of practical Spiritualism will recognize these questions as, in one form or other, repeatedly recurring. There are some, no doubt, who, having been so fortunate, in the early days of their experience, as to form relations with an intelligence at once good, wise and powerful, are outside of the pale of risk. But these are not so much the seekers as the sought. They have possibly not set themselves at all to search out the hidden mysteries, but the powers that govern these occult realms have, for purposes of their own, sought out these persons, discerning in them gifts which they could profitably utilize. The most convincing evidence of the varied truths of Spiritualism comes from such sources; the most striking evidence of the set purpose with which the world of spirit impinges on this world of ours.

But outside of these favored few are many in whom the desire stirs for communion with the unseen world. The very fact that such a desire exists foreshadows the probability that it is designedly implanted, and will be gratified if due regard is had to the methods by which the latent gift is developed. These may fitly seek for the best information as to what to do and how to do it.

Another class, the merely curious, may be unreservedly advised to pause before they play with fire. If any one desires only to gratify a morbid curiosity, will take no pains in himself to subdue the flesh to the spirit before he penetrates the realm where spirit is all potent, will treat the matter as an after-dinner game, playing his pranks, or even seeking nothing more than some tricks of psychical conjuring, then assuredly he will not, in the best result, benefit himself, and runs grievous danger, if he be sensitively organized, of attracting to himself some being in harmony with his own mental state who may "enter in and dwell there" to his abundant torment. It has been a curse to Spiritualism that so much of what has been made known of its phenomena has been derived from a source which wisdom must condemn. It is not safe, on grounds of mere prudence, to trifle with dark séances, or to yield an unreserved welcome to the beginnings that too often haunt them. They will not benefit those who come into relations with them. Not infrequently they obsess the careless sensitive, and are responsible for what ignorance mistakes for insanity. We are as far as possible from giving any countenance to the foolish opinion for which Dr. Hammond in America and Dr. Lyttleton Winslow in England are responsible, viz., that the pursuit of Spiritualism, in some of its phases, has filled our lunatic asylums. That falsehood has been abundantly disproved, notably by Dr. Crowell. But the abuse of Spiritualism, as of Hypnotism, is very dangerous.

Assuming, then, that the inquirer has some proper sense of the end in view, some regard for self-culture and the development of latent gifts, we are disposed to say that these may fairly be cultivated with the best results. The developing circle, unless the incipient medium knows its constituent elements, is to be avoided. It is better to develop the gift, some trace of which has been manifest, by patient efforts alone, or in company with some chosen friends; who are willing to devote time to the endeavor. If mediumship takes the form of clairvoyance, or automatic writing, or clairaudience, this may be done alone. If, on the other hand, the psychical gift depends on the conjunction of two persons, as was the case with Mr. Oliphant and his late wife, their regular sittings, preferably in the early morning or late evening should be commenced and continued till results are obtained. These may be such as are desired; in that case the sittings should be continued as directed by the invisible beings who communicate. They will know best how to proceed, and the judgment of the sitters must be exercised as to the character of those with whom they have entered into relations. Probably the addition of some chosen friends to the circle may be needed. The sittings should always be regular and short. In no case should a séance be continued after the word has been given to cease. It is then that harm is done by the intervention of other spirits, who are often deceptive, and who use the "power" that they find ready to their hands. On the other hand, the results from the first may be unpleasant; manifestations frivolous or noisy; communications false or foolish. In such a case the inquirer should patiently try to open relations with some more desirable source of information. Failing this, and the frivolous or lying messages continuing, the circle should be broken up and a fresh one constituted.

It is, perhaps, not unnecessary to add that the mental attitude of the sitters should be one as perfect passivity as possible; that the aspirations should be such as befit a serious and solemn act; and that any attempts to evoke any particular spirit should be discountenanced. We do not, by this advice, mean to say that there should be no desire for the presence of a particular friend; we allude only to that ceremonial evocation which belongs to the domain of black magic. —*Light, London.*

NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The camp meeting at this place is progressing favorably, the attendance being fully up to that of past years. Miss M. T. Shelhamer, A. A. Wheelock, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, and B. A. Beals have been the speakers during the past two weeks, each one doing good and effective work. The Sunday audiences have been large, composed of attentive listeners to the spiritual thoughts placed before them. The congregational singing under the leadership of C. W. Sullivan, Prof. Crane at the Organ, has been the leaven to serve as the harmonizer, assisting in rendering the platform work of the meetings effective. Edgar W. Emerson has been doing excellent work as a platform test medium; his descriptions are clear and names and incidents perfect.

The Middleboro Cornet Band, Carter, leader, are furnishing some of the finest of music. The Sunday concerts in the Temple are highly appreciated, especially by the holders of railroad tickets to Onset Bay station, as that ticket is a free passport to the concert.

The camp meetings will be supplemented at Onset this season and continue through August, thus giving the western friends an opportunity to remain at the sea shore until the first of September, or until the hot season is past, and enjoy the pleasures of camp and shore life.

J. M. Young, clerk of the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting Association made a professional visit to Onset on Friday, the 27th ult. The trip was crowned with success, the gentleman securing the services of one of our best medium workers to accompany him on return.

Wm. C. Tallman of Boston, Mrs. C. E. Gilbert of Washington, D. C., the efficient laborer in the temperance movement, Mrs. Thomas Gales Forster, Miss Louise Libbey, Miss Laura Sibley of St. Louis, Mo., John T. Sibley, M. D., wife and three children, of St. Louis, Mo., and Mrs. Samantha Richardson of Haverhill, Mass., are here.

The Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday in the Temple; under the charge of Conductor D. N. Ford is a corps of efficient officers.

Onset, Mass. W. W. CURRIER.

Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

To Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

One of our old and prominent Spiritualists, who has been interested in Lake Pleasant for years, has purchased for Mrs. Cushman, the infirm musical medium, of Charlestown, Mass., a cottage and lot on Broadway, opposite the hotel, the cottage used last summer for the post office. Mrs. Cushman has been one of our most faithful and honest mediums, whom every one now congratulates on having a permanent home here. The Association is intending to immediately open Lyman Street through and over to what is called the new grounds, and a bridge will be built across the ravine at this point. Mrs. Cushman having used for years the little cottage right at the foot of Lyman Street, where the opening must be made, it became necessary to provide for her. She was much exercised over the prospect of having to give up her old quarters, and did not know what to do or where to turn for means to secure for herself a home, when this kind-hearted gentleman came forward and purchased for her the place. She was so much surprised and astonished that she scarcely knew what she was about yesterday. May the good angels bless both giver and receiver.

The camp is rapidly increasing in numbers, and bids fair to be a most successful season; all are having a delightful harmonious time.

The hammer and saw of carpenters are heard on all sides, hurrying forward improvements; it is said thirty new cottages and houses are under process of finishing.

Aug. 2nd, 1888. PHEBE C. HULL.

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DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLIV. CHICAGO, AUGUST 18, 1888. No. 26

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER VII.

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

I cannot tell how long it was after this, but probably not long, that Margaret came and said a new lesson was prepared for me if I was ready to receive it. Thirsting for knowledge, I eagerly assented. A mortal was just crossing to the hither side of the River of Death, and it should be my privilege to be one of those who should welcome her, and give her the first instructions concerning the spirit land. It was a task which I longed, yet dreaded to accept. I thought it must be rarely sweet to help dispel the terrors with which most mortals, trained in an erroneous theology, are sometimes beset upon their first entrance into the life unknown. But I myself felt so ignorant, so inadequate to what seemed required of me, Margaret reassured me, and told me the needs of the moment would suggest what I should say and do. Moreover I was not to go alone. Others would accompany me, and a large band of spirits would wait to welcome the pilgrim as she reached the spirit sphere.

I had but one companion, a man apparently in the prime of life, whose countenance bore the traces of a noble nature. We found the dead—the newly born—still in the deep unconsciousness which in the case of many accompanies the passage of one life to the other. She was a woman well advanced in years, but even in the sleep of death, with all the traces of the cares and sorrows and the sins of life, (for who are there without sin?) and in spite of the gray hair and furrowed cheek and brow, there was a look of divine peace upon her face—a look which seemed so habitual that it had softened the lines and wrinkles, and rested in the curve of the lips.

"Surely this was a saint upon earth!" I exclaimed reverently as we stood beside her.

"You speak truly," was my companion's response; and as I glanced at him when he uttered these words, I detected a resemblance between the two, therefore I was not surprised when, bending over the sleeping form, he uttered the word, "Mother!"

The sleeper opened her eyes, and a joyful light shone in them as they fell upon her son. She stretched out her arms exclaiming, "At last! at last!"

I turned aside and left mother and son to this their first interview, after having been severed, and then united, by death. Then when they needed me I returned, and by kind words and necessary explanations sought to make the woman understand that she was at last really free from the earthly bondage. Then we half led, half bore her away from earth, and as we approached the spirit land, lo! a great throng came out to meet us, and gathering around, they welcomed her with terms of love and gratitude, as one would welcome a friend and savior. Each had some story to tell of a kindness done, of a word spoken in season, of sympathy accorded when most needed, of faults gently reproved—in brief, of work which an angel might do and be proud of, but which had been done by a weak, an erring woman (for are we not all weak and erring in the earth-life?).

I felt my heart go out in a sudden gush of affection towards this woman, and I fancied that one of the greatest privileges the Spirit-world could bestow would be to give me her sincere friendship. She seemed one among a thousand, and instead of teaching her I might learn from her.

"You shall not lose sight of her," said Margaret, to whom I expressed this wish. "But I have something to tell you regarding her. If these very ones who have so eagerly welcomed her here to-day, and who have so gratefully acknowledged the benefits she has conferred upon them, had, while still in their mortal existence, known her true history, they would have turned from her as from a woman accursed."

"Would they have been just in so doing?" I asked in wonder.

"Oh, earthly vision is one thing, and spiritual vision is another. Does her face bear the stamp of the blessing or the curse of heaven?"

"Its blessing, assuredly."

"Then let not what I have told you lead you to prejudge and misjudge. Wait until you know her full history, which shall presently be revealed to you, and then we shall be able to measure your spiritual progress by the judgment which you accord this woman. Meantime there is one place within your reach which you have not visited. Will you do so now?"

The direction that we took I remember not, nor the time occupied in reaching our destination. The air grew chilly, and the sky took a steely blue. The light was dazzling, and the scene one of rare beauty, but so cold, oh, so cold! I shivered as the breath of winter fell upon me. I then recalled what Mary, the ministering angel, had said about the domain of winter. In the distance snow-crowned mountains gleamed and glittered in the sunlight, and giant icebergs, carved in a thousand beautiful and fantastic shapes, reflected all the colors of the prism. Rivers of ice wound their way through the landscape, dazzling in the light, but currentless. The trees were cased in crystals, reflecting the light from a thousand points, while the flowers and shrubbery were seemingly of congealed vapor, as fantastically beautiful as the frost-tracery upon earthly windows. Silver and crystal everywhere—pearls and diamonds; but no warmth of color, no warmth of light—beautiful and cold. The very houses were ice palaces or ice cottages, more radiant than marble.

I saw many people who seemed for the most part perfectly content with their climate, as though they had never wished for or perhaps known any other. Only I noticed that now and then one shivered slightly, as if unconsciously.

A strange object met my view here. As strange as was everything about me, this object, being found anywhere in the spirit-world, seemed out of place. It was a man who wore only the scantiest of rags, and carried upon his back a sort of sack. He was seeking here and there for rubbish of any and every sort, which, when found, he gathered up and put in his bag with an eagerness that amounted almost to greed. He shivered continually, and now and then muttered to himself: "I am so cold! Will I never be warm again?" When he met a passer-by he held out his hand as if asking alms.

"Are there then beggars and tramps in the Spirit-world?"

"Yes, many," was the reply of my companion. "They are found principally in this and the lower spheres, though they occasionally wander even into higher ones. They belong nowhere, as they have no home. You are astonished and want an explanation. Well, I will tell you what this man was, which will account for what he is:

"In earth-life there was once a merchant prince whose name was a power in the financial world. Rising from poverty and obscurity, he reached the topmost round of the financial ladder. He was strictly honest as the world counts honesty. He told no business lies. He met all his obligations promptly and fully. But he was selfish to his heart's core. He oppressed the poor. He paid his employes the lowest wages for which he could get men and women to work, and when old age overtook them, he turned them off to linger on and finally to die in destitution, and put younger ones in their places. If he ever gave to charity, he did it blowing a trumpet before him, so that he might reap a sevenfold advantage in his business. There was not one man or woman in all the world, outside his own family, who could say that they had ever known him to speak a genuinely kind word or do an unselfish act. In his veins seemed to flow ice instead of blood. At last he passed away, and not one human being was the better for his having lived, save those who inherited his money. He had heaped up wealth on earth, but he could not take a penny of it with him; and, though he belonged to an aristocratic and exclusive church, he had utterly neglected to lay up treasures in heaven. He had not even builded himself a house. Therefore you behold him homeless, friendless, destitute, begging of those whom he once oppressed. It is the old story of Dives and Lazarus revised. True to the instinct of greed which governed him on earth, he must accumulate something, and as his accumulations there were utterly worthless when gauged by the standard of eternity, so he goes on gathering worthless rubbish."

This story gave me much to think about; but I put it aside for the present, in the more absorbing interest which the scene awakens.

"But what strange place is this," I asked, "where winter seems to reign perpetually?"

"This," Margaret responded, "is the realm of pure intellect and of self. Truth sheds its light here, but the beams of love which lighten and vivify the sphere from which we came, never descend, never melt the perpetual ice and snow of this fairy-like scene; never warm human hearts. Here those who lived purely intellectual lives find their congenial home—men who were given up wholly to scientific and business pursuits, and never cultivated the affections; men who were honest and upright from pride or instinct; but who never knew the meaning of the word charity; men who sought to be just but not merciful; men who were never stirred by kindly or affectionate impulses toward their own sex, and who knew not the higher meaning of the word love in their association with each other. Here some of the so-called wisest men and the brightest geniuses of earth have found themselves upon their first entrance to the Spirit-world. But as truth may and does enter here, it furnishes an open door through which they may pass, if they will, to the warmer spheres beyond."

It was a very curious scene to me. I watched its inhabitants one after another as they were busy at their work, for they, too, were all busy. Margaret at last directed my attention towards one man, and told me to study him well. I did so, and this was the story that was gradually revealed to my intelligence:

I seemed to see a young boy possessing a warring nature, irreconcilable with itself, growing up in poverty and obscurity, and compelled to fight the battle of life against heavy odds. He was a strange boy, not silent but uncommunicative, and nobody understood him; and as he grew up and peculiar inherited traits developed themselves, he became a strange man, and people understood him still less,—though few ever realized the fact.

Surrounded in all the years from early youth up to the prime of manhood by adverse circumstances of diverse character, beset by temptations to which he yielded, and giving way to weaknesses of a character which seemed to continually clog his progress there was some subtile power which guided and protected him, and which, while he constantly struggled with the circumstances of his life and his own inherent weaknesses,—and almost as constantly failed, and thus seemed to be continually descending,—yet constantly urged him upward and onward in a moral and intellectual progress which he himself comprehended quite as little as any one else. Yet this progress seemed almost wholly objective, and only stamped the outside of his nature, not entering into it deeply. By all precedents, given his character, pre-natal antecedents, and the surroundings of his life, with its temptations, and its absence of opportunities for development in right directions, he should have descended until he found his level with the ignorant and the degraded.

But his subjective development was purely intellectual. He seemed a man almost without moral perceptions when judged inwardly, though his outward character had won the respect of all. He was a sort of faun, if we may imagine that the progress of intelligence and civilization for two thousand years should destroy in that mythical creature something of its old simple spontaneity, and put intellect in its place, while he still retained his close sympathy and association with nature. In the truest meaning of the term he was a selfish man. That is, as a philosopher, his views of life were centred in self. He believed that self was all that existence held for any one. Springing out of this selfish philosophy were terrible consequences to others. Outwardly cold in his demeanor, and passing in the estimation of his acquaintances as incapable of emotion, at times there surged through his being tidal waves of passion which swept him off his feet, and when they receded, left on each occasion a fresh victim wrecked and stranded on the beach. I will do him the justice to say that he struggled against these almost periodical tides—struggled as few men ever struggle; but they seemed as resistless as the ocean tides, and at last he came to regard resistance as useless, and saying "it is fate," yielded himself up to them. When they had passed, humiliated, he would flee from the society of men, and especially from that of women, leading the life of a recluse, no one but himself knowing the thoughts and feelings of his heart. For his victims he felt a sort of tender, romantic pity,—nothing more; and as time wore on and took them further and further away from his presence, all the pain of the pity died out, and the remembrance came to be pleasurable. It was impossible that his feelings should reach out so far from self as to enter into their shame, their agony, their remorse, possibly their degradation.

He had won himself a name before the world, for he was gifted with a marvellous imagination. Whether in describing scenes, narrating events or depicting passion, he displayed the master hand, and men read and admired; women read and worshiped. The love of such a man was something to be sought, and to be proud of when attained. Therefore unusual temptations beset him—temptations from which he fled in his wiser moments, to which he succumbed in his weaker ones.

At last, when he had reached middle life, he met a woman toward whom he was for some reason attracted. She was no longer in the flush of youth, and her beauty had faded. To her innocent woman's nature, totally ignorant of his character, this man's friendship seemed something to be prized. It was the old story of Francesco de Rimini and Polo. They read together some tale of wild and passionate romance, until at last "their lips all trembling kissed."

"The book and writer both were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day they read no more."

And now the scene changed, and I seemed to see the woman's story, and it was this:

Marrying early and unfortunately, she had suffered untold agonies in her married life. Though she was a mother, and her maternal instincts had been stirred to their depths, she knew nothing of that conjugal devotion which recognizes maternity as its highest manifestation. Her life had been barren and cold, and when the heel of this man's passion came suddenly upon her, it took her unawares, and with all the innocence of an undeveloped nature she did not at first understand it. When at length its meaning dawned upon her, she realized at the same time that he had become very dear to her. But she did not yield without a struggle. She passed sleepless nights and fasting days You will say that there ought to have been no doubt, no hesitation in her mind—that the way of right doing was very clear. But you know not, no, not one of you, what your own conduct might be under like circumstances, a like trial. It is possible you might yield without a struggle.

As suddenly as he had come to her, did her lover desert her. The gust of passion was past, and he had never known the spiritual phase of love. When he came to himself, he felt the old humiliation at his weakness, the old remorse, not for the sin, but that he had not better mastered himself; and penning her a brief note, in which he expressed this humiliation and remorse, and telling her his only safety was in flight, he bad her farewell forever. She was stunned. The blow was so sudden and so severe, it seemed more than she could bear. But when the first poignancy had passed, its effect was to cause her to idolize her lover still more than she had done in the past. He had surely loved her, but had sacrificed that love to his sense of right and duty. Was he not to be revered? And thus she told herself that she ought to feel glad that he had sacrificed her and retrieved his sin. Coming to a consciousness of her great error, and humbled in spirit, she resolved that her whole future life should become an atonement, and thus that became to her a sacrament which was to him a sin. She had wandered unwittingly from the beaten path, and retracing her steps, she went on to the end of her life-journey, finding herself, through her very mistake, stronger and wiser, and better prepared to help others. Thus she secretly wore the scarlet Lethe within her soul, but it became to her, as it was to Hester Prynne, the badge of her higher mission, the reminder of her duty to others, the the talisman of spiritual vision and heaven's peace entered her heart, and wrote itself upon her features, so that it was still traced upon her soul after it had quitted the body, as I myself had witnessed. Oh! my dear friends, there are many modern Saint Mary Magdalenes, of whom the world has no knowledge!

Now this was my saint, whose very garments I had in my ignorance felt like touching reverently! Where was I? What was I to think? I seemed to be losing all my old bearings.

"Well, what is your judgment?" at last Margaret asked.

"I know not," I replied. "I need your help."

"Then answer me: Was this woman blessed or cursed by this unlawful love?"

"Surely she seemed to be blessed," was my hesitating reply.

"Were others blessed or cursed because of it through her?"

"Undoubtedly they were blessed, for did I not see the almost innumerable multitude who came to welcome her, and who bore testimony to her good deeds?"

"I draw no conclusions for you," returned Margaret; "You must draw them for yourself. But when will mortals realize their own short-sightedness, and learn to suspend their judgment concerning the conduct of others! They cannot look into one another's souls and perceive actuating motives; and in judging superficially they often judge unjustly. They do not realize that sometimes our very sins may become stepping stones to a higher spiritual life and bring us nearer heaven."

"But did this woman never learn the real cause of her lover's desertion?"

"No; she has idealized him until this day, and even now she is hoping the hope she has cherished for years of meeting and being united with him in this world where it will be no sin. He came to the Spirit-world years ago. His fierce passions and his mental struggles burnt out his life, and he died prematurely. This woman was his last victim, and he, who never knew what real love is, nor believed in it, but who lived a purely intellectual life, save when scorched by a brief simoon of passion, has found his home in this winter land, where he must remain until the last of his victims has progressed out of the degradation for which he is responsible. See, he shivers. Some of the inhabitants are impervious to cold, but he is not. During all the years since his death he has not been permitted to gain a trace of this woman, and he knows not whether the consequences of his action upon her life have been evil or otherwise. He is dreading the results to himself for he has not yet learned to think of her—of others. Nor has he yet been willing to hasten the day of his deliverance by descending to the darker spheres and helping to lead out those whom his own weaknesses and sins have helped to degrade."

"But why is it that he himself is not condemned to those darker spheres, like that wretch whom I saw in the Valley of the Shadow of Death?"

"Because there are extenuating circumstances. Because, in fact he has fought the battle of life against heavy odds; and though he continually failed in many ways, his failures count for him more than many another man's successes, because he struggled more than most. His sentence is to wait loveless and alone until the consequences of his past errors are undone, and he has learned the existence, and come to feel the need of that love which is as far above that passion by which he blasted so many lives, as the higher spheres are above the spheres of darkness and terror, and of oblivion. In brief, he must learn to forget self in the thought of other selves, before he will be free from the fetters of ice which now enchain his soul."

"But the woman who loves him—who has loved him so faithfully all these years, and who looks forward to meeting with him—will not the disappointment crush her?"

"It might if it came upon her too suddenly. But the knowledge will not come as a disappointment when she is properly prepared to receive it. Their souls are not mates, and she will presently realize that fact, and will be reconciled."

In my eagerness to fully master the subject which had been presented to my mind by the experiences just narrated, I talked with others who were endowed with greater wisdom than I, and the following is the substance of what they said to me:

In most other matters which concern human welfare, whether political, social or religious, the world has seen many changes. Human thought has been revolutionized many times. Old orders of things have been overturned and annihilated, in spite of the croakings of that large class of conservatives which has existed in all ages, and which always turns its eyes admiringly towards the past, deplores the present, and predicts evil for the future. Chaos has sometimes seemed to result, yet in the end each succeeding condition has shown itself an improvement upon its predecessor. But in the relations of the sexes there has been little inherent change. The forms and ceremonies of marriage have varied with different nations and different races; sometimes a wife was stolen, sometimes purchased, sometimes assumed the relation by her own free consent. But the idea of wifehood in the mind of the husband of today is substantially the same as that in the comprehension of the tent dwellers who first rudely organized society; that is, that a wife is something which a husband owns or possesses. More than that, the idea of the conjugal union,—conceived when man was wholly on a material plane, and knew nothing whatever of his spiritual nature, and founded on the fiercest instinct of humanity, and the most debasing when it is not held in check by reason, and modified by spiritual development,—is still entertained by the multitude. Still further, the world does not yet comprehend that it is love, not law, that creates true marriage. Law recognizes it but does not and can not make it. It is right that it should be recognized and regulated by law for the good of society, the preservation of homes, the protection of wives, and the maintenance of the rights of children. Love without marriage is to be condemned for many reasons, but marriage without love is equally accursed.

To those whose hearts are pure, love, even under the most unfortunate circumstances, may become a blessing and a sacrament; they will cast off the evil and retain only the good; but to those in whose hearts impurity dwells, though ten thousand priests should solemnize the bonds, and ten thousand legal documents ratify them, marriage can bring only sin and degradation.

If there is a paradise on earth, it is a home where husband and wife truly love each other, and seek through their marriage a development of their spiritual natures, nor are such marriages impossible, or even infrequent. Happy homes are the bulwarks of a nation's prosperity.

Men and women can not belong to one another, save as they have freely bestowed and freely received their mutual affections. No man or woman can stand between wife or husband and heaven, acting as mediator or mentor. Each must be responsible directly to God and his or her own conscience; and as a broader knowledge concerning humanity will lead us to dictate less to others what they shall do, and judge more rarely what they have done, so the same knowledge will recognize the need of greater freedom for husbands and wives; greater confidence and less unworthy suspicion; and as a sure result, a greater sense of personal responsibility on the part of each.

There is much more I wish I might say to you on this subject, but I have already sermonized too long, and it may be I have already said too much, for so few of you have ever dared think upon this subject, the most important to humanity, that it may be possible you have entirely misapprehended me. A majority of you entertain the same horror of free thought and fearless investigation in regard to social matters, that before the advent of modern Spiritualism was entertained toward the same liberality of thought and investigation in regard to theology. But I lived upon earth long enough to see the terrible prejudice

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer's Experiences with her Daughter in Spirit-Life.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In compliance with your request, I send you a few extracts from my daily communings with my daughter who passed to the rarer atmosphere on the morning of the 27th of September, 1887. If any tribute of my gleanings from the harvest-fields of eternal life can soothe and cheer one tearful, yearning lingerer at the mystic gates through which their best beloved have passed into the Silence, most willingly do I offer it. For many years, with tongue and pen have I sought to bring not only philosophical and scientific, but personal affirmations in reply to the ever recurring question of humanity, "If a man die shall he live again?" Nor do I expect that I shall discontinue this most useful and, to me, congenial labor, even when I shall have laid aside my external form; but in this special offering to the readers of the JOURNAL, I wish to dispense with the primary and rudimental exercises of our school as far as tests of the truth of what I affirm may be involved, and allow myself for once the very pleasant privilege of addressing them as fellow graduates, not initiates of the alphabetical classes in the grand educational organization of universal nature. Were my daughter still in the flesh, travelling in Europe, and I desired to inform my friends and hers of her tourist experiences, I should not so reflect upon their intelligence and acquirements as to endeavor to prove to them that there was a direct through-line of steamers connecting the American and European continents, or that through a current of lightning playing deep down under the sea, she and I could at any time discuss the most important or most common-place events of our daily life from the opposite sides of a planet.

The little child at my knee might naturally ask, "How do you know Genie is in Europe?" and it would surely be very becoming my head and heart to explain in the most simple and direct manner the means and methods of Trans-Atlantic travel. With the boundless sudjectiveness and objectiveness of the universe, pealing like the eternal thunders of the deep into my ears this truth, "Thou livest forever!" I shrink more and more from the repetitions of rudimental evidences of our immortal existence. So self-evident has it become to my understanding, that there is none other than immortal existence, the mental effort to give logical demonstration of it seems almost like a trifling with, if not a mockery of, truth as far as my mental associations with the intelligent men and women of the 19th century are concerned. I by no means underestimate the value of the common schools. On the contrary my appreciation of the need of a still broader and more thorough system of education is constantly intensifying. I think at this time of earth's development we are comparatively in greater need of education than of learning, however. The mental garners of our humanity are becoming overcrowded with harvests of knowledge, not applied or wrought to the service of wisdom. So intense and overstimulated has become the zeal or desire to accumulate, that such possessions of knowledge as they have, from being somewhat prematurely harvested, over-packed in the garners, and too long kept from the free action upon them of pure inspirational atmosphere, have become so malarial in their effects upon the brains of their possessors as to prompt them to the insane desire to put the breaks of dogma upon the wheels of evolution, reverse the action of the grand engine, Mind, and to apply its immortal motive power, aspiration for the highest truth and wisdom, to the work of speeding humanity down grade to that mental state in which they can accept the theory of the fall of man from the the infinite grace of original sin through the disobedient act of eating an apple, or of the equally delirious theory of man having once upon a time been only an apple himself.

I think the grand universal school of object teaching, by which man can be daily taught that the most common life is a yet untranslated poem or song of eternal harmony that lies all around him, awaiting his awakening to the joyous, proud consciousness of his divine right of pupilship therein to its countless voiceful and voiceless teachers, is that for which the modern Spiritualist should, of all living on earth show a most practical appreciation. Surely the prevailing idea among those who claim to be Spiritualists, that the putting aside of a few pounds of flesh at once transforms an unenlightened, undisciplined soul into an angel of light, capable of being our guardian and teacher, is but little, if at all, more rational than the theories of earth's elder children which they so emphatically condemn. These were my daughter's views before she left the flesh, and with me she realized our great requirement for a more practical appreciation of the great privileges of daily communion with those who, having awakened to the realities of existence through their rarer opportunitiess of super-mortal light, can far better aid us in finding ourselves. She often congratulated me and herself, that neither of us in putting off the flesh would have to delay the re-establishment of conscious communion with each other from a necessity of hunting for proofs, either of our immortality or our identity, since no tempests and cyclones of temporal life had ever had the effect of disorganizing the persistent *I*, and the bond of love's attraction between us having only grown the stronger under the strain of the pressure of the tides and under-tows of earth's outer convulsions. "I do not fear," she often said, "that it will part in twain under the mirror bosom of the calm sunlit seas of immortal peace." She was a medium of remarkable character in the production of both occult phenomena and her adaptation to poetical, artistic and philosophical inspiration. In "Art Magic" I read of no more wonderful manifestations of the relations of spirit and matter than were at times given through her. Those demonstrations were of that delicate and rare character that rendered them wholly unfitted for the conditions of public circles or séances; therefore we never introduced the subject of her peculiar mediumship to our associates generally, and as we were persuaded that she could follow the development of those powers further without peril to her physical life, we wholly discontinued our investigations in that direction, and turned our minds to the study and application to the demands of our daily life of the beautiful philosophy and the knowledge of the science of communion of worlds.

Our relations by her recent birth have only been interrupted in so far as they pertain to ponderable matter. The habits of sense-life, cherished and cultivated to the utmost during many years, can not be overcome soon even by the most faithful ministry of the head to the heart. But we were not left for an hour to wander in the chaotic mind-realms of faith and unfaith, hope and despair, assurance and denial. We had known and still know. Above the sighing and the moaning of the waves and billows of the convulsed sea of human emotion arose to the ear of my soul the sweet assuring voice of my darling, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life; I, the unbeginning, unending. I hold within my own being the power to redeem myself, eternal spirit, from all relation to matter, that the laws of self-perpetuating being involve. The universe is my form and the system of its infinite government my Sovereign, to whose necessity of self-existence the indestructible factor, the personal conscious I, must remain tributary and loyal forevermore as in the eternal past.

"In leaving my outer form I did not go away from earth, or from you, my mother. Cumbered with ponderable substance we were never so near to each other as now. Still in the flesh, you must fulfill the laws that govern the flesh, but you will pass onward with me into my rarer conditions of unfoldment and cultivation, thereby becoming both mentally and physically stronger in your ministry of normal and inspirational thought, to those who still bow in anguish over the golden bowl broken at the fountain of their dearest hopes by the hand of the reaper. I need your care and mother-service as much to-day as when I was first laid in your mortal arms for protection and nurture. Your relation to the objective plane provides for me the legitimate and natural conditions which I require for my yet unfulfilled relations to the sphere of outer life, which the flesh I put off afforded me the means of outworking. I have not 'gone to the Spirit-world,' the Spirit-world environs the immortal spirit of individuality at all times and in all places. By laying off the flesh, the soul atmosphere or aura which was thereby and therein secreted, becomes our external medium of light, even as to you is still the atmospheric air, and according to the density or rarity, the purity or impurity of that surrounding aura, does the objective plane of existence in which we have all the time been living, appear to us when we awaken from the brief or prolonged trance or dream called the transition from earth to the Spirit-world.

"Hence there are thousands of people who are supposed by their sorrowing friends in the flesh to have risen to states of heavenly rest and happiness, whose dense atmosphere reflects the mundane sphere and the dwellers in outer form in a manner so unchanged to their perceptions, they cannot for a long time understand that they have been divested of the external form, and grieve that their familiar and dearest friends do not recognize them longer. Truly spake the Judean seer, 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.' So also is the kingdom of sorrow, disappointment and despair. We are the universe to ourselves, forever and ever. I breathe the air of my own engendering, though in common with all of my plane of unfoldment with which it commingles, constituting to our perceptions and senses the common atmosphere of our planet, as the commingling of individual aura around physical bodies constitutes what to the mundane sense and perception is called atmospheric air.

"My dear mother, deeper into your soul responsiveness and brain perceptiveness than the thrill of the message, 'Genie has passed on,' that was borne to you by quivering, hissing lightning through the still twilight of the early autumnal morning, may the message, 'Genie has come home,' penetrate your consciousness and powers of realization; for I have come out of the darkness into the radiant beauty of what to us both was the ideal. Now in my newly expanded atmosphere I see you, dear mother, as you are, not as you appeared in the denser atmosphere to which I was related by flesh. Now I see the real earth as it is, reflecting beauty where in the shadows it seemed deformity, and I see our humanity striving for the higher and nobler life where through the clouds enveloping my vision in the clay, I only saw them indifferent to the good and the true. Thus existence to us becomes a joy and a glory through our own unfolding by self-searching, self-finding and self-fulfilling, not by change of locality or outward advantages of association. No trials of our earth-life, dear mother, striving as we ever did through all to attain the highest and truest good, were borne in vain. Through the self-overcomings wrought through the stern experiences of temporal existence, we all lay up the wealth that may well be called 'treasures in heaven.' To so much of such wealth as we have accumulated do we owe our precious privileges of uninterrupted communion with each other, even while you are still connected by flesh with the outmost flame of the objective existence. While, as when I dwelt with you in the outer form your home life is mine even as then, I follow my own ideals and live out, as we ever did, each our individual existence.

"I'm not a specter, wan and weak,
Or flitting phantom of the brain,
Having no power to think or speak,
Dwelling upon no real plane.

"I'm not a saint with harp and crown,
Singing an endless jubilee,
Floating mid-ether, up and down,
Praiseful to God for saving me,

"While countless millions of my race
Send up from the dark realms below
The pealing, never-ending base
Of ceaseless agony and woe.

"Nor am I a lost, wandering soul,
Unconscious of all hopes or fears,
With neither will or self-control—
An intermediate of spheres.

"Eternity, 'tis very true,
I've not explored and cannot say
What yet may break upon my view
As I move on my upward way;

"But if one soul as small as mine,
Unto the Infinite were lost,
Omniscience and omnipotence
Could neither find nor pay the cost.

"Therefore I little speculate
Regarding what eternity
May show me of my soul estate,
Since I am rich enough to be.

"I have not lost my love of Art—
I strive to make love's gladdest strain
Upon the lyre-chords of your heart,
And the thought-vibrant nerves of brain.

"I love to sketch upon your mind
The soulscapes of the universe,
And show their truths of life divine
In colorings of rhythmic verse.

"I have not left my work undone
As I have heard you sadly say;
I must unfold one after one,
Those aspirations day by day,

"Since all immortal soul-desire
Is prophecy, or germ and seed
Of all results we e'er acquire
In earth or heaven, in thought or deed.

"I've but awakened from a dream
Of passing o'er a shadowed plane
By summer morning's golden beam
Glowing on my immortal brain,
Finding surroundings wholly real
That in the past we've deemed ideal."

I will not at this time appropriate further of the valuable columns of the JOURNAL, though the day has never passed since she left the outer form, that I do not write for her the messages she so gladly and faithfully brings me, messages as fresh and sparkling from her newly found clime as the spring flowers culled dew-laden from the June-gardens of our own plane of outer light and air. She reveals to me nothing marvelous or wonderful. She by her sweet fidelities of love-communion renders more familiar and practicable that which we both have long known to be vitally and fundamentally true. I see her by my side upon the rostrum. She travels with me in my journeyings. She hovers near me on every occasion, as in the past, when I need her care, and while she cannot minister to my needs of flesh with mortal hands, she can so cheer my spirit and soothe my mind as to enable me all the sooner and more effectually to resist pain and all physical inharmonies of my often exhaused external organization. Her divestment of the outer form has rendered her capable of entering further into the realm of my soul life, thereby so intensifying my realization of really living in the so-called Spirit-world, that I fear I shall seem further up in the clouds than ever to those who have mistaken the great simplicity and practicality of my normal and inspired thought for transcendent transcendentalism. That we are already in the Spirit-world as much as we ever shall be, save as we all through our efforts and fidelities to the laws of individual being unfold the summer-clime of our own immortal spirits, seems to many a very disappointing and wearying view of the future. Especially is it so to those whose great temporal advantages for mental leisure and physical repose on earth have induced them to believe that a state of happiness and unlaborious existence really awaits them as soon as they leave the mortal form. For such disappointment, growing out of such a delusive interpretation of universal truth, I am in no wise responsible, though unto such truth I am most earnestly and unceasingly responsive. On awakening from the dream-state of their birth from flesh, thousands of such indolent "One world at a time" mortals, will for the first time realize the truth uttered by the martyr-seer, "The first shall be last and the last shall be first," and that the great symbolist who asserted that only "to him that overcometh shall be given to eat of the hidden manna," spoke both with the spirit and the understanding. I in the mean time have only to work on, continuing to break the best bread of life I can find or make to hungering humanity, willingly bearing the name "transcendentalist" so far as the word applies to the labor of trying to induce my fellow mortals to cease "gazing upward into heaven," since the only sign that shall ever be given that there shall ever be a heaven for us must be sought and found within.

Ravenna, Ohio. F. O. HYZER.

Spirit Robert Dale Owen on Socialism.

The article recently published in this journal on "Home Colonization" has called forth comments and contributions enough to fill up about two entire numbers of this little paper Though most of these writings are suggestive, and all in strong sympathy with the article referred to above, we have only space for a portion of one, sent by that "grand old man," Rees Lewis of Cardiff, who, at seventy-nine years of age takes the trouble to write out in a hand as beautiful as the finest copperplate, a communication purporting to come from the spirit of R. D. Owen on "Socialism." We regret that we cannot find room for all Mr. Lewis's remarks, but we commend to every thoughtful reader his description of the circle and its mode of conduct, in which the communication was received. Would that all who invoke the presence of their spirit friends imitated the excellent methods he describes as follows:

"The Cardiff Circle of Light, of which Mr. Spriggs was the medium, and which was held at my house, I may boldly say stood pre-eminently above any other gatherings of a similar kind held in England. Why was it so? Because the strictest attention was paid to conditions. We were prohibited eating animal food, indulging in narcotics, stimulants, or smoking. Bathing was enjoined, and each séance opened with invocations and music."

Mr. Lewis then goes on to describe the grand and wonderful materializations and other phenomena vouchsafed to this purely harmonious circle, nearly all of which descriptions have been before published in other papers. After dwelling emphatically on the order and decorum observed in the Cardiff circles, and the feeling of reverence with which each member entered the "holy of holies"—the séance room—he gives a copy of Robert Dale Owen's communication on the subject of socialism, one that Mr. Rees Lewis, who transcribed it from the trance address of Mr. Spriggs, was deeply interested in. It reads thus:

Given at the Cardiff Circle of Light; Medium, Geo. Spriggs; Recorder, Rees Lewis.

"Good evening, friends. I have been invited by a friend to come this evening and give my ideas on Socialism. The very word has an attraction for me, and means *social* and *friendly*. I know socialism, the same as other truths, has been distorted, and considered to be an epidemic eruption from diseased minds. Others look upon it more with skeptical views, and stand rather at a distance until they see its working in society at large.

"There are also the intellectual and the ignorant, who have selfish ends to gain, who try to crush its growth; but with all its foes, it is an inevitable necessity, that, as mind advances and realizes the grand sentiment of that noble orator, Thomas Paine—'The world is my country, and to do good my religion'—must be ultimately accepted. Socialism, looking at it from my standpoint, is a universal savior from poverty and distress. It is the death-blow to poor laws, crowned heads and aristocracy, both in the political and social worlds.

"Socialism only recognizes the aristocracy of goodness, mind and intellect; not that of men whose selfish aim is to gather gold, and extort it from poor working man; to gather around themselves all the wealth they can, yet not using it for good or blessing to others.

"Socialism is the death-blow to intemperance, because it provides intellectual pursuits for all classes of mind. They meet together on one platform, and recognize each other as brothers.

"Socialism is the death-blow to financial difficulties—'unity is strength.' Each member working in community receives his share in the profits of his labor, which is his undoubted right, so that it is impossible for one man to heap up riches to himself; consequently there can be no failures.

"Socialism is the death-blow to priestcraft. It sets up no class of men as teachers, but recognizes the voice of the people as the voice of God.

"Socialism is the death-blow to those nuisances which occur in families, and have to be settled in the divorce court, because in socialism there will be no mothers parading their daughters before the highest bidder or the most exalted title; neither will riches marry titles only, and beauty be sold for riches.

"Socialism teaches all to think for themselves. It has the tendency to teach each individual to become more intelligent, and to develop his own inherent powers.

"Socialism must eventually take the place of monarchy, although now it is only a despised truth. I have known individuals on earth who have been striving to maintain their families and to hold a respectable position in the world, but because they thought differently from the man who was receiving his thousands a year for the advocacy of theology, they must be tabooed, crushed and anathematized.

"Socialism is for the future. It means the education of the people, placing each mind in its proper sphere and order. It will place the merchant and the working man each on an advantageous ground. The working man having profit and advantage in his labor, it would be an incentive to him to take greater interest in the labor he produces. Society as it stands to-day is corrupt and diseased; medical attendance is not efficient in the art to heal her. The cry will have to go forth again, 'Unto us a child is born.'

"This child must be Socialism, in harmony with natural laws and with man's nature. Look at the prevailing distress, especially at the winter season of the year, and ask what is the cause of all this but aggrandizement and selfishness. The distribution of wealth among all classes justly would soon drive poverty away.

"Socialism would have a better form of government. She would have counter-attractions to offer *versus* the public house. She would teach the laws of affinity of mind, and by such means kindred minds, being attracted together, would educate each other in different sciences and art. To my mind socialism means harmony—harmony with natural and spiritual laws, harmony with all the laws of the universe.

"ROBERT DALE OWEN."

[We have given the above communication—not because it represents in full the sentiments with which we look forward to the good time coming, but in deep respect for the fidelity of the venerable gentleman, Rees Lewis, who was the recorder of the famous "Cardiff Circle of Light;" also in the full conviction that the circle in question was so admirably conducted that we may have hoped to receive from the medium, faithful and genuine manifestations of spirit power and presence. Whether Mr. Spriggs' trance mediumship equalled his wonderful physical endowments, we are not prepared to say. The sentiments expressed above are certainly characteristic of Mr. Owen's opinions, nevertheless we may supplement them by saying that we believe true socialism is true naturalism—justice, law, order and degree. In this sense it should level up rather than pull down, and whilst ever preserving all the varieties of the race, will range them all into such harmony as will give to each his due share of human rights and the means of promoting human happiness. Have not the noble founders of the Familistiere at Guise, M. Godin; M. Mance at Tours, and many others, begun to solve the great social problem by making all their employes part proprietors, and giving to each, from the least to the greatest in the establishment, a share in the profits the laborers have helped to create? Others of whom we shall write hereafter, are following the same grandly just lines of action. Who shall say then that the work of the reformers, both in the natural and spiritual worlds, has been in vain, and that the day has not already begun to dawn, when we all may cry:

"And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."
—*Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.*

A Highland Seer and Scotch Superstitions.

One of the most interesting figures in Scotch history of prophecy and second-sight was Kenneth Mackenzie, better known as Coinnesch Odhar, examples of whose remarkable utterences have been known throughout the Highlands for over one hundred and fifty years. The Mackenzie of Scotland had from time immemorial been a mediumistic race. Much that occurred in their lives greatly influenced the people to believe in their infallibility; and though the reliance in what these seers claim to know of the present and predict of the future—entertained by all classes, from peasant to prince—is pronounced "superstition," there unquestionably was a large percentage of truth from a high spiritual plane, often clouded with the ignorance of the channel through which it was transmitted, or the credulousness and misunderstanding of those who received it. Beliefs like the following, almost universally held, must have had other than a mythical foundation: "Among the Mackenzies the death candle was always said to appear before the death of any leading member of any branch. A large light appeared at some distance in the sky, sailing slowly till it arrived above the place where the person whose death it predicted lived; when it would slowly disappear in a brilliant coruscation of light. In Tulloch Castle a cold hand was always said to be laid on the face of the person whose death it foretold. In another family a white owl always appeared when any member was going to die, and in another a black dog; while on the west coast of the Highlands an old woman, commonly called the 'Gruagach,' appeared to foretell the death of some important member of the family to which she belonged."

Similar beliefs and so-called superstitions have existed not alone in Scotland but in all other countries, and it would be an interesting study to trace them to their origin and to the events and conditions in which they had their rise.

Kenneth Mackenzie was born on the island of Lewis. Various traditions as to the means by which he became possessed of the gift of second-sight are told, the most generally accredited one being that, having fallen asleep on a hillside, he upon waking found a small round white stone on his breast, which gave him the power of prophecy; and saved his life in several instances. "He occupied a comparatively humble position, but being a man of some slight education and refinement, was much sought after by the great people who lived in that part of the world, not only for his wonderful knowledge, but for the gentleness and excellence of his life and influence."

Among his prophecies of general interest was the following: "The day will come when long black carriages, without horses, will go through the country, and cross the stance (market place) of the Muir of Ord." This is fulfilled by the Highland Railroad, now crossing the spot mentioned. Another: "The country will be crossed from sea to sea by white bands." This was fulfilled by the building of roads after the battle of Culloden by Gen. Wade and his army. An interesting corroboration of this was related to the well-known authoress Mary Jeune, by a lady who, soon after her marriage, made an expedition into Kintail to see the country. "She was," she says, an Englishwoman, and had never heard of Coinneach and his prophecies, and one day was taken to the summit of one of the highest hills in Lochalsh by one of the MacRaes, a family of great antiquity in Rossshire, and one of the subject clans of the Mackenzies. On arriving at the top, she was struck by the curious effect on the scenery of the great roads which intersected the country on all sides, and exclaimed to her companion, 'Oh! Captain MacRae, the country looks as if it were covered by white bands of ribbon!' To her surprise the old man reverently took off his hat, saying softly, 'Eh! my dear, but those are the very words that Coinneach Odhar himself said over a hundred years ago.'" One other prediction was that the day would come when Tomnahurich would be kept under lock and key, and large ships sail round under its shadow, events at that time most improbable. But since then the Inverness people have made a cemetery on Tomnahurich, with two gates, which are open only to admit visitors, and the Caledonian Canal now runs below the hill; in these the dual prediction of Coinneach finds its fulfilment.

Coinneach was all his life closely related to the family of the Earls of Seaforth, then the great head of the Clan, and one of the most powerful chiefs of his time, and it was through the malignancy of the wife of Lord Seaforth, "a haughty, proud woman of violent and jealous temper," that he died the death of a martyr. Lady S. often consulted the seer. Lord Seaforth having gone to Paris, leaving Lady S. at home in Scotland, the latter became uneasy at his protracted absence, and summoning Coinneach, demanded that he should tell her where Lord Seaforth was.

"The seer put his white stone to his eyes, and assured Lady Seaforth that her lord was well and happy. 'But,' asked Lady Seaforth, 'where is he?' 'That is not necessary for your ladyship's knowledge,' answered Kenneth, 'be assured he is well.' His assurances only increased the curiosity and anxiety of Lady Seaforth, who from persuasion went on to use threats, until Kenneth at last said, 'Your lord is well and happy, and he is in a fair chamber hung with fine tapestry; there is a bonnie lady with him, and he is on bended knees before her, with her hand pressed to his lips.'"

At this, the rage of Lady Seaforth knew no bounds. The disclosure became public. She branded the seer as a liar and slanderer, and declared that there and then she would take instant vengeance, and have him burnt as a wizard, for exercising the black arts and disgracing the name of one of the noblest families of the North. Mary Jeune says:

"No time was allowed for preparation, no prayers for forgiveness were heard, no opportunity given for intercession, and the seer was led forth to execution. Finding that all hope was gone and he was abondoned, Kenneth resigned himself to his fate, and on his way to execution, paused before the vindictive Countess, and, drawing forth his white stone, uttered the prophecy or doom of the family of Seaforth. Having uttered the solemn and terrible prophecy, he threw the stone away from him, and tradition says it fell into a small well close by, from which immediately gushed out a large spring of water, which, spreading, formed Lake Ussie. From Brahan, Kenneth was dragged by order of Lady Seaforth, now doubly incensed by his prophecies, to Chanory Point, some twenty miles distant, where he was burnt to death. Lord Seaforth arrived at Brahan shortly after, and, hearing of what had occurred, rode furiously to Fortrose, hoping to avert the doom of the seer, but arrived only in time to see the expiring embers of the fire that had destroyed his devoted vassal."

The same author sums up her narrative thus: "The prophecy regarding the line of Seaforth covered a long period, ending with the time when its broad lands should pass to strangers, and itself be no more; the prediction was fulfilled to its minutest detail. The presence of spirits from the unseen world has been generally recognized in the Scotch Highlands, but the character given them was in keeping with the severe doctrines of the church, that appear to have held to a belief that the God of the universe had either voluntarily or by force relegated all his governing and controlling prerogatives to Satan, so far, at least, as this world was concerned. After describing several of the most prominent 'superstitions' and beliefs, our author notes that in all of them a very important part was played by the devil. She then proceeds to narrate events that rival in their diabolic aspects the old days of witchcraft; in which affairs the church seems to have enacted the leading parts, presumedly to counteract the disorder; but, however honest and good-intentioned in its motives, it unquestionably, as in the seventeenth century, increased rather than allayed it."—*Murray's Magazine.*

SPIRITUAL SPECULATION

On the Great and Misty Question Whether Ghosts Have Really Been Seen.

Few subjects tax more stringently what may be called the scientific conscience than the matter of apparitions:

The student of science recognizes two clear duties in all scientific inquiries. In the first place he must strive to see things as they are; and in the second he must speak of them as he sees them. Against strict obedience to the first duty prejudices of all sorts, shapes, and sizes often oppose themselves; but when he has resisted the temptations thus soliciting him to careless or skeptical or unfair inquiry, he is often still harder beset by the temptation to conceal views that he thinks may injure him either among fellow workers in science or in the lay world.

In regard to ghosts and goblins science has traveled along smoothly enough so long as apparitions of particular classes have been in question. The whole subject of hallucinations has been explored by science so thoroughly that no one now is perplexed by stories of visions such as those that troubled Nicolai, Blake, the painter, Mrs. A. (of Brewster's "Natural Magic"), and a number of other persons. The vision in such cases is but "the blot upon the brain that will show itself without," and science is "not to be overawed by what it cannot but know is a juggle born of the brain."

Nor has science been much concerned about those old-fashioned ghost stories, telling how sheeted forms and unearthly sounds have affrighted sensitive folk under conditions suitably suggestive. We have learned to understand how readily under such conditions—as the gloom of night, chilly air (starting shivers and tremors, which of themselves suggest unearthly feelings), and so forth—the mind will unconsciously form false images out of dimly seen objects, or transform unexplained noises into sounds significant of horror. A waving cloth becomes a beckoning sheet-clad ghost; the creaking of a door sounds like the shriek or

moan of some one in agony. Out in the open air, in gloomy woods, or valleys half hid in mist, sights and sounds that by day would not be noticed are by the active mind changed to awful appearances or terrible noises.

To this day, for instance, in parts of England, the noises made at night by migrating birds are regarded as the barking and yelping of the Gabriel hounds ("Gabriel is itself a suggestive transformation from "gabble"), which in recent times—I mean somewhere within the last ten or twelve centuries—have been found by the foolish country folks to be the souls of unbaptized children; while (since the hounds have never done any harm directly) it has been held reasonable to regard them as indicating some approaching trouble for those who may hear them.

There has not only been no trouble in interpreting the ghosts and goblins of this type, but no difficulty has arisen in consequence of visions and voices which have seemed to simulate the appearance or tones of the dead. Here the argument from coincidence, rather too freely urged about apparitions in general, may be safely used. Undoubtedly fancies of the kind described are so numerous that we may fairly expect some among them to correspond (in the manner characteristic of ghost stories) with the supposed return of the spirit of the dead to his earthly home. Especially is this the case when we remember how such fancies are influenced by predominant ideas, and how, therefore, a person whose mind is full of the thought of some dear lost one would be more apt to form a mental picture of the dead friend than of some form or face entirely unfamiliar.

Even where several persons have seen, or seemed to see, one and the same vision, science is at no loss to explain the illusion, because it is well known that the thought of one mind is suggested readily in such cases to another mind liable to similar impressions. Consider, for instance, the well-known story of the widower who thought he saw in the dusk of evening the form of his late wife (only recently deceased) sitting in a garden chair; he called one of his daughters and asked in awe-struck tones whom she saw sitting there. And the daughter saw her mother. Another daughter, being called, was singularly impressed with the thought that her mother sat in the chair which in life she had been wont to occupy; but when, summoning up his resolution, he went forth into the garden to speak to his "late departed saint," lo! he found not her in her habit as she lived, but her garden dress, which a maid had placed over the seat. It is obvious that the thoughts filling the mind of the father transformed a dress into an apparition, and it is probable that this thought was conveyed from his mind to his daughters' rather than suggested independently to them. In any case, there was no real apparition.

It is when we turn to visions of living persons, or to thoughts and suggestions, relating to living persons at a distance from the person affected by the vision or impression, that we find evidence, most difficult to deal with and the results not only difficult to explain, but not altogether satisfactory for discussion, because the number of those who welcome the discussion of all such matters with ridicule enormously exceeds the number of the more sensible.

To illustrate the class of cases in question, I will take a few very carefully selected examples from among hundreds that might be cited.

In the following case we have the direct evidence of the person affected, who is well known, may even be said to be in some degree eminent—the Rev. James M. Wilson, Head Master of Clinton College, England, and Senior Wrangler—that is, first in the honor examination for mathematics—in the year 1859. I was at St. John's College, Cambridge, when he was there, taking my degree only one year later. I was Captain of the boat club to which he belonged, and have played in the same games with him at football and cricket. He was a capital wicket keeper, which, though not in itself a proof that he would not be liable to fanciful notions, will suffice to show every one who knows what cricket is that he was zealous in open air games, since nothing but constant practice will enable any one to keep wicket successfully. The following narrative is in his own words:

"I was at Cambridge, in full health, boating, football playing, and the like, and by no means subject to hallucinations or morbid fancies. One evening I felt extremely ill, trembling, with no apparent cause whatever; nor did it seem to be a physical illness or chill of any kind. I was frightened. I was totally unable to overcome it. I remember a sort of struggle with myself, resolving that I would go on with my mathematics; but it was in vain. I became convinced that I was dying. I was in a strange discomfort, but with no symptoms that I can recall except mental discomfort, and the conviction that I should die that night. Toward 11, after some three hours of this, I got better and went up stairs, and got to bed, and after a time to sleep, and next morning was quite well. In the next afternoon came a letter to say that my twin brother had died the evening before in Lincolnshire. I am quite clear of the fact that I never once thought of him, nor was his presence with me even dimly imagined."

Let this story, in which not only was no apparition seen, but the presence of the relative who died at the time of the strange sensation was not even imagined, be compared with the following, which is one of the best authenticated of a class of stories whose name is now becoming legion:

In September, 1857, Capt. W. of the Sixth Dragoon Guards left England to join his regiment in India, leaving his wife at Cambridge. On the night between the 14th and 15th of November, 1857, she dreamed that she saw her husband looking very ill, and she thereupon woke in great agitation. When she looked up she saw the same figure standing by her bedside. He appeared in uniform and as if suffering intense pain. He then gradually faded from her view. At first Mrs. W. supposed she must still be asleep, but, rubbing her eyes and listening to the breathing of a child beside her, she convinced herself that what she had seen was no dream. In December, 1857, a telegram from the seat of war appeared in the morning papers stating that Capt. W. had been killed before Lucknow on the 15th of November. The family solicitor applied for further information as to the date of Capt. W.'s death, which Mrs. W. felt sure must have taken place on the 14th, and not on the 15th. But the date given in the telegram was confirmed at the War Office. At this time a singular circumstance came to light. The solicitor chanced to mention the case to a lady, a friend of his, who, according to his account, had a tendency to see visions. Turning to her husband, she said:

"That must have been the same apparition I saw on the evening when we were speaking about India."

They were able to fix the date, by means of a receipt for an amount paid that day, as the 14th of November. The solicitor on this applied to the War Office again, saying that the friends of Capt. W. were persuaded there must be some mistake about the date. The officials stated, however, that there could be no mistake, since the death was referred to in two despatches from Sir Colin Campbell, who, in both cases, gave the date as the 15th. In March, 1858, a letter arrived from a brother officer, giving an account of Capt. W.'s death. This officer, who had been riding beside Capt. W. when he was killed, stated that death occurred on the 14th of November. Finally, though whether on the strength of this officer's evidence, or through faith in the apparition's truth to time, the date was altered to the 14th.

It seems never to have occurred to any one to consider the difference between Indian and English time. If the time of Capt. W.'s death really coincided, as Mrs. W. then and thereafter firmly believed, with the time of her dream, then, unless she went to bed unusually early, he was killed on the 15th of November, Indian time. Suppose, for instance, she had her dream at 10 o'clock on the night of November 14th, then at that moment it was 3:24 on the morning of November 15th at Lucknow. Supposing it was later, as the account suggests, then we may well suppose that daylight had already broken on the morning of the 15th at Lucknow, at the hour when Mrs. W. had her midnight dream at Cambridge, and her husband met with death.

The theory of brain wave suggested by the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* several years ago, in reference to a story related by Tennyson about an apparition of the kind we are considering, is simply no explanation at all. It is an attempt to explain *obscurum per obscurius*. The only path to an explanation that seems worth trying is that on which Prof. Barrett and others have attempted to advance inquiry, namely, as to the influence of mind on mind under test conditions. And, unfortunately, while this path is infested by charlatanism and trickery, what has been thus far disclosed with more or less clearness in this direction has been of little promise. Like Sir Isaac Newton's experiments on the action of gravity under test conditions, which gave evidence only as to the nature of the attractive force exerted by matter on matter, but in no sense explained how matter can act on matter instantly over vast distances, so these experiments on the action of the mind on mind within the same room, though useful as indicating the nature of this action, suggest no explanation whatsoever of the observed fact that mind can act on mind at a distance, and apparently in an instant of time.—*The Cosmopolitan*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

THE LIFE OF JEHOSHUA. The Prophet of Nazareth. An Occult study and a Key to the Bible. Containing the history of an Initiate. By Franz Hartmann, M. D., 8 vol., 208 pages, Muslin binding. Boston: Occult Publishing Company. Price, $2.

The publishers have given this work a dress of clear typography, fine paper and neat binding, which must be alike satisfactory to the author and pleasing to the reader.

The author says in the preface:

"It must be left to the intelligent reader to decide whether the accounts given in this book may be accepted literally as historical facts, or whether they are intended to represent eternal and ever-recurring processes going on within the interior consciousness of man. The only key to the understanding of the truth is the power to perceive it; for the truth teaches itself—not by the light of argumentation,—but by its own light; and it teaches nothing but itself."

The introduction and the conclusion of this interesting book will well repay the careful reading and study of the earnest student; for while they are most appropriately connected with the principal theme of the work, they have an independent and intrinsic value of their own, which to many minds will be instructive, consoling and satisfying,—and this regardless of any opinion concerning the history of Jehoshua Ben-Pandira. The narrative is as to persons simply the silken thread on which is strung the beautifully colored descriptions, the "old silver" of ancient and less ancient mythical quotations, and the golden beads of mystical suggestion, with now and then a gem of self-interpretating radiance.

While this will be a pleasing book to all readers, and an instructive one to most readers,—while it is a work that every student of the Occult will need to read and feel well repaid in reading,—yet it will be to many a book of suggestions rather than a satisfactory one as to instruction.

As to historical events it makes no pretence. As to initiations into the ancient mysteries, there is a beautiful generality of grandeur, glow and severity, which the initiate can readily clothe with the sinews of detail, the flesh of minutia, and the dress of memory,—so that the imagination will call up in grand review most wonderful scenes that only such can know. To the materialistic reader this will be all nonsense; and to the beginner in mystic lore it will be rather a whetter of the appetite than a satisfactory meal.

Dr. Hartmann says: "The world is full of magic. The magic of *love* still exercises its influence over the hearts; the magic of *imagination* still makes men mournful or glad; the *will* of the strong still controls the mind of the weak by its magic power; but such wonders, like the growth of the tree, does not surprise us, merely because we are accustomed to witness them every day." Of this extract, the wise in magic will think how profound that is; how much it suggests; what transcendent truths it infolds; how wonderful is the beautiful unfolding of this teaching concerning the magic power of Love, Imagination and Will. But the earnest, while less advanced, student will surely think within himself, "Yes, that is true. I know all that, but how I wish the author would tell me an equally grand truth that I do not yet know."

Let all such and all others who do not find in this or other books, the longed for, but uncertain information they are seeking, turn to the preface of this book and read:

"All that the reading of books can possibly accomplish, is to aid us in bridging the truth, which exists within ourselves, to our own understanding, and to drive away the clouds of erroneous conceptions which may keep us from knowing ourselves."

It is easy to thus silence the objections of the unsatisfied reader, by broadly intimating that he is too dull to perceive, or too little informed to appreciate, the beautiful truths which are so securely vailed in the words before him. The reader has, however, the right to respond that "an aid in bringing the truth which exists within us to our own understanding," in a case like this, should so describe the ceremonies and drama of the initiations in their exoteric movements, and so unfold their meaning for esoteric instruction as to leave no doubt as to which part is sensual activity in the material world, and which part is ideal interpretation in the imagination.

This legitimate demand of the honest student, this book, like some others of Dr. Hartmann's works, does not fully meet. One who can fully understand the initiations here described will be deeply interested, no doubt, but he does not need the instruction; and one who is seeking information will find himself sorely perplexed to separate description from interpretation, suggestion from statement, established truths from possible theories.

This work contains so much that is really valuable, as being clear and beautiful, exact and forcible, in the plain statement of essential truth, as well as so much that is wonderfully suggestive in theory and interpretation, that we could wish the author had more fully solved some of the perplexing questions that his failure to draw exacter lines must leave in the minds of less advanced students in Occultism.

From this unsatisfactory treatment of the initiations and their uncertain interpretations and from the vague references to the *Battle of the Shadows, the Elementals, and the Dweller of the Threshold*, the reader will turn with pleasure and profit to the interpretating of the temptation and the unfolding of the esoteric beauties of the Sermon on the Mount, which are every way worthy of these grand themes.

The Doctrine of the Christ Spirit, which is a compilation from, and a consequent partial harmony of, the spirit of the Bhagavad-Gita, the books of Hermes Trismegistus, the Dhammapada, and the New Testament, is a beautiful illustration of that which the author thus states: "The truth exists; it is as free as the air to all who are able to grasp it; it can neither be invented nor monopolized by man. Men may grasp and remodel ideas, and express them in new forms; but the truth is one, universal and eternal, and does not change."

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS, or Travels in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Samoa, and other Pacific Islands. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The title alone of this book, would render the work attractive, for, since Von Humboldt's beautiful description of the Southern Cross has been familiar to English readers, the charms of the Southern sky have lent an attraction to Southern lands, which only increases as one becomes better acquainted with the striking contrasts and similarities of those countries, literally and figurately our antipodes.

It is not given to every traveler to describe in vivid language the panorama which has been unfolded before his eyes, but Mr. Ballou has deservedly earned the name he has gained as an ideal writer of books of travel, in that he records exactly what the reader most wishes to know, leaving out the wearisome details that must be endured by the traveler, but which are an intolerable bore to the reader.

The journey is made across the American continent to San Francisco, thence to the Sandwich Islands, South to Samoa, thence to Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.

Aside from the picturesque account of the places visited, the author notes the fauna and flora of the countries, the development of the natural resources, as also the business prosperity and political conditions. He has no hesitancy in expressing the wish that these countries may be linked with ours in a closer commercial intercourse by admitting their products, so far as is possible, free of duty into the United States, a wish not exactly in accordance with the sentiment of an English resident doing business in Auckland, who frankly said: "We hope your country will keep up its high tariff; it suits us exactly. If you were to adopt free trade principles in the United States, you would eventually ruin the trade of England in the markets of the world."

C. K. S.

REPORT AND COLLECTIONS of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin for the Years 1883, 1884, and 1885. Vol. X. with a General Index to Vols. I.—X. Madison, Wis.: Democrat Printing Company, State Printers. 1888.

Lyman C. Draper has proved a most efficient secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society. This last volume, compiled through his instrumentality, will be a fitting climax to the vast work he has performed for the benefit of his State, in the direction of preserving valuable historical data. In the introduction he says:

"Commencing this labor for the Society thirty odd years ago, with no pecuniary resources whatever, with only some fifty volumes, of which all but two were Wisconsin publications, and now exhibiting some one hundred and eighteen thousand books, newspaper files and pamphlets—a collection unequalled west of the Alleghanies—with a gallery of portraits, and a rare collection of pre-historic and other curiosities, with the Library performing a splendid work in behalf of our literary investigators, is a consummation most gratifying to the people of Wisconsin.

"Devoutly trusting that the future may have great prosperity in store for the Society, and that my successor, Reuben G. Thwaites, may find his hands strengthened, and his heart encouraged, in the great work upon which he has entered with so much spirit and enthusiasm, I retire from the Society's service with grateful thanks for the unflagging confidence and encouragement I so constantly received from my associates, and the people of Wisconsin."

Partial List of Magazines for August.

The Forum. (New York.) The August Forum has a stong list of contributors. Judge James M. Love opens with The Trial of Popular Government; Edward Atkinson asks the question, Must Humanity Starve at Last? The Topography of the Brain is a most interesting paper; What shall the Negro Do? is a characteristic article by Geo. W. Cable; other good articles are: Sources of National Thrift; Shall Railway Pooling be Permitted? Our Barbarous Funeral Customs; Church Rule in Utah; The Faith Cure Delusion, etc.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) An attractive number is the August Wide Awake. The stories are all appropriate for the long summer days. A stirring story is, Saved on the Brink, and a delicate poem The English Daisy follows; Pets in Artist life describes several Dogs and Cats belonging to Artists. The serials continued are full of adventure and the Elephant story and our Asiatic Cousins carry us a long ways from home. The poems, jingles and illustions are irresistible.

The Homiletic Review. (New York;) The leading paper for August is a critique on Dr. John A. Broadus, as a preacher. The second article, on Christian Evidences and Modern Criticism, by Prof. B. B. Warfield, is worthy of his reputation. A paper, entitled, Should Questions at Issue between Political Parties be Discussed in the Pulpit, will have a reading, and a thoughtful and admirable paper is contributed by an English writer.

The Unitarian Review. (Boston,) Frederic H. Hedge contributes an article upon Atheism, and James T. Bixby one on the German as a Pattern; Before and After Emancipation is an interesting article by Thomas D. Howard; Dr. Martineau's Church Organization Scheme is criticised by Brooke Herford. There are also other good articles, miscellany, and the Editor's Note-Book.

Buchanan's Journal of Man. (Boston.) The Heroism of War and the Heroism of Peace opens this month's installment of good reading, and is followed by Glimpses of Religious Conditions; Progress in Portugal; Inspiration in Art, as shown in the past; Composite portrait of the Morbid; Rev. James Freeman Clark, D. D., and Miscellany.

The Esoteric. (Boston.) Hiram E. Butler has a good article for August entitled, Thoughts on Memory; The Higher Breath is a leaf from the tree of Life; Sacred Literature contains many good passages; Roads to Immortality is continued, and a variety of short articles and notes complete the table of contents.

The Path. (New York.) The Bhagavad-Gita is continued, and many good articles upon Oriental Philosophy, and Occultism by able contributors, follow.

The Season. (New York.) A richly illustrated review of novelties, fashions and designs, comprise this month's issue.

Also:

The Sidereal Messesnger, Northfield, Minn.

The Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.

New Books Received.

A Mexican Girl. By Frederick Thickstun. Ticknor's paper series. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Life is Worth Living. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Price, 25 cents.

Mexico. Picturesque, Political, Progressive. By Mary E. Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.25.

The Boston Tea Party and other stories of the American Revolution. Revised and adapted from Henry C. Watson. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Christian Paradoxes. By Francis Bacon. New York: Peter Eckler. Price, 10 cents.

God Reigns. By Edward Reynolds Roe, M. D. Chicago: Laird & Lee. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

The Silent Witness. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. Cassell's Rainbow series. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 25 cents.

The Empress of Brazil has gone on a pilgrimage to the shrines at Lourdes to offer thanks for the restoration of Dom Pedro's health.

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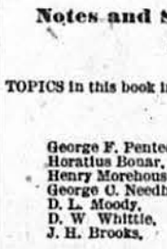


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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 18, 1888.

Evil Effects of Governmental Paternalism.

The evil effects of Governmental paternalism and of general relief of the poor by the State may be learned from the history of Rome, which should be studied attentively by Socialists and others who would substitute more or less Governmental control, and co-operation in a great commonwealth for the competition which forms so conspicuous a feature of our present industrial system. There are many facts, too, in Roman history which abundantly prove the deteriorating influence of all aid to the people which tends to undermine self-supporting habits and to lessen personal effort.

In Rome centuries before the Christian era corn was supplied to the people at a nominal price. After a while the small payment required was abolished and the distribution of corn to the poorer classes was made gratuitously. In the time of Julius Cæsar 320,000 persons in the city of Rome received monthly about five-sixths of a bushel of corn, and under the Antonines the number of recipients exceeded 500,000. In some of the reigns oil, pork, bread and even land and money were distributed among the poor citizens. Nearly the whole free population of the city was finally supported by the government, while a large proportion of the indigent were provided for as slaves. The amount of corn required for free distribution became so great that the government was induced to obtain it from Africa, Sicily and other distant countries in the form of a tribute. The cornfields of Italy fell to waste and the free peasants went to the city to get their rations of corn and to live in idleness, while their land, encumbered with debt, passed into the hands of the rich and was cultivated, if at all, by slaves. Not only were the people supplied with the first necessaries of life without cost, but to these were added free public amusements. To get enough to eat and to attend the public games and baths provided by the government, were the people's highest ambition.

Under the influence of this policy, which was perpetuated through centuries, the self-respect and the self-supporting habits of the people were destroyed as was all public spirit. Independence and love of freedom were extinguished and were replaced by feelings of dependence and servility. The national character became so degraded that it has never recovered from the effects. "Indifferent to liberty, the Roman now, as then," says an historian "asks only for an idle subsistence, and for public spectacles, and countless monasteries and ecclesiastical pageants occupy in modern Rome the same place as did the distribution of corn and the games of the amphitheatre in the Rome of the Cæsars." The Roman system of gratuitous distribution was a political device; it was superseded by the ecclesiastical device of monastic organizations and mendicant orders, which withdrew men from productive labor and made them objects of charity, which discouraged industrial pursuits, made a virtue of poverty, fostered idleness and improvidence, multiplied beggars, and made a dirty and worthless mendicant monk the ideal man of the Christian world.

The immediate effects of this system can be seen in Italy to-day, although they have diminished with the decline of ecclesiasticism in that country. Mr. Fano, one of the highest authorities on matters relating to the condition of the Italian poor, says:

> The growth of that misery in our country (Italy) is in a great measure due to those very institutions which were created for its suppression—the magnificent palaces which rise up on all sides in our cities to give refuge to suffering humanity. "The life and soul of Italy," said Moreau Christophi, "are in her charitable institutions."....But the crowd of beggars seems to multiply in proportion to the increase of the charities destined for the alleviation of their wants. The very profusion of charities is then one of the principal causes of the spread of mendicity in our country. When all feel sure that, in whatever disaster, they will find succor, and that they will obtain their sustenance from charity, if they do not earn it by their labor, there ceases to be any reason for being provident, and instead of relying upon his own strength every one accustoms himself to reckon upon the support of others. Thus are annihilated the vigor and the spirit of enterprise which are necessary for a man destined to lead a laborious life, and all sense of responsibility is lost. A man may beget children without taking the trouble to reflect whether he can feed them because an asylum and a maintenance will be found for them in the foundling hospital or in other institutions for the care of children. The prospect of sickness does not make him redouble his exertions and think of the necessity of saving and providing for an evil day because it appears to him sufficiently provided for by the hospital or the almshouse..... But in order to obtain relief it is necessary to be poor, or at least to seem so, and the man who works has not the aspect of poverty. The workshop is then abandoned and the rags of common wretchedness are then put on; and thus many persons voluntarily adopt a mendicant life, and finding it easier than one of toil, choosing begging for their industry and making it their estate.

In Italy there are, according to this writer, over one and a third million indigent persons. It has been the policy of the Roman machine to keep as many of its subjects as possible in a dependent condition, that it might thereby control them through its charitable institutions. Thus poverty is produced that there may be an opportunity to relieve it. But poverty leads to crime. For one the Romish hierarchy has "charity;" for the other indulgence and absolution.

Another Encyclical from the Pope.

In our National Constitution is embodied as much political wisdom, perhaps, as was ever put into any instrument framed for the government of a people. A copy of this constitution was presented by President Cleveland to Pope Leo XIII. on the occasion of his jubilee. The propriety of this formal recognition of a "spiritual" potentate by the chief magistrate of this Republic, whose office is a purely secular one, may fairly be questioned. It is evident, however, that the old gentleman at Rome has profited little if any from a political and liberal point of view, by the present. It is doubtful whether he has ever read the copy of the constitution which was given him; even if he has, his mind is so unmodern and so steeped in superstition and saturated with the spirit of intolerance, that he cannot appreciate the wisdom embodied in it. The Constitution says:

> "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust in the United States."
>
> "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

How little effect Mr. Cleveland's present to the old gentleman at Rome has had upon his mind may be seen from the lengthy encyclical which he has issued as a pronunciamento against religious freedom. The old gentleman says that justice and reason forbid the State "to treat the various religions, as they call them, alike, and to bestow upon them promiscuously equal rights and privileges. Since, then, the profession of one religion is necessary in the State, that one must be professed which alone is true, and which can be recognized without difficulty, especially in Catholic States, because the marks of truth are, as it were, engraven upon it. This religion, therefore, the rulers of the State must preserve and protect, if they would provide, as they should do, with prudence and usefulness for the good of the community."

"False doctrines, than which no mental plague is greater," the old gentleman says, "should be diligently repressed by public authority, lest they insidiously work the ruin of the State." In equally plain language "liberty of thought" and "liberty of teaching" are expressly condemned. It is clear from the encyclical that the State should tolerate but one religion, and that in religious doctrine it should be governed by the Romish Church which alone has "lawful authority" to define it. The old gentleman is more frank, in his ignorance of the modern world, than are American prelates who in their public addresses before mixed audiences speak about the "blessings of religious freedom" and represent that the Catholic Church is in full sympathy with our free Republican institutions.

"Although in the extraordinary condition of these times," says Leo XIII. "the Church usually acquiesces in certain modern liberties, not because she prefers them in themselves, but because she judges it expedient to permit them, in better times she would use her own liberty; and, by persuasion, exhortation, and entreaty, she would endeavor, as she ought, to fulfill the duty assigned to her by God of providing for the eternal salvation of mankind." That is "by persuasion exhortation and entreaty" the Church would endeavor to influence the State to suppress Protestantism and freethought, in fact all teaching not approved by the Roman hierarchy. The Church "acquiesces in certain modern liberties" where she is powerless to suppress them and where active opposition to them would weaken her influence; but whenever she has the chance, she invokes the power of the State to enforce her doctrine and to suppress all others.

Such are the views of the old gentleman at Rome who issues rescripts in regard to Irish affairs and pronunciamentos against modern thought, freedom of speech and religious liberty. Fortunately the old gentleman's influence is on the wane in his own country and throughout Catholic Europe, and although this country has long been a dumping ground for the sort of criminals and paupers that the superstitious and intolerant teachings of Rome produce, the influence of our American civilization may be relied upon to secure us against danger from these teachings when they are expressed with the frankness and plainness which mark this encylical.

Far more is to be feared rom Jesuitism which works stealthily and by indirect methods against liberal ideas and free institutions than from any number of such mediæval essays as the one on which comment is here made.

Three Samples of Religion.

Superstition finds expression at the present time in various parts of the world. Even in this country not long ago, an eclipse was regarded as the "distress of nature" over some earthly calamity, and created great fear among the people. The latest phase of superstition on the part of those who should, under the enlightening influence of this 19th century, be above such a manifestation of gross ignorance, occurred in the parish of St. Barthelemi, Ca. This parish has been covered with grasshoppers, which have been doing great damage, rapidly devouring everything that is green, and the farmers are in a sad condition of mind concerning their fast disappearing crops. Rev. Abbe Moreau, the parish priest, at high mass on Sunday, July 29th, informed the parishioners that the grasshopper plague was a visitation from heaven to punish them for their sins. Every one in the parish, he said, should show his or her repentance by fasting for several days. Mass would be said for two days, and then a procession would be held through that part of the parish which was being devastated. Masses were accordingly said, and at the time designated, headed by the priest, the faithful formed in procession and walked through the stricken district, saying prayers as they went and stopping before returning to say a mass in a field of oats that had been entirely cleared out by the pest. Returning to the parish church, Father Moreau delivered a sermon upon the visitations of the Almighty and imposed a pennance upon each of the parishioners who had failed to take part in the procession or who neglected to say twenty "Ave Maries" per day for a week. There is great religious excitement in this neighborhood over the matter.

Such manifestation of ignorance seems almost unpardonable in this age of telegraphs and electric motors, yet it receives the sanction of the Catholic Church, and is supposed to receive the approval of God. If only two sects in the world, one represented by the parish priest, the Rev. Abbe Moreau, and the other by a distinguished colored clergyman in this city, the latter would prove more attractive to the people generally, judging from his remarks, lately delivered at a funeral in this city, and reported by a daily paper as follows:

> Brudders and sisters, de church am crowded today as I habent seed it fo' many a day. In fac', as de theaters sometimes put it, dar am standin' room only. Now, why am dis? I kin tell yo-all, and I'se gwine fo' to speak my mind to de p'int. Yo-all come heah fo' to see de deceased in de coffin dar. I remembah, brudders and sisters, when Brudder Johnson de deceased was a-libbin', and when he ust to come to de church which I am proud to say fo' his mem'ry he did, yo-all was never berry much consairned about flockin' in heah to see him den. When he was libbin' de deceased wa'n't much run after. Some of yo-all wouldn't speak to him. But now dat de deceased am dead yo-all kin come in heah and block up de iles and de spar room, kase yo-all t'ink dat de coffin will be open and you kin march aroun' and take a look at de deceased. I'se gwine to disapp'int you-all. De coffin won't be open, not in dis yeah church. Mister Undertaker, proceed wid de necessary preprashuns for removin' ob de body ob de deceased while de congregation will remain stan'in' and jine de choir in de chant, Blessed are de dead what die in de Lawd. De Deekins will improve de opportunity by passin' de baskets. I want you cullud people what's in de habit ob flockin' to de funerils ob deceased members and won't come to church dat you got to pay fo' yo' fun."

If you do not admire the religion of Rev. Abbe Moreau, nor that of the distinguished colored minister, how do you like that of the Boy Preacher Harrison? While in New York, it is stated that he brought a "great editor" to to a realizing sense of his sinfulness. In his address to a crowded audience he said:

> Brethren, the other day a great editor of a great New York paper sent for me. His paper is a great political power. He rules parties. He rules men. He rules statesmen. He said: "Brother Harrison, pray for me. Brother Harrison, preach to me. Brother Harrison, help me. Brother Harrison, I need your prayers. Brother Harrison, I need your preaching. Brother Harrison, I need your prayers." Oh, brethren, it was in the middle of the day. Think of it, in the middle of the day, and that great editor sent for me! And the telegraph boys were bringing in their messages, and the reporters were writing their news, and the politicians and the statesmen were coming in and going out, and he sent for me! I see some men in one of the papers says it don't do to preach hell in these days. But I had only a short time to preach, and I preached hell to that editor. And, glory to God! I believe I did him good. Glory! glory! Hallelujah! hallelujah!

We might present many more samples of religion as presented by distinguished characters, but the above will suffice for the present.

Gen. Sheridan.

Memorial services were held by Godfrey Weitzel Post, No. 425, G. A. R., last Sunday morning in honor of the late Gen. Sheridan at the post hall, No. 679 West Lake street. Post Commander John C. Ward presided, and Chaplain L. C. Wray offered prayer. "Nearer My God to Thee," was rendered by the choir. The commander of the post then asked if the military and Grand Army record of the dead comrade had been prepared, and Adjutant E. S. Hyde read a sketch of the General's life. The audience then joined the choir in singing "We Shall Meet, but We Shall Miss Him," after which the commander of the post ordered that the record of General Sheridan be placed among the archives of the order. Chaplain Wray made some remarks which had reference to the life and character of the man whose memory was being extolled. Comrade Walcott, of General Ulysses S. Grant Post, No. 28, was present, and was asked by the commander to address the post. To speak of Sheridan, he said, called to his mind the Army of the Potomac and his association with the great General during the late war. Sheridan was his ideal soldier, and after naming over the great heroes of the war—Grant, Logan, and the others who have gone—he said: "There is only one of the great Generals left. I mean Sherman. To us the others stand on the shores of the grand encampment." He spoke of the ties that bind the soldiers together, and expressed the hope that the children of the Republic be taught patriotism. He also paid a deserving tribute to the women of the war period.

The Rev. F. J. Probst, at the Westminister Presbyterian Church took for the subject of his discourse, "The Lessons Taught by General Sheridan's Life." He said that at "a critical junction in the history of our race, as well as in the history of the continent, this son of obscure and poor Irish immigrants was summoned to a prominent place, to pass through a splendid career, and perform a magnificent work for God, humanity, and this Nation.

"Phil Sheridan, in his humble home in Ohio, was haunted by dreams of a military career. They came to him at night, beckoning him on. He cherished those dreams. They thrilled his soul and made his blood run like fire through his veins. This teaches us to cherish the dreams of our early days. Sheridan's dreams were magnificently fulfilled. Dreams are the prophecies of God. Cherish them, follow the path they point out, and by and by you will find them more than realized.

"Another lesson which God teaches us through Sheridan's career is the necessity of paying attention to details. Sheridan at West Point, and all through his life, took pains to get acquainted with all the details of his profession."

Both political parties are evidently disposed to investigate the abuses of immigration and to reform them at once. Interesting facts have already been brought to light, showing that the importation of foreign labor under contract is common, and that the law forbidding this is violated with impunity. Labor brokers ply their business with success and profit. Agents of steamships get a commission on every ticket they sell; agents travel through European villages, promising plenty of work and large pay. Thousands brought hither subsist on charity from the day of their arrival at Castle Garden; criminals and paupers even are sent in large numbers by so-called benevolent societies. These and many other facts have been shown by the congressional inquiry respecting the importation of foreign labor. It is stated that the Texas "Statehouse Syndicate" imported stonecutters from Scotland to help Texas convicts in preparing the materials for the State capitol at Austin. These imported men were put in the place of granite-cutters who had declined to work with convicts. The imported laborers signed a contract in Aberdeen, not knowing it was contrary to American law, and they were brought to this country in a Glasgow steamer which landed them at Castle Garden in April, 1886. To what extent our contract labor prohibition laws have been violated is not known, but from investigations already made, it would seem that the importation of foreign labor and even foreign paupers and criminals has been carried on by companies, "bankers," "labor-brokers," swindlers, etc., as though no law existed prohibiting it. The inquiries of the congressional committee should be thorough and the practice of making the United States the dumping ground of the world should be stopped at once.

We hear often the expressions, "Those who work with their brains," and "those who work with their hands." But many work with both brains and hands. The artisan and mechanic who do fine work, use their hands but as instruments to embody ideas in material form. That such men, other things being equal, rank socially lower than those who do not use their hands in work, is not creditable to society. Skilled labor is always in demand; it requires talent and it should be recognized as brain work quite as much as ordinary professional practice, and more than many of the professional *practices*. The *Builder and Wood worker* for August, has these sensible words on this subject: "Something should be done, too, to root out a false condition that is eating into our American manhood like a cancer, and which makes the rich man send to Yale or Harvard to pore over Greek and Latin and the classics, the lad who is of a mechanical turn and naturally fitted to be a mechanic. The result of this nowadays is that the college keeps turning out useless mechanical doctors and lawyers and clergymen, who properly trained, would have made good mechanics. This evil is attributable to the absurd notion of the time that there is something degrading in manual labor. When that idea is rooted out, society will be the better for it, and the workman will take more interest in the affairs of those in whose employ he is. Like begets like."

The funeral services of General Sheridan were held in St. Matthew's Church, Washington. The interment was at Arlington Cemetery.

The New York *World* relates a most remarkable case: Among the inmates of the Home for Feebleminded Children in South Boston, there is a little ten-year-old girl whose case has thus far baffled the best authorities on mental diseases. Her peculiar trait is her inordinate desire to climb to the top perch on any object, be it ever so high to mount and balance herself upon seemingly inaccessible ledges, and there rest content. On entering a room, and knowing she is unobserved, she will fling open a door and catching hold of the edge with her hands, and pressing her knees tightly together, climb to the top and seat herself, wholly unconcerned and apparently perfectly happy. She will swing back and forth with no fear of falling; indeed, she has never been known to lose her balance. Her most troublesome trait is her strong aversion to wearing any clothing. She discards her shoes and stockings whenever possible, tears off her garments and causes no end of care to the patient attendants, who find her from time to time almost devoid of covering. She frequently climbs with wonderful agility upon a wardrobe, twelve feet high, or again will mount to the top shelf and there coil herself up like a cat. She has been known to ascend an eighteen-foot pillar supporting the ceiling and roost upon its ledge. One night she left her bed and deliberately climbed down the spouting from the fourth story to the street. She never injured herself. Her parents are both strong mentally and physically.

It is said that the surveys at present being made for the Kansas, El Paso & Mexican railroad, at a point north latitude thirty-three degrees and west longitude one hundred and six degrees, have passed along the lava flow which by the local population is called the Molpais. It consists of a sea of molten black glass, agitated at the moment of cooling in ragged waves of fantastic shapes. These lava waves or ridges are from ten to twelve feet high with combining crests. This lava flow is about forty miles long from northeast to southwest and from one to ten miles wide. For miles on all sides the country is the most desolate that can be imagined. It has been literally burned up. It consists of fine white ashes to any depth, which, so far, has been dug down. To the north of the lava flow, and lying in a country equally desolate and arid, the surveyors have come upon the ruins of Gran Guivera, known already to the early Spanish explorers, but which have been visited by white men less often even than the mysterious ruins of Palenque in Central America. Only a few people at Socorro and White Oaks have been at Gran Guivera, because it is at present forty miles from water. The surveyors found the ruins to be of gigantic stone buildings made in the most substantial manner, and of grand proportions. One of them was four acres in extent. All indications around the ruins point to the existence here at one time of a dense population. No legend of any kind exists as to how the great city was destroyed or when it was abandoned. One of the engineers attached to the surveying expedition, advances the theory that Gran Guivera was in existence and abundantly supplied with water at the time the terrific volcanic eruption took place. Who knows what next may happen on the surface of our globe.

The *Christian at Work* on the public school question: "It is clear church history must be let alone in the public school; or, if it is to be taught, then the Roman Catholics must be permitted to have their own schools, and justice could not refuse them, under such circumstances, a share in the public school funds although a constitutional amendment securing this would be necessary. When that time shall come, if it does, the State may find it has but entered upon a long series of troubles. Nonsectarian instruction imparted without bias is the keynote of teaching in the public schools, insuring justice to all, and removing the last vestige of any reasonable complaint against the public schools on the part of the Roman Catholic Church. Thoughtful men of the Protestant religion will be slow, we imagine, to surrender so strong and impregnable a position. Don't let the porteullis down!"

Solitude of soul may have its inconveniences and dangers. It may be fostered into baneful exclusiveness, it may be developed into morbidness or vanity. And there are times when we would give worlds to have it broken—events in life when isolation of spirit seems something frigid and frightful. But in a solitude and isolation, which is threatened by so many tendencies of our modern life, are nursed into power great thoughts and high resolves. The strong character must have had long periods of quiet meditation and retirement. In the impenetrable silence and incommunicatable conflict of the breast have been born, and continue to be born, the forces and plans that transform the earth and society.—*J. C. Learned.*

Alonzo Slosser, of Woodstock, Ill., states that on one occasion he attended a séance at Memphis, Mo., J. H. Mott the medium. His wife materialized, and at the same time he saw the medium sitting in his chair. His wife made numerous inquiries of him, giving the names of the family, and established her identity in various other ways. His son also materialized, giving his full name. On one occasion while stopping with his nephew, Mr. Slosser asked his spirit wife to manifest herself to him. It was night, and he was in bed. He saw a light, and then the form of a person below the waist. Then spirit hands were placed beneath his body, and he was raised almost clear of the bed. Mr. Slosser is very mediumistic himself, and just the person to receive remarkable manifestations of spirit power.

The solemn quiet of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., Aug. 10th, where the remains of Gen. Sheridan was lying in state, remained unbroken during the hours of the previous night save by the tread of the military guard. The attendants at the early mass found the priests in their places and the services going on as usual. At 8 o'clock a requiem mass was celebrated which was attended mainly by the relatives and friends of the deceased. Mrs. Sheridan was present, accompanied by General and Mrs. Rucker, Colonel Sheridan and other members of the family. Father Kervick officiated, and the music was furnished by the junior choir of the church. After the celebration of the mass the church was cleared. The members of the family, the guard and every one left the church, and Mrs. Sheridan remained alone with the dead. After she came out of the church the guards resumed their places. Shortly before 10 o'clock the high arch of the sanctuary was draped with a large American flag bordered with black. This work required but a short time, and when it was completed the catafalque, which had been moved to one side, was replaced. An artillery serjeant, with bared head, took his position before the catafalque. On either side were gilt tables supporting large gilt candelabras with lighted candles. A steady stream of people poured into the church all day. They included all classes of society. Those who wished to stop in the church to attend to their devotions took seats in the pews, but the line kept passing on, at times diminishing in numbers, and then again thronged the broad aisle. In accordance with the wish of Mrs. Sheridan, the simple effect of the casket covered only with the American flag was not broken by placing floral tributes upon it. Such flowers as were received were placed on the step inside the altar rail. For the final services Aug. 11th, three chairs were placed on either side of the main aisle in front of the pews. The chairs on the right were reserved for Mrs. Sheridan, Col. Sheridan, and another brother. Those on the left for the President, Mrs. Cleveland, and Mrs. Folsom.

GENERAL ITEMS.

We have procured copies of the Catechism compiled for the Fellowship of the New Life, by Janet E. Ruutz-Rees, price only 10 cents.

J. Clegg Wright passed through the city the beginning of this week on his way to Clinton, Iowa.

Charles Dawbarn's lectures at Cassadaga have excited a good deal of attention. After August 14th, he will be at Lake Pleasant.

Dr. Leon and Mrs. Priest are taking a rest for a few weeks from their labors, and can be addressed for the present at West Acton, Mass.

The Perfect Way by Dr. Anna B. Kingsford and Edward Maitland is still attracting much attention from the reading public. The book has been reduced to $2.00. For sale at this office.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou is at present stopping with her son at Carney, Mich. She will answer calls to lecture, and can be addressed in care of this office. Mrs. Ballou has had a varied experience as an artist and lecturer, both in this country and in Australia.

A new edition of Edward Gibbon's History of Christianity is issued and the price reduced to $1.50. This valuable work comprises all that relates to the progress of the Christian religion in "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," with a life of the author. Price $1.50, postage 15 cents extra. For sale at this office.

Eliza Lynn Linton was one of twelve children of the Vicar of Crosthwaite. She says: "My father's fellow parsons were a queer lot. Some drank and fought in public houses, others were little better than honest day laborers, and it was not uncommon to hear the officiating clergyman exclaim, when his Sunday ministrations were over, 'Gosh, that job's jobbed.'"

A visitor to the Museum of Religion in Paris, writes: "We saw some Chinese coins which were in use two thousand years before Christ, some writing on palm leaves of centuries ago, and many other interesting things, of which not the least amusing was a 'prayer grinder,' which ground out prayers as you turned the handle. To use the words of our guide, 'the more you turned the more prayers you had.'"

D. F. Trefry writes: "Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton held a very interesting and satisfactory test-circle at her residence, 109 South Paulina street, last Sunday evening. All who are interested in genuine spirit control and truthful tests, should visit her seances, or have a private sitting. She holds public meetings every Sunday at Gleason's Hall, 25 Bishop Court, at 2:30 P. M."

Miss Wilda Buckman, Secretary, writes as follows; "The second annual convention of the Oregon State Spiritual Society will be held on the camp grounds at New Era, Clackamas County, Oregon, September 7th, continuing ten days. All members are requested to be present as important business is to be transacted. A general invitation is extended to all friends of the cause. Reduced rate of fares on the O. and C. Railroad to those that attend."

Mind reader Bishop, who left San Francisco surreptitiously for a private asylum for the insane, and who gained notoriety in Honolulu by appearing before an audience while suffering from an overdose of chloral hydrate, came back to California, August 4th, on a steamer. He is greatly improved in health, and displays with pride the insignia of a grand officer of the Order of Kapiolana, presented to him by King Kalakaua.

CASSADAGA CAMP MEETING.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since my last letter we have had lectures by Charles Dawbarn, Mrs. Colby-Luther, J. Frank Baxter, and Cora L. V. Richmond. The attendance has been good every day, and on Sunday a very large crowd was on the grounds, the amphitheater being filled to overflowing. The morning conferences have been highly interesting, and give opportunity for people to relate experiences with phenomena in the home circle or elsewhere, as well as to discuss the principles of the spiritual philosophy. Last Thursday morning Hon. A. B. Richmond occupied the platform, and for nearly two hours held the attention of a large audience while he narrated some of the experiences which have made him a believer in Spiritualism. He showed that he is an expert in the art of magic, by explaining several of the tricks which form the stock in trade of the self-styled exposers of Spiritualism. He confessed that when he came to Cassadaga camp a year ago he firmly believed that all the phenomena were simply clever trickery, but declared that he had not been in the presence of the slate-writing medium twenty minutes before he was convinced that he was dealing with some power other than magic or legerdemain. He told his experience with much fervor, and at times, when speaking of the manifestation of dear friends and members of his family, tears started from his eyes and his voice became husky with emotion. His remarks showed the marvelous effects which a revelation of the truth of immortality has upon a mind darkened by the shadow of doubt and materialism.

The Grand Hotel on the grounds is filled with guests, and rooms are being sought at the cottages by those who can not obtain accommodations at the hotel. Two grocery stores are doing a lively business, milk and meat wagons have a large patronage, and everything gives evidence of the prosperous condition of the camp. We have a telegraph and post office, and these, with the many daily papers, keep the camp in communication with the outer world. There are numerous mediums here, and many phases of the phenomena are represented. The hops, which are held two evenings every week, are well patronized, and are always characterized by the best of order and deportment. There are exhibitions on Friday evenings by the Children's Lyceum, which are also well attended. There are several private classes for physical and psychic culture and instruction in occult science.

It is pleasing to note the growth of the Spiritualist movement in the direction of spiritual culture and education. The majority of Spiritualists are coming to consider the phenomena as simply the foundation of the temple, and they are zealously working upon the walls. They perceive that the value of the phenomena is not in their power to amaze or entertain, but in the significance attached to them as revelations of a future life for man, and as illustrations of laws of spiritual unfoldments. It is of no use to teach a person the truth of immortality unless he is ready to make use of that truth by living as worthy of an immortal nature. A revelation of the continuity of human life beyond the grave, and the consequent continuity of those laws of justice and retribution under which we are now living, should come to men as a continual inspiration to live the highest life. The doctrines of Spiritualism contain unlimited possibilities for good, if rightly applied to human life. That they are being so applied, and that they are bearing their fruit in character, is the inevitable conclusion of one who comes in contact with the people who assemble at a Spiritualist camp. Let the good work go on, until the will of the Father, the laws of life, are obeyed on earth as they are in the higher spheres of the Spirit-world.

Lily Dale, N. Y. GRAPHO.

Materialism in Sunday Schools.

Sunday schools for the education for the young in the doctrines of anarchy—this is the last outcome of the last craze of the century. The scheme sounds in imlousness to that great multitude to whom Sunday has memories of the life and teachings of Him whose life and death were harbingers of "peace on earth, to men good will." Even to those in whom the cares of the world have weakened the spiritual sentiment there seems something horrible in the fierce energy which would destroy the poetry and inborn religion of youth, which would teach children of tender years that neither sun, moon, nor star, fleeting cloud nor glancing stream, grass or flower, nor the sweet wind or tender rain of summer gave hint of grandeur and calm such as "eye hath not seen, neither hath ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Accursed be the false philosophy that would destroy the hope of youth, the confidence of age in an all wise, all-merciful, and all-powerful Creator and preserver of the souls of men.

Fortunately, the Creator has endowed His human work with imagination, and most plenteously in its youth. The Child can never be convinced that an infinite—nothing is the author of the infinite everything that he sees when waking and that visits him in dreams. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" but the child is not a fool; there are no fools in cradles or in short suits. The thing that reasons from an all to a nothing is born of mature age, as years count for maturity. The first questions of childhood are, "Who made me? Where do the stars come from every night? Whither do they go when daylight comes?" Much preaching about psalms and protoplasms will not satisfy it. The child knows by instinct that something greater and wiser than itself has made it and all it sees or dreams of; the language may not be at command for expression of its thought, but

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul,"

is as firmly the faith of childhood as it was of Alexander Pope. If it were certain that the child who had undergone four weeks of the dreary platitudes of materialism could then be brought to hear the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, or even that most poetical and most rational of all statements, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," some good might come of the first falsity; the radiant glitter of the humanity of religion would be in such contrast to the colorless cant of materialism as to permanently enchant.

It is not orthodoxy that is threatened by the Sunday schools of anarchy. Materialism has ever been, ever will be, the creed of a few, and, perhaps, the affectation rather than the belief of most of the few. It is society that is threatened; for the sentiments of jealousy, envy, hatred are as innate to childhood as those of trustfulness, generosity, and love. Which trinity of sentiment shall be the more powerful in directing the daily walk and conversation of the man depends upon which is best fostered in the heart of the child. Christian teaching fosters the kindly sentiments, anarchy the dreadful ones. The hospital and kindergarten, the lakeside home for sick children, the waifs' mission, are products of Christianity. The bomb and the riot are products of anarchy, and may we not say of materialism? Matter moves by force, and by it alone. All materialists are not anarchists, but all anarchists are materialists. The ignorant materialist sees all nature move by force, and knows nothing of the law behind the force, and so uses force to remove whatever obstacle lies in his way. The great reformer of Judea was wise—even as politicians judge of wisdom—"the Kingdom of Heaven (i. e., of justice and mercy) is not afar off, but nigh unto every one of you, even within you;" "judge yourself;" these were His maxims, and they are as sound in politics as in morals. Reform is the creature of evolution, it must be brought out of each person for himself until all are reformed. Is a system or a party corrupt? Take yourself out of it, and it is less strong by one withdrawal. But the Sunday School for anarchists will be an agency of brief duration if humane endeavor provide some better thing for the few who now attend upon it.—*Inter-Ocean.*

General News.

At Detroit Harry Haworth, single, was killed by a falling wall.—Henry Winkley, the Philadelphia philanthropist, is dead at the age of 84.—David Arnold, Jr., was shot and killed at Afton, Iowa, by Abe Ballinger, a blacksmith, in self-defense.—At St. Louis the convention of engineers voted to continue the "Q." strike and to increase the pay of the strikers—the engineers to $60 and firemen to $40.—The senate has passed the amended Spooner inter-state telegraph bill.—The American party is to hold its first annual convention at Washington this week.—A bill has been introduced in the senate appropriating $200,000 to prevent the spread of yellow fever.—The secretary of war has approved the plans for the bridge across the Mississippi at Memphis, and work on the structure will begin at once.—Congress has authorized the president to present a gold medal to Francis Josephs for his services in the perfection of life-saving appliances.—Lady Jane Henrietta Swinburne, mother of the English poet and critic, is 90 years old.—M. Rochefort has been fined 6,000 francs for libel on M. Jules Ferry.—Ex-Vice President William A. Wheeler's late residence at Malone, N. Y., was sold at public auction last week to Charles E. Martin of Plattsburg for $6,500. The house is a plain two-story brick structure of rectangular shape without any pretensions to style.—Mrs. Schuyler Walden, wife of a leading Wall street broker, was bitten on the neck by a horse-fly a few weeks ago and has come near dying from the inflammation and fever that ensued. The doctors think that the fly which bit her had been feeding on decomposed organic matter.—Jacob Myers, the veteran engineer of the Adirondack Company, has run a locomotive for forty years and has never met with an accident.—Queen Victoria is cleared of the charge that plain English bread is not good enough for her taste. Brown and white bread are made every day for her use; and she is exceedingly fond of oatcakes and scones.—Miss Martha A. McConnell was elected deacon in the McKeesport (Pa.) Reformed Presbyterian Church, but the presbytery refused to ordain her, as there was no precedent for such action, and referred the matter to the synod.—Augusta Evans, author of "St. Elmo" and other lurid Southern stories, ranks with Browning in at least one respect. She will not contribute to periodicals. She has repeatedly refused the most tempting offers to contribute to magazines and newspapers.—An epidemic of typhoid fever is raging at Dundee, seven miles from Montpelier, Ind.—The body of Charles Craft, drowned at Kankakee, Ill., has been found.—Mrs. William Duval, of Watoga, Ill., attempted suicide by taking arsenic.—The first train on the new Chicago & Northwestern extension to Michigaunee was run last Saturday.—The Indiana State military encampment will be held at Evansville, Ind., Aug. 20th to 27th, inclusive.—Carroll County, Ind., old settlers held their annual reunion at Delphi last Saturday. Ten thousand people were in attendance.—The sawmill of J. H. Weed at Halcomb, Wis., on the Lake Shore Road, was destroyed by fire. The loss is $8,000; insurance, $4,500.—Henry Dorman & Son, keepers of a general store in Buffalo, Ia., have made an assignment. Liabilities, $7,000; assets, about the same.—The fourth annual reunion of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association of Northwestern Illinois will be held at Morrison Aug. 21 and 22.—A contract has been let by the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad to the Massburg Iron & Steel Company for 3,000 tons steel rails.—The Anheuser-Brusch Brewing Company is said to be backing up the Cedar Falls, Ia., druggists in their fight against the pharmacy law.—Edward Ruede of Columbus, Ind., aged 13, was found dead with a bullet-hole in his head. It is supposed he was despondent and committed suicide.

BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

The Mystery of Herrmann's La Cocone Trick Explained by an Expert.

During the past year Herrmann, the magician, has been mystifying audiences by a feat that he calls "La Cocone." It is a sort of butterfly development of a beautiful young lady out of an ugly paper ball, resembling in color and shape the cocoon of a silk worm. That is as far as the resemblance goes, for it is exaggerated to the size of a beer barrel. This is how it is done:—Herrmann introduces the performance by asking the audience to examine a box arrangement, which is nothing but a three-cornered frame covered with any ordinary quality of print paper. He places this in the middle of the stage, with one of the paper sides next to the orchestra. The other paper sides are to keep the people in the boxes and the scene shifters from seeking the inner workings. This is in accord with nature, which never allows us to know how a blade of grass is made, let alone a butterfly. There is no deception about the box. It is all it is represented to be—simply a paper screen, about two feet high and two feet deep.

At this point in the show the magician produces a piece of crayon and with it he makes a charcoal sketch of an ugly looking worm on a paper screen in full view of the audience. A piece of white tape is stretched across the stage from right to left at a height of six or seven feet, and directly over the screen with its caricature of a silk worm. Now he draws the tape down with a wand and attaches it to something within or behind the screen. To comprehend this feature one may imagine a box suspended from a clothes-line.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will see ze great transformation of the silk worm into the cocoon." A magical wave of the wand, and presto, change, the thing has become animated with vigorous life. The side of the paper screen on which was the picture is shattered in the twinkling of an eye and it looks as though a circus performer had tumbled a double somersault through it. Gracefully and lightly the unsightly cocoon floats upward and remains suspended in the air with no other support than the tape, until it is lowered to rest on a table.

"And now for the butterfly."

The ugly shell opens and reveals a beautiful face. Golden hair, a creamy neck and a ravishing bust. The only deception there is about the "butterfly" are the wings, and anybody can see that they are not genuine.

"But how is it done?"

My child, it is simple, and neither nature or the spirit have anything to do with it. The screen placed on the stage is used to conceal a trap in the floor. While Herrman is making the sketch before mentioned a confederate is shoving up through the trap the cocoon, or huge ball, in which the beautiful lady is secreted in a kneeling position. The tape is hooked on to this ball and at the proper moment the "butterfly" thrusts out a hand, breaks the paper on which is the picture of the worm and sails upward as described. The deception of this trick lies in the tape. Everybody imagines that the lady is in the ball or cocoon, but one cannot understand how such a weight can be supported by a tape that does not look as if it would hold a pound. Neither it does, for the tape is double and within it is steel wire capable of supporting a ton. This tape-covered wire passes over pullies attached to the wings at both sides of the stage. On each end of this deceptive tape are weights heavy enough to counterbalance the cocoon and its fair occupant. The magician need but touch it and up it goes. The climax of the illusion is merely opening the ball, which the "butterfly" does with a smile, while you applaud.—*Saturday's Tidings.*

H. C. Sessions writes: "The Spiritualists of Spokane and Whitman counties, Washington Territory, will hold a four days' camp meeting, commencing Sept. 6th, at Medical Lake."

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four essays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents,

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Poems From the Life Beyond and Within. Voices from many lands and centuries saying: "Man, thou shalt never die." The compiler has gathered these poems from ancient Hindustan, Persia, Arabia, Greece, Rome, and Northern Europe, and from the great poets of the centuries in Europe down to some of the best words of living men and women, closing with inspired voices from the spirit land. Cloth, price, $1.50, postpaid.

Progress from Poverty. This is a review and criticism of Henry George's Progress and Poverty and Protection and Free Trade. Price, cloth, 50 cents, paper 25 cts.

The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to $1.00 and is cheap at that. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

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but there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, billousness, or to restore a regular, healthy action to the liver, stomach and bowels, equal to those reliable litttle "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" prepared by Dr. Pierce. Of druggists.

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The Grand Rapids Business College has for years enjoyed a first-class reputation as a preparatory school for young men and young women who contemplate entering the best business ranks. It still maintains its high standard. Consult advertisement in another column.

No July number of "Dress" was issued for the reason that Mrs. Jenness Miller was away on a lecture trip, upon the subject of healthful dress, and did not return in time to issue the magazine as usual. So great is the demand for these lectures, that Mrs. Miller believes it her duty to devote a portion at least, of the coming season to this platform work, and for that reason it has been decided during the next year, to publish but one number of Dress each two months.

The magazine will be larger in general form, and will be printed on much finer paper, and will be in every way an artistic production.

It is still published at 23 West 125th Street, New York City, where all communications can be addressed.

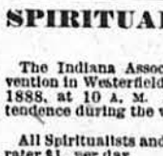
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SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will meet in convention in Westerfield's Hall Anderson, Ind., September 13, 1888, at 10 A. M. A corps of good mediums will be in attendence during the week and a grand time is expected.

All Spiritualists and friends of investigation invited. Hotel rater $1, per day.

GEO. W. HUNTER, Sec., Indianapolis, Ind.
DR. BECK, Pres., Delphi, Ind.

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Persons of proper qualifications who desire buisness positions, to know that the Loomis National Library Association will soon appoint their Congressional District Managers in this state, and are now ready to receive applications for the positions. Managers handle large amounts of money, and each controls at least $1,500.00 (wholesale) worth of goods, and must furnish at least $750.00 cash capital. The salary is $150.00 per month. Although this company has only been incorporated since 1886 its income from membership fees alone has already reached the enormous sum of over twenty thousand dollars per month. Address The Loomis National Library Associati on, 364 Wabash Ave., Chicago; 2 Cooper Union New York.

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AND

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

The Inclination to Religious Thought.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There are certain times in every man's life when he has a desire to know all that may be known in regard to a future state. From some cause, he is solicitous to live so that he may gain the brightest future of which his spirit is capable. This desire is termed a "religious feeling." The general means whereby he endeavors to accomplish his end are called religion, and the abstract tenets which he casts upon to follow are his "creed."

The secret impulses of religious desire are many and varied. They may, however, be classed under one of three heads, as per the following statement: Fear may lead us to penetrate the dark mists of the hereafter; so may sorrow, but the universal and prime impulse is love.

This is the one sublime office of fear. We may be spurred on by apprehension of personal safety (illustrating the fact of self-preservation being the first law of nature), or be awed and intimidated by the crosses of a present life. Fear is a majestic instigation to higher thought. We may feel in an instant the dire trepidation which will bear upon a whole life-time. In the presence of sudden death the unrighteous man is fearful, and if it is the mercy of Providence that he be spared, he will never forget his thoughts at that extreme moment.

The compassionate impulse is sorrow, which usually comes as suddenly as fear. What man who stands beside the cold, stiff form of his dead child, who presses a feverish kiss upon the icy lips or strokes the hair away from the pale brow, but feels, in his grief a desire to meet that sweet soul in the heaven towards which all are trending? Show me the man who does not, and I will mark him as a materialist; one who can condemn his own child to the hell of oblivion and then sink himself into a grave whose earth will hide the worms that prey upon his soul! O sorrow, sweet, indeed, is thy stimulation to search for a happier union of earthly ties in the coming, the swiftly coming future. He who finds that he will meet his child "across the river" will die as one "who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We come now to the divine phase of religious animation—open to the fearless and the childless, that universal bond which connects the mortal with the immortal, the finite with the infinite, the all with the All. It is inherent in man, and no nature is so debased that it thrills not to this magic and mysterious sentiment. This is love, pure love. It is the strongest bar of the trinity, and pervades sorrow and even fear to a certain extent, yet it is of itself distinct.

In concluding this paper I might say that from these three impulses could be deduced three religions, all tending to the same end: One of Fear, whose practices is in the main exercised for good; but with the fallacy of fright, ideas are distorted to other meanings than the true. Second, the religion of Compassion which is too nearly akin to sympathy for an impartial cult, and last, the religion of Love,—love for the good, for justice, for truth, for God and man which permeates the highest and surest belief and leads us, with gentle and certain steps to the achievement of mortal desire.

THE CREED OF CREEDS.

SUPPLICATION.

You're a Christian; Love that Jesus
Who has perished on the cross,
For the star of golden Juda
Is a light that needs no gloss.

You're a Buddhist: Love Gautama
For his wisdom and his ways;
For the sympathy and kindness
His exalted faith portrays.

You're of Islam: Love Mahomet,
Having faith without restraint,
And believe in all the prophets
Down from Adam to your saint.

You're a man, and as a mortal
I will ask you to give heed,
For I feel it is a duty
That I give mankind my creed.

'Tis no slur upon religion
That the one who reads may hold,
But its thought is universal
And a pearl that shames your gold.

Hear me, World, and hear with kindness
If ye cannot give belief,
But deep Science is the reaper
And a truth the garnered sheaf.

IMPULSE TO THOUGHT.

STATEMENT.
Fear may lead us to penetrate the dark mists of the Hereafter; so may sorrow, but the universal and prime impulse is Love.

Friend you must die! Perchance the thought
Comes o'er you like a lightning's flash;
You realize that life is caught
As in a vice, between the clash
Of Soul and Body, and the strife
But turns and twists the captured Life.
All is turmoil, and Man a slave
That cringes to a mortal breath
Whose short possessions brings the grave;
Whose only certainty is death.
Perhaps, from out this earthly gloom
You seek bright paths beyond the tomb?

Perhaps, beside some dear dead face,
You watched the long and weary night;
You missed the sweet departed grace,
The smile, the voice, the loving light
That filled those glazed and half-shut eyes.
In deep distress, your tearful cries.
Re-echoed through the solemn air;
You strove in vain to raise the dead;
The pale lips smiled at your despair,
Your hot tears wet the peaceful head.
Perhaps, above that gentle clod,
Vain sorrow turned your steps to God?

This is the highest end of fear,
Yet savor of the cudgeled hound
To crouch affrighted by the bier,
Be lashed to heaven at a bound.
Nor seems it yet a brave man's place
To weep a passage into grace!
There is a power, to all innate,
A force unshackled, high and free;
As firm in mortal as his fate,
That often wields this high decree,
Let us together, hand in hand,
Through love religion understand.

WILLIAM WALLACE COOK, F. L. S.

Remarkable Appearances.

will relate in a few words an incident that occurred about two years ago. One day, about nine o'clock, A. M., I went to the well for water, and looking up the road I saw a man coming towards me, about six rods distant, and dressed in black clothes. My first impression was that he was a Bohemian, as this town is principally settled by that class. I turned my face from him while drawing the bucket of water. After I drew it up, I looked in the direction of the man, and behold, there was no one to be seen.

A few years ago, in the town lying between Schenectady and Troy, N. Y., the neighbors came together to see the king of ghosts. It appeared every day at the edge of the evening. It was about twelve feet high, and seemed to come out of the woods, walk across the road down into the field and disappear. One evening a man among the spectators showed his courage by firing a revolver at the apparition. The moment he fired, he was knocked over the road, some four rods, and so bruised that he was confined to his bed for six weeks.

Again, here is another that borders on the marvelous. Mr. Berry, a man of truth, told me that while he and a neighbor was watching by a friend, they plainly saw a black dog come through the door and go under the bed of the sick man, and go out as mysteriously as he came in. That night the man died.

DR. BENTLEY.

Spiritualism in Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I take the liberty to enclose you for publication a "Declaration of Principles," intended for the First Society of Spiritualists of this city. I had no hand in formulating them, but I regard them as the best I have ever seen. The committee, of which our friend M. A. Clancy was one, has shown a wonderful sagacity, and displayed fine discriminating judgment in expressing the true spiritual philosophy, and at the same time avoiding all creedal and sectarian claims. Whatever may have caused the failure of all attempts by Spiritualists to organize in the past, perhaps the time has come when it may be accomplished. I am sure if it can be done on a harmonious basis it will redound to the good of Spiritualism in ways too numerous to mention. It would strengthen the hands of its exponents, sustain all honest mediums, and prove a barrier against charlatan and mountebanks. In united action there is strength; in system there is beauty and power which commands respect. Spiritualists will have to come to this, or continue to fare worse.

Washington, D. C. JOHN EDWARDS.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE FIRST NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

The undersigned, accepting as facts:

First, a continued existence and personality after the change called death; second, intercourse with the Spirit-world; and third, individual responsibility, as the conditions of all progress in this and the life to come, and the right of every intelligent human being to freedom of thought, speech and action, provided there is no encroachment upon the legitimate rights of others; for mutual protection and improvement in all that qualifies us for this life and all the possibilities of the future, unite under the following

DECLARATION:

1. Spiritualism, in its broad sense as a philosophical system, embraces whatever relates to spirit, spiritual existences, and spiritual forces, infinite and finite, organized or diffused, especially all truths relative to the human spirit, its disembodied existence,—the conditions of that existence, and the modes of communicating between the internal and external worlds.

2. We deny the right of any person or organization to dictate what any person shall accept as truth in regard to the infinite or finite.

3. We acknowledge a universal, beneficent Power governing the universe.

4. That mankind as a part of this Universal Power is its highest representative on this planet, the most perfect individual being the most complete embodiment thereof; that each has a germ of Divinity, an incorruptible and indestructible portion of the Divine essence, which is ever prompting to the right, and which in time will free itself from the imperfections incidental to the rudimental state.

5. That we have a continued existence after the change called death; that that existence is but a continuation of the present life, as proved by the return and identification of those who have passed on, by facts visible, audible and tangible, and their own declarations.

6. That the Spirit-world is as real and tangible to spirits as this world is to us.

7. That the Spirit-world is not far off but nigh, around and interblended with our present state of existence, and hence, that we are constantly under the affectionate and watchful care of spirits.

8. That spirits, ill or well disposed, influence us both knowingly and unconsciously; knowingly, by deliberate purpose, and unconsciously by their emanations which flow into the spheres of such mortals as they resemble morally and mentally, with a predominant good or evil result, according to our predisposed moral and mental states.

9. That as individuals are passing into the Spiritual State in all stages of mental and moral growth, that state includes all grades of character from the lowest to the highest.

10. That as happiness and misery depend on internal states rather than on external surroundings, there are as many gradations of each as there are shades of character, each one gravitating to his own state or condition by natural affinity, and hence, there must be "many mansions" to meet these variations, each individual being as happy as his character will allow.

11. That communications from the spiritual world, by mental impression or any other mode of transmission, are not necessarily infallible; that on the contrary no inspired communication, in this or any age, is authoritative any further than it expresses truth to the individual reason, which is the final standard to which all teachings, inspired or not, must be bought for judgment.

12. That inspiration, or the influx of ideas and promptings from the spiritual realms, is not a miracle of the past, but a perpetual fact, the ceaseless method of the Divine economy in the elevation of humanity.

13. That all so-called miracles of the past, as raising the apparently dead, healing the sick by laying on of hands, or by other simple means, rendering poisons harmless, the moving of physical bodies without visible contact, etc., etc., were produced in harmony with natural laws, and hence may be repeated under the same conditions.

14. That the cause of all phenomena, the sources of all life, intelligence and love, are to be sought in the internal, the spiritual realm, not in the external or material.

15. That our errors and wrongs of this life must be corrected and repaired in the future state as they should have been in this life.

16. That there is no such thing as remission of sins; that our salvation (progress) and happiness must be outwrought from within, and by ourselves, in obedience to the inexorable law of natural, and therefore Divine Justice.

17. That all evil is in harmony, greater or less, with this inmost or Divine Principle, and hence, whatever prompts and aids us to bring our more external nature into subjection to, and harmony with our interior or spiritual nature, whether it be called Christianity, Spiritualism, Harmonial Philosophy, Buddhism, Brahminism, or any other name, is a means of salvation from error and wrong doing.

The Effect of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I noticed one or two selected articles recently in the JOURNAL, upon which I feel impressed to remark. One stated that a man was frightened to death by a spirit; another that some one else had been made insane from the same cause.

Now, if these statements be true (that those parties actually saw spirits), the effect upon them was exactly the opposite of that produced on me. The presence of a spirit has always produced on me pleasing sensations, never fear or alarm. I am an exceedingly nervous person, and a sudden noise, or any thing occurring unexpectedly, under ordinary circumstance produces excitement and palpitation of the heart, and by such effect, I know that the thing occurring is not psychical, but material; and when I hear of any one being frightened by a "spirit" manifestation I can not help supposing that such parties were deceived, and that spirits had nothing to do with it.

I may illustrate my meaning by relating an anecdote of the most startling kind I ever experienced. I was in a distant city and slept alone several nights in a strange house; one night I was in bed, the room dark, and I was just dropping off to sleep, when I got a hard slap on the cheek as if with an open hand. The noise it made was very loud, I think fully as loud as the report of a large revolver. I sprang up (startled of course, but not frightened) calling out, "Who's that? Who did that?" In a moment I felt that it was psychical. The door was locked and the house empty. I immediately got the impression who the spirit was, and it was just what he would do for fun. I knew he would not want to frighten or injure me in any way; so I lay down as before and presented my face for another slap, quite enjoying the joke. "Come now, do it again," said I; but such things never come to me when I look for or expect them.

Now had such a thing occurred in the ordinary way, I should not have recovered the effect of it in 24 hours, perhaps never; my heart would certainly have kept up the "thump," "thump" all night. So now let no one be "afraid of a ghost." In order to see a spirit the subject must be in a state of mental rest and if such an appearance produces disquietude, that will be sufficient to immediately destroy the phenomenon. At least such has been my experience.

As to those stories we read about hell and devil, bad and malicious spirits, and so forth—ah! well my "swallow" is small, and such stories are too big to go down easy.

THOS. HARDING.

Sturgis, Mich.

A RATTLESNAKE BITE CURED.

The Remarkable Experience of Alden Davis, of Damascus, Pa.

Alden Davis is a young farmer living in the town of Damascus, Wayne county, Pa., five miles from Calicoon Depot, in Sullivan county, N. Y. About dusk last night he was looking for his cows in the woods. In passing along by the side of a fallen tree, the trunk of which lay several feet up from the ground, he put his hand out to take hold of it to steady himself, and in doing so put it right on the coils of a large rattlesnake.

The instant the cold, slimy scales of the reptile were felt he jerked his hand back. But nothing can escape the deadly spring of the rattlesnake when it strikes, and its poisonous fangs were instantly fastened in the ball of his thumb. To kill the snake was but the work of a moment and then he hurried to the house and had a strong cord drawn tightly around his thumb to prevent the circulation of the blood as much as possible into and from the wound and thus check the spread of the poison. A horse was speedily hitched to a wagon and he was rapidly driven to the office of Dr. S. A. Kemp, at Calicoon Depot.

Dr. Kemp is a successful physician of the regular order, who, besides reading the best of the numerous medical publications of the day, finds time to peruse the columns of the *World*.

Having seen in that paper a few years since a description of the remedy for rattlesnake bites as used by the Geer family at Long Eddy, N. Y., Dr. Kemp made careful investigation of the matter and became convinced of the truths of the statements therein made, and that the remedy was indeed all that was claimed for it. He therefore advised young Davis to drive to John Geer's as quickly as possible, but first to partake freely of rye whisky. A bottle of this liquor was obtained and the horse's head turned in the direction of Long Eddy, distant eleven miles. It was now late in the night, and, as the moon was down, very dark. The road was a rough one, but by careful and as rapid driving as possible the dwelling of John Geer, the famous rattlesnake catcher, was reached before daylight.

By this time, in spite of the tightly drawn cord around his thumb, the poison had made its way into the hand, wrist and arm, which were badly swollen. Davis had taken but two small drinks of the liquor and Geer promptly forbade the use of more, saying its effects would be to increase the circulation of the blood and thus spread the poison more rapidly.

The effects of the poison seemed not to be entirely confined to the hand and arm, but in some way was affecting the stomach. He had several severe vomiting spells, after which he spit blood freely.

Fortunately Geer knew right where to get the violet, a sovereign remedy for the bite of a rattlesnake, and, lighting a lantern, in five minutes' time had Davis eating its leaves. He then applied salt and indigo to the wound, first taking off the tightly drawn cord, which, however, had probably done good service in preventing the more rapid spread of the poison. Davis soon began to feel better. The pain, which was great when he first came, soon ceased. The stomach sickness also left him, and lying down, he slept for an hour, when Geer awakened him to give more of the violet and apply a fresh poultice of the indigo and salt.

The swelling began to diminish, but he complained of a feeling of numbness that pervaded his hand, arm and shoulder, which, however, was soon succeeded by an intense prickling sensation that Geer ascribed to the action of the properties of the violet in overcoming the effects of the poison. At the end of twelve hours from the time he came to Mr. Geer's, Davis started to walk home, though the swelling had not yet entirely disappeared. Thinking he might be kept for several days, he had sent his horse home. Geer gave him a quantity of the remedy, cautioned him to walk slowly, not to go to work, but use the medicine till the swelling was entirely gone, and assured him he was as safe from all evil effects of the snake-bite as he could wish to be.

As soon as it was known that a man had been bitten by a rattlesnake and was at John Geer's to be cured, a great many people from the village went down to see him and were greatly surprised at the thorough and complete working of the simple remedy applied.

This remedy has been known and used in this place and vicinity for over eighty years. It was first obtained by Joseph Geer (John's father) from a half-breed Delaware Indian named John Johnson, who used in 1800 to occupy a hut on the Pennsylvania side of the river opposite Long Eddy, and who for a pint of whisky would let a rattlesnake bite him and then cure himself with it. It is as follows:

Apply to the wound a poultice one-half each of common salt and indigo, mixed with cold water, and renew every two hours. Eat freely of the leaves, or drink often of a tea made from them, of a variety of the blue violet (*V. sagittata*) commonly known as the "arrow-leaved" violet. If the bite be upon the leg or arm, bind the leaves in a circle around it and above and just beyond the swelling. Moisten with cold water as often as they get dry from the fever created by the poison and renew two or three times a day.—J. D. LEGG, *in New York World.*

Evidence of Spirit Power.

In 1879, I found myself in the Rocky Mountains, in Granite Canyon, twelve miles from Virginia City, Montana. I was occupied in hunting and prospecting for gold and silver. Then I made the acquaintance of Mr. Samuel Watson, not the Rev. S. Watson of Memphis, Tenn. This man taught me all he knew about the spiritual philosophy. I had never before heard anything of Spiritualism, having been raised a strict Catholic. This philosophy looked so beautiful and rational to me that I accepted it as the best and the most reasonable of religions. This man also told me all about the phenomena in Spiritualism, but I did not accept his statements as true, until so proven to me. I made up my mind to investigate Spiritualism at the first opportunity, which was afforded me in 1886. I have attended meetings regularly. I have also been to séances, and have received undoubted proof that my parents and friends who have left their mortal bodies still live. I received a great number of tests, which convinced me that our departed friends do return and communicate with us under favorable circumstances.

I will now relate some of the phenomena which happened in our family. My father and mother knew nothing whatever of Spiritualism, and died devout Catholics. My mother, I think, was a medium and natural healer; people came to her to be cured. She could take pain away almost immediately. She took the pain from my brother who fell on dripping iron as it came out of the puddle furnace. He was 51 miles away from home at the time, and how she cured him nobody knew. This happened in Germany.

My little sister died when three years old. My father was over 50 miles from her then, and while eating supper with five or six other boarders, somebody rapped on the door. The raps then came the second time, when father rose up and said, "The raps are for me; somebody is dead in my family." The same evening my brother was working in France, in a coal mine, and over two thousand feet under ground. The evening my sister died, he saw a white dove fly around in the mine. He also seemed to feel that something was wrong at home.

My next experience was in the Rocky Mountains, in this country. My partner and I were coming down the mountain, when all at once I heard a church bell ringing, and I recognized the sound as the same as that in my native town in Germany over 7,000 miles away. I called my partner's attention to the bell ringing, and he said he could hear nothing. He did not think that there was a bell within hundreds of miles. Some months after I got the news that my aunt had died in Germany at the time I heard the bell.

I have seen and heard spirits in my own room where I am sure no fraud was practiced.

What has Spiritualism done for me? In the first place it has made me quit swearing and using vulgar language; it cured me of chewing tobacco, and lately it has taken intoxicating drinks away from me.

NICK BECKER.

Chicago, Ill.

Walt Whitman calls his present ailment war paralysis. He says: "It came immediately after the war. I was filled with emotion, with excitement, hope, and energy then. I thought all America was going to the bad. It has visited me six or seven times since, leaving me each time a little weaker and shakier. This time has been a pretty bad one—as bad as any of them."

An Inquiry.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Did the narrative now being published in the JOURNAL, entitled "Heaven Revised," emanate from Mrs. E. B. Duffey in the Spirit-world, and given through a reliable and well known medium? or was it written by some one in earth-life, by drawing upon the imagination for the facts? If it is truly from the spirit side, and is the experience of Mrs. E. B. Duffey, honestly given, it is intensely interesting, imparting information of great importance to the human family. If Mrs. Duffey, as a mortal, wrote this production, drawing it from the imagination, she is an author of high order, and I hope will continue to write. Whether from the spirit or earth-life, it is a most interesting and remarkable production.

I have been a Spiritualist for twenty-five years, and have had every phase of experience.

W. HARRAL.

REPLY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

You wish me to make a "brief statement," for the benefit of inquirers, as to whether "Heaven Revised" was written under spirit control, or, as you express it, whether I "had gathered these ideas from various sources, and woven them together into this story." If I must be brief, I can only answer that I cannot tell, I do not know; but in order not to mislead, and because I think it may interest those readers already interested in the story, I will tell as briefly as I can the circumstances under which it was written.

It was written in the fall and winter of 1884-5, and I occupied upon it the little spare time I had at that period, seldom more than a single evening in a week. The ideas were not gathered from various sources, for at that time I had heard little and read less upon the subject of Spiritualism. During the entire period in which I was engaged in this writing—some three or four months—I lived and moved in a sort of dream. Nothing seemed real to me. Personal troubles did not seem to pain me. I felt as though I had taken a mental anaesthetic. I finished the work one Saturday evening. On Sunday evening I spoke as usual before our spiritual society, the audience told me, with more than usual excellence. On Monday morning I awoke for the first time my usual self. Real life had come back to me.

I did not think out my narrative; I did not plan nor plot. I could not have known less of what was to be written, had I been writing at the dictation of another. At the time of writing I had but a superficial acquaintance with the philosophy of Spiritualism, as I was a convert of but a year; and often I was puzzled to know whether what I recorded was strictly in harmony with spiritualistic teachings. This was especially true of the chapter entitled "Into the Depths."

The subtitle of "Heaven Revised" sufficiently indicates my belief in the matter. I believe that I wrote through unseen assistance, but I hesitate to ask others to endorse this belief. I hesitate even to express it, realizing as I do how often well-intentioned Spiritualists mistakingly attribute to the Spirit-world that which emanates only in their own too often ignorant and ill-informed minds. I know how difficult it is to draw the line between one's own thoughts and impressions, and those which result from inspiration from higher sources.

The reader must decide for himself. If he be credulous he will accept my own belief, and think that "Heaven Revised" was written inspirationally. If he is a skeptic, and hesitates to do this, he will be only sharing the doubts and questionings which sometimes possess myself.

Bartow, Fla. MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

Is It Imagination, or Inspiration?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am about forty years old. About three years ago I commenced writing poetry. I began writing in circles (with four others twice each week) for investigation. For some time we got nothing, but finally one of the party began to see clairvoyantly and describe spirits, often very accurately, and I began to feel as if a cool breeze was blowing over me. After we had held circles for nearly a month, whenever I would give myself up to try to think of nothing, I would receive thoughts that thrilled me with joy; these thoughts kept getting stronger at each meeting, and finally I would express them. I have some fifty short poems (if they can be so called) that I have written in that manner. I sometimes gave short lectures, but was never able to write any of these.

The question arises, is this the result, in my case, of inspiration, or is it a freak of my imagination?

H. L. CHAPMAN.

Gold Discovered in a Dream.

John Reitdyk, a laborer, of Paterson, N. J., who was of a saving disposition, buried his money in his garden. Persons to whom Reitdyk owed money accertained that Mrs. Reitdyk was spending money quite freely, and even made loans. They investigated and learned this story: Mrs. Reitdyk was very anxious to learn where her husband concealed his money, as she desired to spend it.

She allowed her mind to dwell on the subject so much that she began to dream about it. She says now that in one of her dreams she saw a large stone in the yard, and under this was a pot filled with money. Acting upon her dream, she found the stone, and, half doubting, turned it over with much difficulty.

To her surprise there was the pot in a hole in the ground just as she had seen it in her vision. In it was her husband's savings in gold, silver and bills, amounting to about $300. She has spent the greater part of the money in various ways.—*N. Y. Press.*

M. A. Morey, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes: Mr. Carpenter's letter is all that can be desired. It is telling and timely. Spiritualists ought to feel grateful to such people for the real service they do the cause. I suppose, however, many feel otherwise than grateful. For one I say, "Lay on Macduff." Your editorial entitled, "From the Old to the New," is specially timely. Everybody feels the change. Old things are passing away, and new things, such as thoughts, ideas, hopes and aspirations are taking their places. Let the change go on more and more rapidly, more and more radically, and let the JOURNAL, as now, be in front. Just now, I am like Paul, "Caught up in the spirit" (not "drunk on its wine," though), and I see a glorious day coming, not only for us as mortals, but as spirits as well. Mrs. Lillie has been here, spoke to full houses morning and evening, gave the best of satisfaction, as usual, with Minneapolis audiences. She promised to come again.

E. T. Ahrens writes as follows from Paola, Kansas: There are two colored children here who promise to become excellent mediums. One of them gives excellent tests now. I have a little boy about five years old, who had a short time ago both sides of his hands covered with warts. The other evening my wife took him to a good old Baptist lady, who, it is said, can take off warts by passing her hands over them a few times, and saying a few words. Well, she made a trial, and now, hardly ten days having passed, the little fellow's warts have disappeared like snow before a March sun in Kansas, all gone and nobody can see that he ever had any. The JOURNAL'S course is gaining friends among all classes.

Speaking of Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the American whistler, the *Saturday Review* of London remarks that many people have been asked out to hear her, regarding the whole thing as a joke, and have come away in simple wonder at the unlooked for display of her powers. They have found her a sound musician and a subtle mistress of her particular art. They have found that, through her special medium, she could fill Covent Gardent with ecstatic trills or sink into the softest whispered notes, the execution of which only years of rehearsal could achieve. It may be difficult to conceive a whistling prima donna; but the fact is that whistling as a fine art is worthy of attentive study.

Maurice Kelly died in Auckland June 24, aged 104 years. He boasted a few weeks before his death, that he had drank all the whisky he wanted for eighty-seven years, and had never experienced any sickness. But he didn't want as much whisky as some other men do. He preserved his strength until a fortnight before his death, and was noted for his jovial habits.

Mr. Blaine is to be invited to open the exposition at Kansas City, Sept. 10.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The total output of coal from Iowa mines last year was 3,864,490 tons.

Mosquitoes have become so troublesome in Worcester County, Md., as to endanger the lives of cattle.

The New York Board of Health is ordering a reduction in the number of tenants in the tenement houses.

It is said that the *Century Magazine* receives an average of 1,000 manuscripts a month from literary aspirants.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her daughters have taken a cottage at Sag Harbor, L. I., for the summer.

Young James G. Blaine will make his first campaign speech at Augusta, Me., Aug. 15th. A great time is expected.

There were 90,621 paupers, besides lunatics and vagrants, in the 3,815,000 inhabitants of London in the first week of July.

Baron Reuter, the telegraph king of Europe, keeps a secretary whose sole business it is to investigate and relieve cases of distress.

At Worcester, N. Y., a bed of clay, black and closely resembling coal tar, has been struck. It is thought to be potters' clay, such as is used in Wales.

Mr. Sinn, of Royston, Ga., dreamed the other night that he had shot a burglar, and awoke to find that he had shot himself and was minus a finger by the operation.

It is said that the American Consulate at Mazatlan, Mexico, was the only consulate and only place of importance in that city that was not decorated on the Fourth of July.

Gen. Alfred H. Terry is rapidly regaining his health at his home in New Haven, Conn. He has an old army tent on his lawn, in which he spends most of his time.

Poor Carlotta is becoming more and more furiously insane. She now refuses to wear clothing, and her attendants are obliged to use force to keep her decently covered.

The amount of patent medicines received at General Sheridan's cottage at Nonquitt, from well-meaning admirers, would, it is said, fill a small apothecary shop.

The time lock on the Wayland Bank safe was recently set for thirty-six instead of twelve hours, and the senior partner was kept busy all day telling why he couldn't get his cash.

While rafting on Little Manatee River a Florida man had a fight with a big tarpon, and, although armed with an ax, had much ado to hold his own until help came and the fish was captured.

Sham battle flags, tattered and torn to represent the real article, are the latest product of French ingenuity, and are said to have deceived large numbers of curiosity hunters and patriots.

The Piutes of Lincoln County, California, stoned an Indian doctor to death because some of his patients died. Now they have learned that all who died were taking a white doctor's medicine.

In London dressmakers and others are fined heavily for allowing their girls to work over hours in the shops. Jay, the great mourning storeman, was recently up in the police court on a charge of this sort.

A suit in England has been carried all the way to the Queen's bench to decide whether or not a cemetery board must pay damages of 30 shillings for removing an artificial wreath from a grave under their charge.

The paper money of Chili is so depreciated in value that a guest at a hotel ordinarily pays $600 a day for his accommodations. At one time only a few years ago calico sold at $2,000 a yard in these depreciated bills.

Pao, a relative of the Chinese General of the same name, has just been decapitated for trading in forged decorations. The engraver who did the work received one hundred lashes, and was banished for three years.

A masseuse who has practiced her profession largely among families of wealth makes the statement that in many years she has administered massage to only one woman whose ribs had not been displaced by corset-wearing.

Victor Brocca, an Italian engineer, has completed the survey of a proposed canal across Italy from near Castro on the Tyrrhenian Sea to Fano on the Adriatic. It will be 180 miles long if it is ever built, and will cost $100,000,000.

George Kennan, the well known writer on Siberia, has received over 500 invitations to lecture in Europe and America, but has declined them all, preferring to continue his literary work. He says he will some day discover the North Pole.

Mrs. Ann Hardin, the first woman married in Texas after its annexation to the United States, has just died at the age of 80. She was a cousin of Gov. Rector of Arkansas and Jeff. Davis, and was known all over the State as "Grandma" Hardin.

Emperor William II. has directed that 30,000,000 marks more of gold coin be struck with the portrait of his father, 20,000,000 marks in double crown, and 10,000,000 in single crowns. There is already a premium of three marks on the 20-mark pieces.

Popularity hath its perils. Sam Jones, the revivalist, is about to be sued by an Iowa association for breach of contract—in that he had failed to deliver two lectures, which they had so well advertised that 5,000 people were on hand to hear them—and have set their damages at $2,000.

A large lump of pure copper weighing eighty-three pounds was recently found near Northport, Mich., in a field remote from any ore-bearing rock. It shows signs of having been worked by means of rude tools a long time ago, and is supposed to be a relic of the prehistoric mound-builders.

There are at least half a dozen literary women of the present day whose good looks refute the ancient slander that a woman to be literary must be homely. Mrs. Burnett, Maud Howe, Amelia Rives Chanler, Dudu Fletcher, Blanche Willis Howard, and Mme. Lunza are handsome women.

If you remark that the hot weather always makes you transpire profusely, the chances are that some one will take you up for an incorrect use of the word "transpire." But as a matter of fact you will be using the word in strict accord with Webster's definition of it. Men who know this are winning wagers on their knowledge every day.

A. F. Sims, of Conyers, Ga., and Mrs. Bertha Belton, of Memphis, arrived in Chattanooga on the 10 o'clock train a few days ago, and at 2 o'clock they were married. It was the first time they had met since twenty years before, when they were lovers at Conyers, but they had a misunderstanding, became estranged, and married other persons.

An Albany teacher often finds it difficult to get the names of their parents from young children. A little boy was asked what his father's name was, and gave the surname. He was asked what the rest of his father's name was, and said he did not know. "Well," said the teacher, "what does your mother call him?" The boy promptly replied: "She sometimes calls him an old crank."

A tramp, who lately made the rounds of Hartford, Conn., had an ingenious scheme—not new, though—for "raising the wind." He exhibited a letter which, he said, he wished to mail at once, and asked for a stamp to put on it, explaining that he had none himself. Many persons, not having stamps with them, preferred to give him 2 cents, and in this way the tramp was able to do a thriving business.

The famous Bahia or Bendego meteorite was landed in Rio de Janeiro on June 15th, and is now in the collection of the Brazilian National Museum. The transportation of this great mass of iron, whose weight was variously estimated from six to nine tons, and which has been found to weigh 5,361 kilograms, was rendered possible by the recent completion of a line of railroad passing within 115 kilometers of the Bendego Creek, where it has lain since the unsuccessful attempt to remove it to Bahia in 1785.

A marvelous flash of lightning scared Paris out of its wits a few days ago. It struck somewhere about Montmartre, and seemed to fill the air with electricity. An omnibus at the entrance of the Rue Clignancourt stopped suddenly, the horses being dazed, and the passengers jumped out and ran screaming in all directions. Women fell fainting on the sidewalks, and even the dogs ran about howling with their tails between their legs. Mlle. Rejane, a well-known actress, was going along the street in a cab. She shrieked to the driver to let her out, and when he had done so she ran wildly into a barber's shop for shelter. And nobody was hurt after all.

Sheridan's Ride.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the Chieftain's door
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester Town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flush of the morning light
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from these swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the tail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurring feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscapes sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both;
Then, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you, Sheridan, all the way
From Winchester Town to save the day."

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's temple of fame,
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away."

—*T. Buchanan Read.*

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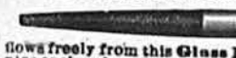
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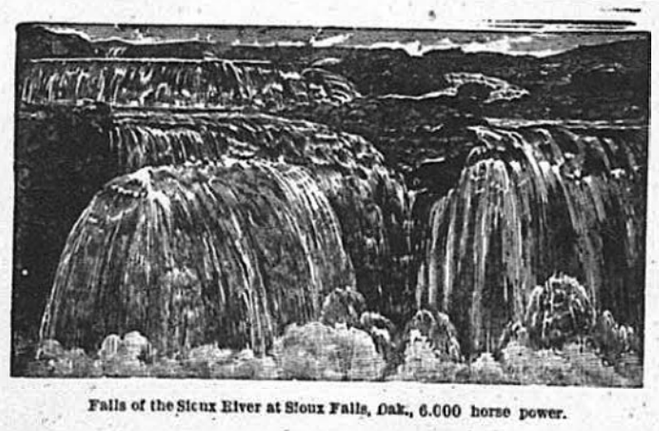
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(Continued from First Page.)

against the epithet "free-thinker" die away and be almost forgotten save in the most bigoted minds. Indeed who are there of you who does not now pride himself upon being a "free-thinker" on religious matters in the truest and best sense of that noble term? Some of you will, I hope, live to see the same desirable freedom of thought exercised in regard to social matters. But whether you have understood me or not, I do not think I have spoken in vain. What I have said will lead you to think, in spite of yourselves, and some day you may, perhaps, repeat your reading with a clearer comprehension. In truth I do not know that I myself quite understand all its bearings; but I have sought faithfully to repeat in substance what was said to me. The lesson, so far as I can understand it, is this: That unselfish love may of itself eliminate the evil which may pertain to it, and be blessed of heaven; while a selfish, sensual love, though the sanction of church and state rest upon it, carries with it only a curse, and retards the progress of the spirit.

When next I saw the heroine of the romance I have narrated, I remarked a wonderful change in her appearance. She was no longer old and worn, bearing the traces of her weary and sorrowful mortal years; but youth had come back to her—youth and beauty. The peace of heaven still set its seal upon her brow, but the wrinkles and lines of grief and care were obliterated. Radiant as she was with spiritual beauty, I felt more strongly attracted towards her than ever, and feeling that the privilege that had been accorded me in being the second to greet her on the shore of immortality, gave me a certain right. I did not scruple to seek her acquaintance. I found her character a singularly sweet one. She had partaken of the Tree of Life, and her eyes had been opened to the knowledge of good and evil; but an atmosphere of moral purity pervaded her presence, and all evil thoughts seemed to hide themselves abashed.

Oh, love! How little mortals understand it! What sins are committed in its name! How it is bound and strangled, and outraged! and yet how it forgives, and blossoms into beauty and blessing wherever it can find an abiding place in a human soul! How cold would be the earth, how cold would be human hearts without it! and who shall dare to say that this angelic visitant, when it knocks for admittance, is not heaven-sent? Let angels in the higher spheres alone be the judges. For one who has been revered as a teacher, and worshiped as a Savior of humanity lo! these eighteen hundred years, said: "Neither do I condemn thee!" and again, "Much shall be forgiven because she hath loved much." The loving was not the sin but the saving grace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Vitality and Intelligence Working Upward.

THOMAS HARDING.

Scientific men who have devoted their energies to study and research in the field of physical nature, and have accepted certain primary principles as having been proved, very naturally shrink from any new theory which has the tendency to disturb their foundations; and unless they possess large minds, and in fact, are what the world calls "noble men," they are as likely to descend to dogmatism and bigotry as are the theologians themselves. Nevertheless, during the past forty years many bomb-shells have been thrown into the scientific camp as well as into the theological, and much disturbance of previously accepted conviction has been the result.

"Doctors disagree," it is said, and so do scientists. They recently discussed the question whether the use of milk and flesh at the one meal is prejudicial to health. There was considerable disputation on the subject. One gentlemen, a prominent chemist, expressed the opinion that it was destructive to health and endangered life, and he based his conclusion on the result of an experiment. He said that he had placed milk under the microscope and that it appeared like a white sea; but on adding a fiber of flesh it at once became filled with animal life of the species most destructive to human life. Now it occurs to me that he arrived at his conclusion without sufficient data, for milk acted upon by atmospheric air at a temperature, perhaps not above 70, was quite a different thing from milk in the human stomach, where it is mixed with the juices of the body (saliva, gastric juice, etc.), at a temperature of upwards of 100; for digestion cannot proceed at a lower temperature than 100 fahr. But this experiment tends to prove that nature produces animal life under usual conditions, that in some cases she does not need the services of male and female progenitors, and that animal life forms do not always "come from an egg," which theory we have been taught as a fact of science.

The supposition that the egg is the universal starting point of animal life has come down to us from remote antiquity. Plutarch says: "The sacred legend of Orpheus shows not only that the egg is before the bird, but makes it before all things." But a "sacred legend" is one thing and a genuine fact of science quite another.

In a standard work, "Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology," by R. O. Knight (new addition with notes by Alexander Wilder, M. D.) we read of the "Mystic egg" on page 13 as follows:

The egg was the ancient symbol of organic matter in its inert state, the material of generation containing the seeds and germs of life and motion without being actually possessed of either. It was carried in procession at the celebration of the mysteries. Though a small question, Plutarch says, it comprehends a very great one concerning the generation of the world itself. The egg was consecrated in the Bacchic mysteries, as the image of that which generated and contained all things in itself.

But may not matter in any and every form "possess the seeds and germs of life and motion," as well as the egg. Matter is instinct with life, and the true scientist should be cautious how he circumscribes the power of nature, or he may fall into the pit where the theologian is struggling for existence in consequence of his hatred of innovation.

Vitality and intelligence are working upward, and nature is ever laboring to produce animal life forms. The man who does not pose as a scientist is as fully entitled to the use of his eyes as if he did, and in some cases is as sincere and exact in his observations. Mankind will not repudiate the discoveries of sight, hearing and touch, in this age, in the fear of being branded as a fool by persons who are, perhaps, more scholastified than scholarly.

On the first of October last, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL published an article of mine, "Universality of Intelligence," in which I detailed some experiments and observations proving, or at least tending to prove, that intelligence existed everywhere in nature, and that lower forms of animal life were frequently evolved directly from the vegetable. The following are interesting extracts from letters received since. They prove how generally the subjects are thought over by men of keen observation in various States. One gentlemen, a JOURNAL contributor, in Georgia, writes as follows.

"I wish to express to you the pleasure with which I read your article. I wish to read something more from you in the same line of thought. You barely hint at the expression of divine intelligence in 'things' as well as in animals and man. You could give us something very interesting by enlarging your topic. Plants and flowers know enough to turn their faces to the morning sun, and they exhibit an expression of gratitude which any lover of nature can appreciate. Children, fond of flowers, understand this. I have been talking with a friend on the subject of the universality of intelligence when he related to me the following anecdote. His wife is fond of flowers and cultivates many varieties, assisted by her little son, four or five years old. One morning he came across one that seemed wilted and drooping, and he called out, "Mamma, this flower does not seem to feel very well this morning." But why stop at vegetables? Does not the mineral 'know enough' to arrange the particles forming its body into beautiful forms of crystalline 'life'?

"Of course it is not our kind of consciousness, but who shall say that, within the range of their sphere, the vegetable and the mineral may not live a life as conscious to them as ours is to us. For myself I cannot help thinking that new forms of life are springing into existence continually; for example, the potato beetle was never heard of to my knowledge until recently. A few years ago there appeared in this southern country a new sort of caterpillar; it came in myriads, destroying forests by stripping the trees of their foliage; they even stopped railroad trains; they lasted just two years and I have never seen one of them since.

"You seem to have been specially favored in happening to see the transformation of a bit of leaf into an insect: May it not have been something akin to the 'walking-leaf insect' described in Nicholson's 'Study of Biology.' I hope those hints will serve to awaken your pen once more to carry your ideas still farther in the same line of thought as before."

Another gentleman writing from an extreme northern State says: "I used to think myself very foolish for sympathizing with my drooping vines and flowers, but I don't think so any more since I read your article." Why should he? Sympathy is divine! Byron says:

"Humanity's glow to us mortals below
Shows the soul from barbarity clear.
Compassion will melt when this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a tear."

In barbarous times one was considered "weak" who possessed this divine quality, and a tear in a man's eye was made the subject of irony; but now an army composed of men of culture and sensibility is considered the best and most reliable on campaigns demanding true manhood and soldierly qualities. Nature is ever availing herself of opportunities to produce something higher. She goes from the rock to the soil, from the soil to vegetation, thence to the animal, from the animal to man, and from the man to the angel, whose natural aliment is the divine atmosphere of sympathy. When she completes a work in one kingdom, she does not stop, but proceeds to another; there are no missing links in her chain. In her great house are many staircases, each terminated by a lobby, from which she erects another flight of stairs (as in nerve symptoms there are ganglia, and valves in the heart), so also in the department of character we find in their order impulse, wonder, speculation and veneration; then a lobby, from which arises skepticism, investigation, experimentation, observation and finally conviction of fact from demonstrated proofs: then another lobby conducting to the application of what has been learned to individual lives, according to degree of intelligence and moral worth.

The Divine in nature is ever, in one form or another, erecting her arches. She builds them sufficiently strong to support the superstructure above, and when she places the capstone of one, she proceeds with another arch above, while with the debris of each perfected piece of work she commences once more at the bottom to build another structure.

Difficulties and seeming opposition do not daunt nature. With a view to show that animal life forms are produced spontaneously and without the aid of eggs or progenitors, I shall relate an experiment in addition to others given in the article of October 1st. I have a mortal hatred to any visible animal life in the water I use for washing and bathing, and when I want to dip up water from a barrel at the back of our house, I usually agitate the surface so that those creatures should dive down before I take up water to wash my hands. One day the wigglers were numerous and I poisoned the water with paris green. I observed them as they sickened and died, and then that my experiment should be thorough, I mixed a considerable quantity of green in the pail with water, threw it into the barrel and mixed it thoroughly, until I felt convinced that the water was a deadly poison. I watched it day after day, and on the fourth or fifth day I think afterwards, I observed that a new form of creature had arrived, quite different from the deceased wigglers; it had a short body, thick and plump, something like a porpoise; its colors were nearly black and its motion slow. There were large numbers of them in the barrel, although the poisoned watef had not been interfered with and no rain had fallen.

Thus nature works upward through difficulties which appear insurmountable to us. Vitality manifests its presence everywhere and always accompanied by intelligence. As the world advances physically, mind advances; and the "power of mind over matter" becomes more palpable. Will, particularly human will, becomes more potent as time rolls on, and the time may not be far distant when an experimenter in physics will have to take into account the condition of his mind while testing the truth of a problem. A strong desire or a firm conviction may influence a result, and the experimenter may defeat his object if his mind is too positive; we know that this is so in physico-psychical experiments, and where conditions (in operating with matter) require nice adjustment, who can tell even now what influence a strong will may have on a result, more particularly in experiments which concern life and its forms? It is said "that mind is creative;" it is also destructive, and the absolute reign of mind and intelligence over all else seems fast approaching.

The physical scientist seems to be the last to acknowledge the influence of the mind. The ordinary physician does not take it into account when treating his patient, although some of the best physicians I have known, acknowledge the potency of mind and have agreed with me, in private conversation, that no established school of medicine sufficiently recognizes its power in the treatment of disease. But life and intelligence are working upward and we can afford to wait.

The entire world of thought and action stands in admiration of true science, but bigotry and exclusiveness, ecclesiastical, social or "scientific," is, and of right ought to be, its abomination.

Sturgis, Mich.

DR. JOSEPH BEALS.

Reception Given Him at Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Monday, August 6th, 1888, was the sixty-seventh "birthday" of Dr. Joseph Beals of Greenfield, Mass.; and this year is the fifteenth that he has served the New England Spiritual Association as its President. So well and acceptably has he presided over the deliberations of that Association, so bravely has he stood for the honest and true in all that appertains to phenomenal Spiritualism, so ably has he wielded his facile and trenchant pen in the defense and advocacy of the new science of his adoption, that his name and fame is closely identified with that of the annual meetings over which he has so ably presided.

To him much of the popularity of these meetings, now known to the whole world, religious, scientific and otherwise, is due. In appreciation of all this, his many friends selected his birth-day as a suitable time for giving him a reception, a genuine surprise. This was the more readily and easily carried out by Mr. J. S. Drake and his wife, formerly Mrs. Maud E. Lord, tendering their spacious and elegantly furnished cottage on the bluff, for use on the occasion. Flowers and evergreens in rich profusion, with which the cottage was decorated, the landscape and other paintings and beautiful floral designs covering the walls, and the many colored lights inside and about the place made the large parlors and porches, where we seated over a hundred of the Doctor's most intimate friends, look like some fair, arcadian scene. In front and about the doors were congregated large numbers who were unable to gain access, listening to the music of the band as it greeted the Doctor and his most estimable wife, Belle, who were unaware that all this display, the finest that has ever been seen on the grounds, was in their honor, until they passed under a large floral *bell* suspended from an arch over the doorway; and out of floral offerings, the musical tones of a bell counted off the sixty-seven years of the surprised Doctor's age; and Mr. Drake, who acted as chairman on the occasion, in a few well chosen words, addressed those present, greeting and welcoming them to their camp home and congratulated them on arranging so happy a surprise to the two who so richly deserved appreciation at the hands of the New England Spiritualists.

The chairman then called upon Miss Dr. Carradice of Jacksonville, Florida, to present to the Doctor and his good wife the elegant and costly offerings of his friends, after which he called upon Mrs. Drake who in her own happy way welcomed all; and, turning to the Doctor and Mrs. Beals, she paid just tribute to their labors in the cause of Spiritualism, to the kindly manner in which they ever greeted friends and strangers visiting the grounds, closing with words of encouragement and admonition to all those who stand as mediators between the two worlds—to ever be honest and true, voicing only the messages from the better influences that surround them.

Space forbids our reporting the many excellent speeches as well as Dr. Beals's happy and very appropriate reply; and most remarkable to assert, that among so many speeches, all were *par excellent*—not one—no, not a thought or a word inappropriate. The occasion was thoroughly enjoyable and harmonious. The chairman by his tact and manner of calling upon and presenting the various speakers—the exchange of wit and repartee—together with the excellent speeches, made the evening one long to be remembered by all present and marked it as a golden hour of appreciated labor for Dr. Beals and his Belle, who for forty years has made sweet music in his home and encouraged him to higher deeds of usefulness. The following were the speakers of the evening, most of whom are favorably known to all investigators of occult, psychical science—than whom none could have spoken better or more acceptably: Miss Dr. Andrus, Florida; Dr. E. A. Smith, Vermont; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Vermont; Miss Sue B. Fales (a poem) Cambridgeport, Mass.; Miss Jennie Rhind, Boston; Miss Nickerson, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Clara Fields, Boston; Mrs. E. E. Kimball, Lawrence; Mrs. J. F. Dillingham, Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Jennette Clark, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. A. E. Tisdale, Springfield, Mass.; Dr. W. L. Jack, Haverhill, Mass.; Mr. Wm. Tice, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. James Wilson, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. David Williams and Dr. Geo. A. Dutton, Rutland, Vermont.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

CRIPPLES AND CRUTCHES.

Dedicated to Seybert Commissioners and Their Worshipers.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

A correspondent of the JOURNAL suggests that it is all important to the cause of Spiritualism that the Seybert Commissioners should be convinced of its truth, and issue a favorable report. If I see a man limping as he walks, and seeking aid lest he fall, I know that he has the manhood of a cripple. His crutch may be silver-plated, and his stick have a golden head, but he is less than a man ought to be, and he knows it; but sorrowful as is such a sight it is much worse when a man or a woman is too weak to mentally stand alone, or has a mind so twisted and dwarfed as to be a spirit cripple; but the object of church and society has been to prevent a man from thinking without their aid, and to hold him contented by declaring that he is already as perfect as nature and art can make him.

This is the endorsement offered in the letters that such manhood delights to wear as a tail to its name. Dub a man M. A., Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., or even M. D., and it stands to the awe-struck weakling as evidence that such a man is of superior mental stature, with a backbone in his mind; and at least half an inch taller than his fellows. So the world of humanity writes itself A. S. S. by its weakness for such social customs, which degree is gracefully conferred by nature without charge for the diploma; and is always the result of merit in that particular direction.

But every now and then one of these spirit cripples gets a message in his own locked slates, or some other strking proof of spirit return, which points to a manhood higher than the one he had been trained to believe perfect. The poor fellow distrusts his own judgment, unless he has a tail at least two letters long; so he rushes round to discover what his alphabetical neighbors think about it. It never occurs to him that he might trust his own nose to tell him if the egg be rotten, so he piteously begs the titled cripples to come and smell; much less does it occur to him that his own manhood should stand as the equal in common sense of any intellect in the universe.

There is a scientific fact taught in Nature's Infant School, of which these trembling investigators are totally ignorant. It is this: Just in proportion as the tail of a man grows letter by letter, there is a swelling of the cranium in the region of self esteem, till the sufferer is afflicted with a disease well known to graziers as "big head." But men who are almost shut out from mingling with their fellows by this loathsome disease, are the ones invariably selected as Harvard Professors and Seybert Commissioners to inquire into the fact of "Spirit return."

A man without a tail, or untrained in the school of tails, is considered by all who have tails, want tails or admire tails, as utterly unfitted to determine whether he is being fooled by his neighbor; but inasmuch as nature has not placed eyes in most tails, it is difficult to see the special adaptability of the chosen sage. However, the selected wisdom whisks its tail two or three times, and knocks a "Kellar" fly off a locked slate, when it exclaims "by the sacred honor of an F. R. S. (or a Ph. D. or a professor) I have killed modern Spiritualism." The corpse has no tail to whisk, but it vigorously resumes its activity, and the ghost walks as in days of yore.

A truce to this nonsense. If the correspondent of the JOURNAL who wants to swear by the Seybert Commission will ask himself wherein its members are superior in shrewd untitled common sense, he will come to the conclusion, that just as he will succeed or fail in business according to his own judgment of men, so in his investigation of modern Spiritualism his own shrewdness and study of conditions are his only safety. It is no use asking the untrained to exhibit any special agility, but if this correspondent will investigate for himself, caring nothing about the opinions of Seybert Commissioners there is a reasonable chance that he will one day be able to stand alone. Indeed, he may yet grow worthy of the freedom that is born of knowledge, gained only by personal experience.

Graphic Description of Mrs. Van Cott's Eloquence.

The last day of Mrs. Van Cott was a glorious one.

At 10:30 the people adjourned to the pleasant grove and drank in the aroma of the pines while listening to the musical flow of Maggie Van Cott's words.

Mrs. Van Cott, selecting her text from John X:9, "I am the door, by Me if any enter he shall be saved."

The horrors of hell, with all the included agonies, to which the frequenter is subjected, were vividly pictured. So powerful were the words that the saved audience turned in disgust from the sulphuric fumes that seemed to issue from the bottomless pit.

At the close of the morning services the Rambler was called aside by Mrs. Van Cott, and her experience with "Bob" Ingersoll related. The words of Colonel Ingersoll in relation to Mrs. Van Cott are doubtless well known to all, as spoken in a schoolboy's fit of jealousy, and instead of tending to injure her work in New York, they gave her more power and influence.

The moon rose slowly from the horizon, and seemed to worship the Christian worker as she stood before the vast audience and proclaimed the healing powers of Christ and the truth of the Bible. Noble! That is no expression to use in connection with this mighty speaker.

As she entreated the young, the middle-aged and the elderly to forsake sin and follow the true living, she was powerful, magnetic, awful, yet grand. She was witty, sarcastic, ironical and wonderfully in earnest. No infidel with his knotty joints could face this lady, for, like a blossom before a tempest, he would be scattered.

Mrs. Van Cott spoke in connection with this subject of the death bed scene of her brother-in-law. He was loving as a father, kind as a brother and generous to a fault, but what now? He was without Christ. Yes, and only one hour to live! No one will forget who heard her when she asked with the fierceness of a lioness, "Who dares to tell me where he is?"—*Portland Argus.*

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

A Theosophist, rambling about Portland, Maine, in search of quiet seclusion, chances to note the above in one of the papers in that elmbrowed city. It is not printed in fun, as one would think, but in sober earnestness; hence it may be an index of the fact, that some kinds of people are not all dead yet, owing to neglect of duty on the part of a certain "killer" not unknown to proverbial philosophy. The clip would be irresistibly comic,—but behind it stands grinning the hideous spectre of orthodox blasphemy—that profanation of the ineffable name of the Father, that scandal of the teachings of the Son.

The peculiar fanatic who is thus at large, whose friends should shield her from such indecent exhibition of herself is, we believe that same silly woman who called Ingersoll a "dog of an infidel," or something to that effect. To which the Colonel is said to have retorted, that gallantry forbade him to characterize one of the opposite sex of the same animal in corresponding terms. F. T. S.

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood' Sarsaparilla do not be persuaded to take any other. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which possesses peculiar strength and curative power.

PROF. LOISETTE WINS IN COURT.

Literary Piracy Condemned.

(From New York Sun.)

"Chief Justice Van Brunt, holding the Special Term of the Supreme Court on the application of Nelson Smith and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, made the injunction in favor of Prof. Loisette, restraining George S. Fellows from publishing his Memory System perpetual.

"Dr William A. Hammond, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of a work on psychology, and several other professors testified that Prof. Loisette's system was original, being a new departure in the education of the memory. The Court ordered Fellows to deliver up to Prof. Loisette the stereotype plates and all the books in his control. Over nine thousand copies of the pirated edition were delivered up yesterday."

We are informed that full details will be furnished in the prospectus sent post free by Prof. A. Loisette 237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

LO A GREAT MULTITUDE.

The tide of immigration sets steadily from your land to ours. There is no emigration back to earth. All faces are turned toward the Spirit-world; all feet are hastening hitherward; and all must come at last face to face with death, and, standing on the shores of the mystic river, must bid an eternal farewell to earthly life, and venture with hesitation and fear, or with courage and faith, into the unknown and mysterious realm beyond.

These pilgrims are coming, coming, coming, leaving behind them all that possessed material value on earth, and bringing only —themselves. If they have cultivated their spiritual natures, and held themselves above the level of materiality, then they are rich indeed. But if earth and its cares engrossed all their attention, and they had neither time nor thought for that "better part" for which Mary was commended, then no beggar on earth could be poorer or more destitute than these souls when they enter the life immortal. Nor do intellectual enlightenment, moral regeneration and spiritual illumination wait upon them to be put on like an outward garment as soon as they have reached the spirit sphere. They are the true riches which must be acquired by laborious effort. As a man was upon earth, so does he find himself when he first enters here. He who is ignorant, is ignorant still; he who is filthy, is filthy still; superstition still holds those spirits in its thrall who were its victims upon earth.

It would seem to you that all must become Spiritualists when they reach here, and the avenues of knowledge are thrown open to them. And I will surprise you when I say that there are here Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians and Quakers, and all the different sects of religious beliefs, just as among you. There are those who bow to the supremacy of a spiritual pope, and who yet find auricular confession, and the observance of rites and ceremonies, necessities to their religious life. True, they encounter much to surprise them when they enter here. Heaven is altogether different from what they pictured it; but their beliefs and prejudices are stronger than the facts which come under their observation (is not this also the rule in the earth life?), and so they merely readjust themselves, still clinging as far as possible to their old tenets. But the time comes, sooner or later, when they grow out of these superstitions, and, getting at first faint glimpses of the truth, these glimpses become brighter and clearer as they seek for them.

There is no more interesting study than to watch the arrival of these immigrants—these pilgrims, and to note their first impressions, experiences, surprises and disappointments. It is also sad to stand beside the bed of death, as it is often our privilege and our duty to do, and witness the terror with which theology has invested the passing from death unto life. Is it true that the Christian knows how to die? He may meet death serenely if he be a man of strong character, hopeful disposition, and with nerves not easily shaken. But with such a character, he would meet it no less bravely, were he a rejecter of all religious faiths. If he be timid and weak, given to apprehension, and shrinking from danger, not all the consolations and hopes which religion can afford will save him from becoming terror-stricken when the last dread hour approaches. There is something appaling even to the stoutest heart, in going out to meet the unknown, and that is what all save Spiritualists must do. To them, and to them only, is the Spirit-world revealed. To them it is given to know that they are passing from darkness unto light; from death unto life; from mortality to immortality. How strange that this glorious truth, which should be indeed the corner-stone of existence, is rejected by so many earthly builders!

A woman was dying—one whom I knew upon earth. We were merely casual acquaintances, not friends, because she was a rigid churchwoman, and I was not. As the sheep were to be separated from the goats in that final terrible day, so it seemed to her mete that as far as practicable the same separation should be effected in earth life. This appeared a very simple matter. All members of the church—her church—were going to heaven; all who were members of no church were destined for the other place; while she took to herself great credit for charity in suspending her judgment in regard to members of churches other than her own, she was most sincere in her religion. It tinged all her actions, and was, indeed, her very life. At last her hour had come. Her pastor was summoned. She felt that there was no security for her future, unless he should, by his presence at her death-bed, furnish her a sort of credentials—give her a letter of introduction, as it were—to that heaven of which she so often spoke. He encouraged and composed her, allaying her fears, and assuring her that she had only to lean on her Savior, and when she opened her eyes in spirit life she would find herself in his arms. As she passed from earth with the name of Jesus on her tongue, and her whole thoughts centered on him, so she was born to spirit-life with the same intense feeling clinging to her; the same utterances upon her lips.

"Jesus, oh! my Savior, help me!" she exclaimed. Then as her newly acquired spiritual vision discerned the many forms standing around her, she reached out her arms imploringly, crying: "Who are you? Are you angels? And which one of you is Jesus? Surely my Savior will be here to welcome and receive me!"

"Jesus is not here," was the reply given her; "but we have come to welcome you?"

"Then take me to him! Let me behold him and be assured of his love and forgiveness!"

At that moment her eyes fell upon me, and with a start of terror she added:

"You here! Then where am I? In mercy tell me where I am! If you are here, then I must be——"

She stopped short, the horror of the situation paralyzing speech. If she, a professing Christian, who had cast all her sins upon Jesus, and believed she had received his forgiveness and assurance of eternal happiness, found herself, after all, on the threshold of the future life, face to face with one doomed to perdition, then her conversion must have been a delusion, her hopes a snare; and no wonder she could not voice her apprehensions.

"Oh, take me to Jesus! Will not some one show me the way to my Savior!" were her agonized entreaties. But when I stepped forward, wishing to reassure her, she recoiled, and covering her face with her hands, endured the agony of a despair which has no parallel on earth.

But those whom she recognized as friends gathered around and encircled her, and took her in their arms and bore her away from earth, while the rest, myself among them, followed at a little distance, eager to see the first awakening of this soul to a comprehension of the realities of spirit-life. They laid her tenderly down in a bower where immortal flowers gladdened the vision, and lent a sweet perfume to the air, where the melody of murmuring brooks fell restfully on the wearied ear, and of all that would delight, and charm, and soothe, nothing seemed lacking. But her eyes were blind, her ears deaf to the sights and sounds of heaven. She was disappointed beyond measure that she had not entered the celestial city of the apocalypse, with golden streets bordering a sea of jasper. She felt that this city must exist somewhere, and that she had been excluded because somehow the vicarious atonement had proved a failure in her case.

"Where is the great white throne?" I heard her ask. "Shall I not see that? Shall I not stand before that and adore God forever?"

And again the negative answer troubled and perplexed her beyond measure.

Once more she asked:

"Am I to have no golden harp?"

A golden harp was placed in her hand.

"Why, I cannot play," she exclaimed in surprise, after a futile attempt to make music upon what was to her a new instrument.

"No," was the response; "not until you have learned."

"Do we then have to learn here? I thought we were done with that when we were done with earth, and that I should play the harp as readily as I should sing."

A smile and a shake of the head gave answer.

"Where is my crown? Surely I was promised a crown if I bore the cross faithfully on earth."

Some one wove a wreath of golden flowers and placed it upon her head—a coronet of whose beauty angels might be proud. But she removed it disdainfully; and then, glancing around her, she seemed to notice for the first time that her friends were crownless and harpless.

"Am I in heaven?" she asked as if completely bewildered. "Where am I? Where are your crowns and harps?"

"You are in the land of spirits," they assured her, "and we neither wear crowns nor carry harps, because we have no need of them."

"Oh, I can not understand it. If my pastor was only here to explain it to me! Oh, if I could only find Jesus! Jesus promised to be my friend, but he has forsaken me." And she bowed her head and wept in utter hopelessness.

Then those whom she had loved before death divided them, gathered around her, and recalling her to her own personal affairs, caused her to temporarily forget her theological terror and doubt in the delight which this reunion afforded her—delight which had been at first entirely overlooked in the overruling feeling of the hour.

After a time I again ventured to draw near her, and found that she received me, not cordially, but without her first manifestation of dismay. I tried to tell her something of the new life into which she had entered, but she shook her head, saying:

"I can not understand it, that you and I should both be in the same place, when I thought my sins were forgiven and heaven secured to me by the blood of Jesus, while you—you were a Spiritualist!" This in a tone as though that word necessarily embodied the worst that could be said of any one. "But if my pastor were only here to explain it to me, or if I could find my Savior!"

Poor, halt and blind soul, that can not walk save as it leans upon another, and can not see save through the perceptions or understanding of another! It has a weary way before it ere it comes into the full light of spiritual truth.

Another death-bed made a strong impression upon me. It was that of a little child who closed its eyes peacefully and unconsciously upon the pain of earth life, and awoke to the painlessness and perfect joy of life immortal. It knew not that it had passed through any change, for loving faces still surrounded it, and loving tones fell upon its ears, and when the mother's arms were stretched out in the agony of sudden childlessness, her babe was laid tenderly in them, but she knew it not. In the night time when she awoke, and with scalding tears and aching heart called for her little one, it was placed in her bosom, and nestled its head where it had so often done of old, and its presence brought peace and comfort of which she was conscious, though she knew not their source. That little one is with her daily, its being still intertwined with hers, and dependent on mother love. Oh, bereaved mothers, believe this; your babes are not lost, they are with you, learning the lesson of life from you. Then walk steadfastly and purely, that you offend not these little ones.

In the great multitude which was perpetually passing from death unto life, I specially noticed two old men. They were equally aged, having reached nearly the extreme limit of human life, and bowed and tottering they came to the end of their journey, and their feeble frames and whitened hairs were laid away in the bosom of mother earth, dust to return to dust, while their spirits passed to the new life beyond; and yet how different were the experiences of these two men on their first entrance into this life. One found himself with the infirmities of age still clinging to him, his mental powers still weakened, and his spirit come to a halt as it were in its progress. He seemed still to belong to the past in the quality and method of his thoughts; his mind turned backwards rather than forwards; and even the Spirit-world was not altogether satisfactory to him, because it differed so materially from that future life which had taken form through early religious teachings, and became crystallized in his imagination. This could not be heaven, because this was not as he had pictured heaven to be; and so, blind to the beauties which surrounded him, disregarding the advantages which were presented to him, and through force of long mental habit opposed to that progress which he found to be the law of immortality, he was querulous and discontented, and his thoughts sometimes even turned back regretfully to the earth-life. There at least he was at home; there he had become fixed in his habits, and there was nothing to molest or upset him. Here there were continually disturbing elements, which forced him out of old grooves whether he would or would not, and fairly shook him out of himself.

The other old man, equally feeble physically when he passed from earth, quickly lost the traces of age upon his entrance into spirit-land. His form speedily appeared erect, his step became buoyant, and a new light was kindled in his eyes. His age he had left behind him upon the earth, and it was buried in the grave with the mortal body. Only the shadow had fallen upon his spirit, but that was speedily dispelled, and in a short time he became as one in the prime of life.

I could not understand the reason of the different experiences of these two men, and, as usual, I turned to my guide for enlightenment.

"The reason is a very simple one," she replied, "and needs no explanation to those who have watched these men in their earthly existence." And then she proceeded to explain that one of them had lived for time only, the other for eternity. The one allowed his spirit to be subordinated to the body, and to share and be subject to its conditions. As his physical frame grew old, he allowed its weaknesses and deficiencies to leave their mark upon the spirit; and fettered and burdened as it thus was, it soon came to share that body's inertness and its waning powers. Therefore he has entered this world old in spirit, and can only grow young again slowly and painfully. His youth will come back to him some day, but only through conscious effort on his part,—greater effort than he would have been compelled to make in order to resist the encroachments of the material upon the spiritual, to which he so weakly succumbed.

"The other kept his soul young, regarding time as only the first division of eternity. Though the bodily senses became dulled, the spiritual vision remained clear; though the period of bodily activity passed away, and he was compelled to step aside in the affairs of life, and let other and younger men take his place, he did not sit with his face turned towards the past regretting the long ago, but by strenuous effort preserved his mental vigor, kept pace with the times in his observations and opinions, and lived in an active enjoyment of the present, and a lively hope for and belief in the future. He kept his heart young to the last, and cultivated his affections and emotions as a religious duty, as something which not only bound him to his fellow creatures, but which should uplift him spiritually. Old age was but the husk which wrapped around but only partially disguised the soul within; and that soul when the worn-out frame fell away from it, and it entered its true home, rejoiced at its new-found freedom. The shadow which time and its happenings had cast upon it passed away forever, and he regained full possession of the youth which he had never wholly lost, but had treasured up all the more carefully within himself, as the outward and physical manifestations passed away one by one.

"There are many sad scenes connected with death which we are called upon to witness. Understanding as we do how few realize or even know of the intimate relations existing between the earth and the spirit-life, the agonized parting of friends is most painful to witness. There is such bitter grief, such depth of hopelessness in the hearts of the living, as they look for the last time into the mortal eyes of those who are called away to a higher life, and feel that the parting is a final one. It is our mission to comfort as well as we may these sorrow-stricken ones, and bring them that hope and consolation which can only come through a belief and knowledge that the dear departed are ever near, and that death brings them into closer spirit communion. You should all work with us unceasingly to hasten the day when this knowledge will become the possession of all mankind, and when death will thus be robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory.

But aside from the natural and common causes for sadness at these final hours on earth, there are often special circumstances which invest death-beds with peculiar interest, solemnity or horror. Sometimes an innocent creature who has lived a blameless life, as we judge of human lives, harming no one, and doing good to many, but who has neglected until too late to provide itself with a church passport to heaven, finds itself suddenly called upon to render up its account. Then are the apprehensions and terrors of the dying one enough to move a heart of stone. Even we, who stand upon the other side and know how groundless they are, are compelled to bestow our deepest sympathies. So we press closely around, and take the released spirit in loving arms, and speak to it gentle words. We laid it in green pastures and beside still waters, and our reward is to behold the wonder, the gratitude and the joy which suddenly take the place of fear and despair. Surely love is greater than retribution, and has a stronger hold upon the human heart.

At another time perhaps a poor lost soul, weighed down by the terrible denunciations of a false theology, and possibly having a premonition of its real impending doom, hurls itself through the gateway of death with curses upon its lips, and fierce rebellion in its heart, defying the power which it can not resist. Then how solemn and how sad the awakening to the actualities of spirit-life. Darkness is to be its portion until it seeks for the light; but even in this outer gloom, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, there is not that sense of utter abandonment of protecting care, that giving over to divine vengeance, that pitiless delight in the torments of suffering souls, which are the crowning honors of the orthodox hell. No; the spirit feels and knows that the hell in which it must exist is of its own making; that it is not the creation of a deity who saith "Vengeance is mine;" and that divine love and divine pity brood over all, and still hold all in their keeping, ready to help and to lead from darkness into light, when the wickedness and the waywardness have worn themselves out, and the prodigal humbly says: "I will arise and go to my father."

Let the churches write upon the portals of their infernal regions: "Who enters here leaves hope behind;" but though light, and love, and truth, and all else which bless and uplift the human soul may be excluded wholly or in part from the lower spiritual spheres, one star beams steadily above them all; with a pure and perpetual flame—the star of Hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SENSITIVENESS

As Illustrated and Proved by Psychometry.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

[This article is a chapter in an extended work written by spirit dictation, dealing with the spiritual forces of the universe.]

Light emanating from suns and worlds, as it wings its swift way across the regions of space, bears on its rays the pictures of every object from which it is emitted or reflected, and hence the universe, from center to remotest bounds, is filled with pictures; is a vast storehouse of photographs of all events from the fading of a leaf to the revolution of a world since time began. Thus a ray of light leaving the earth during the coal age bears a picture of the then existing gigantic forests and inky seas, and is yet somewhere passing the remote coastlines of unknown systems, and could some swifter messenger overtake it, he would have a view of the world as it was when that ray was reflected from the carboniferous land-and-sea-scape. The messenger is not needed to overtake the fugitive ray, for the light which reflected, struck against rock and tree, has photographed the images of every moment since the stars first sang together. Every atom still vibrates the moulding hand of life under which it has at sometime passed, and the sensitive mind is able to catch these vibrations and interpret their meaning in forms of thought. The discovery of this wonderful faculty of the mind was made.

Almost fifty years ago an Episcopal bishop remarked to Dr. Buchanan that when he touched brass, even in the night, when he could not know with what substance he came in contact, he at once felt a disagreeable influence and recognized an offensive metallic taste. Such experience had been common to a great number of persons, and been frequently remarked, but this time it called the attention of the right man. All the world for ages had seen bodies fall to the ground, but countless millions of eyes had seen the phenomenon with no more thought than the brute, until a falling apple drew the attention of Newton. Dr. Buchanan at once saw that there was a profound philosophy back of this fact which transcended the senses. He began a lengthy series of experiments, by which he found that it was by no means rare for persons to be affected by metallic and other substances. In a class of one hundred and thirty students at the Eclectic Medical College, forty-three were sensitive in greater or less degree. Medicines held in the hand without any knowledge of their properties, produced the same effect, varying only in degree as when taken into the stomach. By placing the hand, or merely coming into the atmosphere of a deceased person, the sensitive was at once able to locate and describe the disease. In this field Dr. Buchanan has stood almost alone, until recently Mm. Bourru and Burot of the Naval Medical School at Rochefort, have made extended experiments on the "action of medicines at a distance," which is really another way of stating the facts observed by him a generation ago. They held the metals and drugs six inches or so from the back of the head of the patients and affirmed all that Dr. Buchanan claimed for his great discovery.

But the discoverer did not rest here; he went a step further and found that a letter or any article having been brought in contact with the person, when taken in the hand or placed on the forehead of another, gave the character of the writer or owner. Repeated experiments, such as any one may repeat, prove beyond question that the sensitive can in this manner read the character of the writer from his writings, his state of health, far better than the most intimate friend, or even the writer himself. It is a marvelous statement, but only marvelous in our not understanding the cause. When this is revealed, and mystery removed, the subject allies itself with other phenomena of mind, having their origin in impressibility.

Prof. Denton carried the results of psychometry far beyond the boundaries reached by Dr. Buchanan. If the world is one vast picture gallery of every act and thought since the beginning of time, the fossil shell, the rock-fragment, the broken arrow head, the shred of mummy, and the rush leaf from the banks of the Nile should reproduce in the sensitive the story of their origin and age. By a great number of experiments, the details of which fill three volumes, Prof. Denton sought to establish this generalization and write the geological and pre-historic history of the earth. That he found a kernel of truth cannot be denied, but he allowed sources of error to creep in and vitiate his wonderfully suggestive and patient research. A person, sensitive to that degree as to be able to feel the influences from a fragment of stone given it thousands of years ago, would be more strongly impressed with the influence imparted by the one who secured it, and held it in his hands before the experiment. It was from this cause that uncertainty rests on his otherwise well-planned series of experiments. Yet he has proved that such sensitiveness exists and that by it the story of history from fragments of ruined architecture may be read, and scenes in geological ages by fossil bone or shell be described.

How? Really pschometry, depending on the sensitiveness of the brain, is a lower degree of clairvoyance, and is merged, in its clearest forms, therein. Sensitiveness means

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

THE LIFE OF A SPIRIT MEDIUM.*

This astonishing narrative is a biography of the famous medium Daniel Dunglas Home, by his widow. Home was born near Edinburg, but came when a little child to this country, and lived through his boyhood and youth with his aunt, in Greeneville, Norwich, Connecticut. He was born with that gift called by the Scotch "second sight," and which seems to see, and to foresee, things beyond ordinary mortal ken. With this gift was that other, related one, of spirit mediumship, in great power in his case, and it was for a great variety of manifestations. When he was a boy he announced the death of his boy companion and close friend, a boy who had gone away a hundred miles or more, and whom Home saw standing by his bed, and telling him, smilingly, that he had left the body three days before—a fact which was verified a day or two later by a letter. Home also saw his mother, after her death at a distant place, and she gave him the hour when it occurred—intelligence all verified at a later time. Other phases of his strange gift began to manifest themselves at his aunt's house, much to the boy's astonishment and the aunt's horror and fright. Believing it to be the work of "the devil," she called in her minister to exorcise the fiend, and finally had two clergymen there at once; but the efforts all failed; the dining table persisted in jumping about, and the startling raps and thumps on the walls continued. His aunt finally turned the poor boy out of her house and sent him adrift in the world. This error she lived to lament, when in after years she heard of him as a famous medium called to the presence of crowned heads in Europe, and especially when Home himself returned and bought for her a comfortable home of her own. She died of nervous shock, caused by one of the false reports of his sudden death, cabled from Europe—reports instigated by frauds or humbugs whose practices Home had denounced.

Home was twice married; first, in 1858, to the sister of the Countess Koucheleff Besborodka, of Russia: and in 1871, some years after her death, he married the distinguished Russian lady who survives him and writes this remarkable book as a loving tribute to his memory, his refined, unselfish and kindly nature, and his peculiar gifts.

He cherished his peculiar power as a heaven-sent gift, to carry consolation to bereaved hearts, by revealing the great truth of continued individual existence after death—and he always refused to lower it to the commercial level by accepting pay for his séances. He did not lack offers—sometimes big ones—but money he always refused for his sittings, though accepting from friends a number of rare gems and bits of tasteful jewelry. For such things he had a fondness, and always liked to exhibit the gems given him by titled (and even imperial) personages. One notable refusal to accept money is mentioned in this biography. It was an offer, made by a club of the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris—wealthy and "fast" young men, "gilded youth"—of the princely sum of 50,000 francs for a single séance. It was promptly refused. His widow adds:

"Long afterwards, Mr. Home happened to meet one evening in society the son-in-law of Count Alexander de Komar, who recalled to him the offer in Paris of £2,000 for a séance, and the surprise of the bidders when their proposal was rejected as an insult. Home at once took out a pencil and sought a sheet of paper. 'I have told that story, my dear Bodiska,' he said, 'and have had it treated as a fable—put down your attestation of the fact, on the spot. As justice is very seldom done me, and the falsehood is constantly repeated that I am paid for my séances, it will probably be said of me, when I leave this world, that I accepted the 50,000 francs offered me for this séance—or perhaps even double that amount.' Bodiska complied; and added other incidents concerning Home that came within his knowledge. I have the paper before me at this moment, and will give it in the English of the writer, who was the son of the Russian consul at New York:"

M. BODISKA'S CERTIFICATE.

"I first met Mr. D. Dunglas Home, at the Hotel de Vouillemont, Paris, where my father-in law, Count Alexander Komar, resided, Home resided in the family of my father-in-law; and I myself had ample opportunity of studying his private life and character, as well as the extraordinary phenomena occurring in his presence; and I can frankly state that nothing in natural principles can explain what I and others witnessed, not only once, but surely a hundred times. There was never any mercenary motive to incite him to call attention to his wonderful gift, for to my knowledge he refused many proposals, amongst which was one from the Union Club, that offered him francs 50,000 for a séance. A relative of my wife even offered him adoption, and to settle a life annuity on him, which likewise he refused. B. BODISKA."

The falsehoods that were circulated about the case of Mrs. Lyon are exposed in the present volume. Home seems to have been more lied about, in the press especially, than almost any one else. His biographer evidently believes a good many of these lies emanated from the prolific head of the "Theosophist Society"—and in his condemnation of various humbugs, Home, it would seem, had not spared that woman and her "adepts." Hence (his widow believes) the numerous falsehoods palmed off upon the press and the cable, about Home's death, every year, and of his expulsion from the Tuileries as a fraud.

Home's friends and eager wishers at all times for a sitting were among the most eminent of the literary and scientific world of Europe—to say nothing of the crowned heads. And the phenomena were often of a startling character. Mrs. S. C. Hall, writing to Lord Dunraven in 1869, describes a séance she had attended where nine were present, and the manifestations took place in a lighted room. The narration shows the power of the inner, real self—the so-called spirit—over the outer, or physical body—and it reminds one of St. Paul's experience with the fatal serpent, and of the assurances given that those who believe shall be able to overcome all such harms:

HANDLING FIRE WITHOUT INJURY.

"He [Home, entranced] got up, walked about the room, went to the fire-place, half-knelt on the fender, took up the poker and stirred the fire—which was like a red-hot furnace—so as to increase the heat, held his hands over the fire for some time, and finally drew out of the fire with his hand a huge lump of live burning coal, so large that he held it in both hands as he came from the fire-place in the large room into the small room, where, seated round the table, we were watching all his movements. Mr. Hall was seated nearly opposite to where I sat, and I saw Mr. Home, standing about half a minute at the back of Mr. Hall's chair, deliberately place the lump of burning coal on his head. I have often since wondered that I was not frightened; but I was not; I had perfect faith that he would not be injured. Some one said:

"Is it not hot?"

Mr. Hall answered. "Warm, but not hot."

Mr. Home had moved a little away, but returned, still in a trance; he smiled, and seemed quite pleased, and then proceeded to draw up Mr. Hall's white hair over the red coal. The white hair had the appearance of silver threads over the red hot coal. Mr. Home drew the hair into a sort of pyramid—the coal, still red, showing beneath the hair; then, after four or five minutes, Mr. Home pushed the hair back, and taking the coal off Mr. Hall's head, he said (in the peculiar low voice in which, when in a trance, he always speaks), addressing Mrs. Y., "Will you have it?" She drew back—and I heard him murmur, "Little faith—little faith!" Two or three attempted to touch it, but it burnt their fingers. I said: "Daniel, bring it to me; I do not fear to take it." It was not red all over, as when Mr. Home put it on Mr. Hall's head; but it was still red in parts. Mr. Home came and knelt by my side; I put out my right hand; but he murmured, "No, not that; the other hand." He then placed it in my left hand, where it remained more than a minute. I felt it, as my husband had said, "warm;" yet, when I stooped down to examine the coal, my face felt the heat so much, that I was obliged to withdraw it. After that, Mrs. Y—— took it, and said she felt no inconvenience. When Mr. Hall brushed his hair at night, he found a quantity of cinder dust.

At another time Home placed his face directly against the glowing coals in the grate, and bathed his face and head in the flames—all present looking on amazed. At still another time his body would be elongated, a foot or more. He took many flying trips around the ceiling, his feet a yard or two above the floor. Some of the most wonderful phenomena of any took place in Hartford and in South Manchester, more than thirty years ago. One or two are narrated in this book. Of cases of levitation, in which Home was lifted up to the ceiling, over a hundred instances are recorded. In the London *Quarterly Journal of Science* for January, 1874, Mr. Crookes, whose eminence as a scientific authority will not be questioned, has this statement:

There are at least a hundred recorded instances of Mr. Home rising from the ground, in the presence of as many separate persons; and I have heard from the lips of the three witnesses to the most striking occurrence of this kind—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay and Captain C. Wynne—their own most minute accounts of what took place. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of proofs.

On three separate occasions have I seen Mr. Home raised completely from the floor of the room. Once sitting on an easy chair, once kneeling on his chair, and once standing up. On each occasion I had full opportunity of watching the occurrence as it was taking place.

The present Earl of Crawford testifies that in full light he has seen Home rise in the air; and adds: "The more I studied these phenomena, the more satisfied was I that they could not be explained by mere mechanical trick." These occurrences took place in any parlor. The nobility in England were greatly interested in Home, who was daily invited to their houses. Other occurrences, more directly indicative of an outside, spiritual agency and intelligence, were often experienced as accompaniments of these phenomena of the moving of ponderable objects, like dining tables, bureaus, human bodies, etc., without human contact. Hands, demonstrably not belonging to any mortal arm and body, have appeared more than once to the visitors at Home's séances, and shaken hands with them—hands visibly and demonstrably ending at the wrist, and which could be perforated with the sitter's forefinger; hands which, after allowing a full examination of them, instantaneously melted into invisibility—and this, too, when Home (who was entranced) was not within reach. These things have occurred in Hartford as well as in London.

During the manifestation in England in 1868—

"Lord Adare and Lord Lindsay saw Mr. Home raised in the air about four or five feet. During the manifestations in the ruined abbey at Adare, Home was seen by Lord Dunraven, Lord Adare and Captain Wynne to float above the ground for a distance of ten or twelve yards, at a height that carried him over a broken wall. He passed close by the three watchers during the aerial journey."

Of another instance, Lord Lindsay says:

"Home floated round the room, pushing the pictures out of their places as he passed along the walls. They were far beyond the reach of a person standing on the floor. The light was sufficient to enable me to see clearly."

But the most striking of these cases of levitation occurred in London on December 16, 1868—as the volume here relates—in the presence of three unimpeachable witnesses—Lord Lindsay, Lord Adare and Captain Charles Wynne, a cousin of the latter.

A séance was in progress; and Home, who had been in the trance state for some time, began to walk about uneasily, and finally went into the adjoining room. At that moment a startling communication was made to Lord Lindsay. "I heard," he related in his evidence before the Dialectical Society, "a voice whisper in my ear, 'He will go out of one window and in at another.' [Height, seventy feet above the pavement.] I was alarmed and shocked at the thought of so dangerous an experiment. I told the company what I had heard, and we then waited for Home's return"—[from the adjoining room].

Lord Lindsay afterward wrote out the case:

"We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately afterwards saw Home floating in the air, outside our window.

"The moon was shining full into the room. My back was to the light; and I saw the shadow on the wall of the window sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window and glided into the room feet foremost, and sat down.

"Lord Adare then went into the next room to look at the window from which he had been carried. It was raised about eighteen inches, and he had expressed his wonder how Mr. Home had been taken through so narrow an aperture.

"Home said (still in trance) 'I will show you;' and then, with his back to the window, he leaned back and was shot out of the aperture head first, with his body rigid, and then returned quietly.

"The window is about seventy feet from the ground....The distance between the windows was about seven feet six inches."

Neither the window-sill nor the narrow stone moulding, would have enabled a man to walk or stand in that hair-lifting position.

The occurrence caused some excitement in London. An investigation was made—the space between the windows was measured—and the other witnesses of the "miracle" were questioned. They fully confirmed the marvel. Captain Wynne is an army officer. Lord Adare said:

"I asked Lindsay how the spirit had spoken to him. He could scarce explain; but said it did not sound like an audible human voice, but rather as if the tones were whispered or impressed inside the ear. When Home awoke, he was much agitated; he said he felt as if he had gone through some fearful peril, and that he had a most horrible desire to throw himself out of the window."

Visible human forms were sometimes seen floating about the room—ghost-like forms, but recognizable, in one case, at least, for those present recognized it as Home's first wife. In the Tuileries, an apparition of the head and face of the first Napoleon was seen above the table. A hand appeared, took up a pen and wrote "Napoleon." Flowers were taken from a mantelpiece and slowly conveyed, in sight of those present, to the Empress Eugenie. Napoleon III. said to the Duke de Morny, "I am certain of what I have seen."

Among those who testify to the reality of the occurrences, and that these, whatever they were, were not produced by fraud, are such witnesses as William Cullen Bryant, David A. Wells, Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, Professor Bush, and others on this side the Atlantic; and in Europe, Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie, Emperor Alexander of Russia, Dumas, Emperor Wilhelm, Brougham, Lord Lytton, Thackeray, Trollope, Ruskin, Lord Dufferin, Countess of Caithness, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, William and Mary Howitt, Lord Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, Gerald Massey, Robert Chambers, and many more. Professor Crookes, the famous scientist, after a long and careful scientific testing of the force, whatever it was, that operated through Home—even testing it by special mechanical contrivances—honestly announced the reality of an unknown outside force in these phenomena, some force new to science, a force which was governed by intelligence, and which could move weights and ponderable objects without human touch, write without mortal hands, and even produce forms like human beings, which forms would consent to be weighed—and their weight would shrink fifty and sixty and seventy per cent. in a minute or two, on the scales, and again increase quite as much, right before the eyes of the investigators; after which the aforesaid figures would suddenly vanish like an extinguished flame. Professor De Morgan, the world-famed mathematician, also investigated the phenomena long and thoroughly, and then gave his weighty testimony to the reality of the mysterious force. Sir David Brewster, after owning up in private, paltered and prevaricated in public. The Nichodemuses and the Peters are still a numerous race.—*Hartford Times.*

*D. D. Home.—His Life and Mission. By Mrs. Dunglas Home. London: Trubner & Co., Ludgate Hill, 1888. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Large 8vo., pp. 428; price $2.00. Gilt top, $2.25.

HASLETT PARK.

Dedicated on Sunday, July 29th, in the Presence of 2,000 People.

Address of Hon. W. L. Bancroft.

Haslett Park, says the *Sunday Transcript*, Port Huron, Mich., is a beautiful piece of land situated on the banks of Pine Lake, a short distance from Lansing, the State capital. The park is owned by James H. Haslett, of this city, who has spent considerable time and money to make the place a summer resort of no small dimensions. It is a place where the Spiritualists of the State of Michigan meet once a year and hold their annual camp meeting. The lake is a beautiful body of water, being one mile wide and two miles long; a small steamer takes excursion parties out on the lake for a ride. Recently Mr. Haslett has had a large pavilion erected on the grounds for the accommodation of the public, and on Sunday last the park and pavilion were dedicated in the presence of 2,000 people. Some very able speakers (Mrs. Shepard Lillie and others) were on the programme to take part in the exercises. Among them was the Hon. W. L. Bancroft, of Washington, D.C. We give the address delivered by him:

I am asked to speak of "The Enterprise," which I understand to mean this grand Auditorium, these noble groves and golden fields which shade and encompass us, and of their possibilities when an abiding faith and unselfish sacrifices shall have prepared them for the abode of generous charities and a broad philanthropy. It is the nobility of its aims and the scope of its intended benefactions which dignify and consecrate the beginnings of this "Enterprise" and will render it whether intended or no, a monument of the generosity and large-mindedness of its projectors immeasurably surpassing any storied urn or animated bust reared by hero or potentate to commemorate the successful slaughter of his fellow creatures in war, or that wily diplomatism, called statesmanship, in times of peace.

Over all the earth lie scattered mournful relics of man's unavailing struggle to save his memory from oblivion; but every one which regal selfishness has reared, time has stamped his stern decree, "To dust shalt thou return." Even the Pyramids, built by the proudest kings who ever wore a diadem, by the painful toil of enslaved millions, hide securely the secret of their builders, or afford subtle topics for the disputes of learned societies; and the desecrated mummy of the haughtiest Pharaoh may be by some Egyptian peasant strewn to fertilize the land over which that monarch once so arrogantly and oppressively ruled. Thus the grandest monuments which men lavish wealth to rear and invoke Art with her thousand treasures to adorn, corrode with time, and the memory of their builders passes like the evening breeze. Only good deeds live forever; selfishness cuts its fleeting record upon crumbling marble, but unselfish thought inspiring benefactions is immortalized because written on the grateful hearts of successive generations.

"Only their name beyond the tomb
Shall live, who built for those to come;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The author of a good deed may indeed be forgotten, but onward through the ages glide the influences which he set in motion, blessing everything their gentle current touches, and enlivening whatever of good there may be in human aspirations.

Were I to select a text for the brief discourse I am making, it would be the inquiry of Pontius Pilate to Jesus, "What is Truth?" This inquiry has run through all ages and still the anxious cry goes up, "What is Truth?" In the lonely cell of the hermit, men have hidden themselves away believing she would be discovered there; sandalled and hooded her pilgrims have walked over burning deserts and barren mountains and found her not; in the closet of the scholar, in the laboratory of the scientist, in the church, the school, the forum, still she is sought eagerly, and at the end which death brings the searcher is fain to exclaim sadly, "I have not found her."

Ever the old questions of human origin and human destiny confront us. We stand for a moment between Eternities and ask falteringly,—Whence—Whither?

"Like infants crying in the night,
Like infants yearning for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

This much at least we know, that Truth is eternal. In the alembic of Time, all theories, all philosophies, all creeds, all thoughts that flit upon the world, are tested by that most pitiless refiner, human experience; and from the ordeal only pure gold comes forth—the common, the trivial, the false, cannot survive it. All errors whether of philosophy, of statesmanship, of education or of religion at last must in Bryant's noble words

"——writhe in pain,
And die amid their worshipers,"

and it is the onward march of truth and light which makes this enterprise appropriate and possible. Here you have erected a temple dedicated to truth alone. Hither you invite her disciples of every clime and creed to reason of things past, present and to come, and no tenet of philosophy is to limit your field of inquiry, no doctrine of men's faith shall cripple your powers of investigation, no dogma of theology shall bind your consciousness:

"For we believe that not one narrow pane
Of one poor Creed shall catch the radiant beams
That shine from God's innumerable Truths;
Build thou broad windows for thy soul
Let there be light!

"Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor from unfathomed seas of God
Might bathe it in the golden waves of Truth."

Your only antagonism shall be antagonism to error. Here Jew and Gentile, poet and philosopher may meet upon a platform of equality and together.

"Seize hold on Truth where'er 'tis found,
On Christian or on Pagan ground."

It is a noble conception, becoming this age of free inquiry, of towering human thought and moral aspiration. Unlike him of old who "Builded better than he knew" you are privileged with prophetic eye to behold the ever-increasing streams of power for good and influence for nobler lives and deeds which shall take their rise here. You stand as heralds on the mountain top to greet the fresh dawned day of liberty in thought brightly advancing upon us.

And standing here let us not forget the work of those gone before, whose toil and tears have made such work possible. Let us not cloud the cheeriness of our meeting by too closely reviewing that long story of oppression and of martyrdom for liberty of conscience which history blushes to expose while she mournfully records it, but while the sun of progress flecks the rosy clouds of morning, let us remember that his rays are encrimsoned in seas of blood, shed that the day of liberty might come and that those who fought the prolonged battle should live in our hearts forever. In poverty and oppression, in foes without and fears within, on the rack and under the fiery crown of martyrdom the prelude to this day was written by heroes who sealed their faith with their lives.

"Men strove in suffering since the world's first youth,
And grew to larger stature in the strife;
For doubt was ever nursed to nobler Truth,
And out of suffering grew the soul's best life."

And so appropriately to such a generous scheme you are to blend with intellectual achievements here your earnest, practical effort to ameliorate human suffering and minister to human needs. A sanitarium is to be established, beds endowed, homes created, a library founded; and over all and governing all a faculty is to be organized, which shall rule with wisdom and ability the varied and expanding interests that shall cluster and fructify here. Could there be presented a broader or more genial field for personal effort and effective co-operation? The field is the world, the elements are faith in good works, hope in labor and in sacrifice, and a broadening love for all mankind. The workers have mostly borne the burden of denominational exactions and the heat of sectarian controversies. The fruits shall be love, gentleness, meekness, charity, the gratitude of beneficiaries, a quickened conscience and the smile of an approving heaven.

Have you not reached the plane where such compensations appear possible nor such rewards sufficient? Now, then, that these shady groves, yonder shining lake whose ripplings glint in the dancing sunlight, yea these hundreds of broad acres which surround you, are the offerings of one who has passed beyond the narrowing grasp of greed, who has dedicated the rich fruits of a long life of honest industry to an effort to make good men better and perchance to save bad men from becoming worse; to help free the bondmen of ignorance, bigotry and superstition; to minister to the sick, to help the weak and to comfort the sorrowing.

A generation has come and gone since first I knew this modest benefactor. He has lived as quietly as he has labored industriously. He first sought honestly to know and then to do his duty within what he came to feel were the dwarfing confines of creeds as proscriptive as they are numerous. Following his conscience he was led into dark defiles of doubt; which those creeds condemned, but could neither brighten nor alleviate. At last, like Saul of Tarsus he "saw a great light," and having felt what he believed to be error, he gained what he believes to be truth. Hence he is with you to-day. And hence, too, you are here, chorusing with millions in this broad land the jubilee of individual enfranchisement in truth, and with other millions throughout the world preparing for a hallelujah over emancipation from enshrined error.

Friends, I honor you for all that is good in your thoughts and hopes and aspirations. Be united, be trustful, be generous. It will require your joint and long-continued efforts to carry this beneficent and comprehensive scheme to its desired and glorious consummation. It will demand the best of your administrative abilities, now and hereafter, to protect and perpetuate it. Let your co-operation be constant and cordial, void of distrust of him who has shown himself generous and disinterested. I know that our friend is incapable of a dishonest act and spurns a mean thought. I know that he loves the interests to which you are devoted. Confiding in him you will honor yourselves and advance your cause.

Finally: Friends, you have laid here the foundations of an enterprise whose success must be the vindication for its existence. Like so much of your own philosophy may it rise through periods of scorn and outlive vulgar obloquy. Let its benign mission result in good, and to distribute forget not. Above all, in the glowing conflicts of mind with mind, of creed with creed, of system with system, of inspiration with inspiration, I charge you, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Psychosentient Experimentation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have been wavering as to the propriety of sending the results of some three months' experiments in psychosentience, to the JOURNAL. A few might be pleased to read them, if thought worthy of a place in the JOURNAL, which is always filled with interesting matter.

It is usually considered, I believe, that the ready sentient of the thoughts of others, is one who is negative in character, can easily drop into the passive condition, and whose mind is, in short, somewhat given up to vagaries. Since last May, I have been permitted to experiment with a lady, probably ten minutes per day, who is in every respect the very reverse of the above. As the character of my subject constitutes the differentia of this article, as suggestive, permit me to slightly describe the lady, and then to outline a few of the experiments. The lady is a blonde, about forty-two years old, extremely vivacious; is finely educated; revels in higher mathematics and natural science. She has above an average development of destructiveness, combativeness and firmness; sees the force of a joke generally before it is fully uttered and possesses a keen relish for the *reductio ad absurdum;* but she seems continually and painfully aware of the general character and thoughts of those present.

Now for a very few of the experiments. With her permission, I placed my hands upon her head with the understanding that she was to endeavor to do whatever I wished. The time was always twilight; on this occasion a dog was chained in the front yard, and beside him a pail of water. I mentally requested her to open the screen door, go into the yard and empty the pail of water. This she did promptly. In all of these experiments she blindfolds herself from choice. I requested mentally that she go into the yard as before, and get me a twig from a boxelder. She did as requested. I desired her to open the stair door, go above, and into a back room and get a certain book, which I had previously (without her knowledge) placed on a chair. She went directly to the chair. The thought occupied my mind for an instant only, that it would seem like a joke if she would sit down upon the book. Somewhat queerly, she did sit down upon it, seeming to enjoy the ludicrous side of the performance. I requested that she go into another room and take my violin from the trunk. She went in, opened the trunk, and would have gone through with the entire action, had not my tender care for the violin stopped it. Sitting in the twilight of evening, I said (when her eyes were heavily covered), "I will hide my pocket book and you may find it." This was, of course, spoken. I then arose up quickly, placed the soft book on my chair, moved away a few steps and then said, "All ready!" She arose, pushed me to one side, and picked up the book.

Since May last hundreds of these experiments have been performed, neither she nor I believing at first that it was possible to her. Then we joined in the thought that it might be that in my anxiety to have her succeed, I unconsciously led her; and that she in trying to become passive unguardedly took this impulse as her own will. We proceeded to solve this problem and demonstrated its absurdity. For instance, I fixed my mind on the object, and gently pulled her from it; she succeeded. I led her to the hat rack (mentally), and requested her to put my hat on my head; to go to the wall and rap four times; put down the window curtain; take the thermometer from the wall and hang it in a new place, etc., all of which she did. Now, instead of crippling the theory of spirit influence, do not these things render it more probable?

It seems difficult to conceive how the physical brain can receive an impression without known physical sign or symbol; but if there is a spirit hand and spirit brain, it does not seem over wild to suggest the possibility of hand and brain thus meeting, bringing the spirits of the two persons *en rapport*. The thought is emphasized by our clairvoyants, who tell us of the spirit placing the hand upon the brain of the controlled medium. I suppose that even in the case of thought transference the word medium is the proper word, for we speak of the physical body as the medium, even though it be controlled by the spirit of that body. These experiments reduce the theory of "mind reading" in spirit communion to an absurdity by reason of the extreme difficulty of impressing the subject.

Concordia, Kan. B. R. ANDERSON.

OLD TONAHAUQUA'S SPIRIT.

Boring for Oil Under the Directions of a Friendly Redskin's Spirit.

In a pretty little neck of woods about a mile and a half back from Point Chautauqua there is an old but well-kept farm-house, in and about which it is said the spirits of Indian chiefs and princesses who one day inhabited the shores of the lake fairly revel. The occupant of the house is an old man, still vigorous, despite the fact that three score of Northern winters have combined to silver his hair and bend his back until it is almost the shape of the horseshoe which hangs over his door as a sacred emblem of good luck.

According to the Pittsburg *Penny Press*, however, it is the spirits that haunt the little farm house in the woods that give to Barney Bowman, the owner of the cabin, his popularity. Several years ago, when the oil fever was raging in Northern Pennsylvania and Southern New York, some capitalists were stopping at Point Chautauqua. Barney heard them talking about the prospects of getting oil in Chautauqua County, and offered to show them where they could strike a well that would flow a lake of the greasy fluid. He had been sleeping at his home, he said, when the spirit of an Indian chief came and beckoned him. He followed out into the open air, over the fields and through the woods many miles, to where there was a hill in the midst of a big field. There was a stump on the side of the hill, and under that stump, far down in the earth's crust, the spirit said there was water that would burn. The old man knew that it was oil.

The capitalists were a little dubious about the story at first, but, after holding a consultation, said that they would sink a well if the place was shown them. The old Spiritualist was much excited, but he escorted them through the woods to the scene near the stump.

A week or so latter the old stump had disappeared, and in its stead a tall, stately derrick looked skyward. Then the engine came and the drill began to work. Down through the sandy soil and soft rock it wound its way swiftly, 100, 500, 1,000 feet: still there was no sign of oil, and the prospectors were commencing to look at each other in a sheepish sort of way and murmur something about meddling spirits. At 1,500 feet, however, the indications changed, and it was very evident that a vein of the greasy fluid was near at hand.

The excitement grew intense. The old Spiritualist himself could not sleep. He watched the drill day and night with a feverish interest, and when at last at a depth of 1,600 feet the oil sand was struck and the well commenced to gush a hundred barrels a day, his delight amounted almost to delirium. The prospectors were happy. From the day the well was struck they looked on Barney as a sort of supernatural being—something entirely out of the ordinary and above the common run of humanity. A purse that was heavy with gold was presented to the old man, and his house became the rendezvous for all the oil men of the district.

American Public Schools.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The following from the *Christian Register* contains many thoughts worthy of careful consideration:

Can Catholic and Protestant children study together in the same public schools? The question is answered by the plain facts of our common school history. For years they have studied side by side, under the same teachers and using the same text books. Many delightful friendships have been formed among Catholic and Protestant children in the public schools, which have been continued in after-life. One of the most successful teachers in Boston taught forty-seven years in the public schools. He had a school in which eight out of ten were foreigners, and from fifty to sixty per cent. of the whole number were Catholics. In this term of nearly half a century, this master of a Boston school never had any trouble with his pupils on the question of religion. He managed with tact and discretion. Instead of compelling his scholars to recite the Lord's Prayer with him, he simply required that they should maintain a respectful deportment while he said the prayer aloud himself, those being permitted to join in who wished to. The only time when there seemed any danger of a religious collision was when he punished a Catholic boy, not for refusing to say the prayer, but for not maintaining a respectful deportment when prayer was said. The priest to whom the boy appealed wrote a note to the teacher thanking him for the action he had taken. Yet this same priest was at that very time suing the city of Boston because another schoolmaster, under directions of an injudicious member of the school committee, had whipped a boy for refusing to say the Protestant version of the Lord's Prayer. The priest saw the difference between the two cases. In one case, the boy was punished for refusing to say a form of the prayer which was contrary to the usages of his own church. In the other case, he was simply punished for bad behavior. The incident showed that the Protestant schoolmaster and the Catholic priest could see distinctions with a difference, and yet have no difference over their distinctions.

We greatly deprecate any influence which tends to separate Catholic and Protestant children from their mutual enjoyment of public school privileges. It is very important, in a republic like ours, that all classes of children and all nationalities should become homogeneous. It is not easy after adult age to fuse nationalities; it is readily done in the plastic period of juvenile life. What our public schools should aim to make is not Protestants or Catholics, Jews or Gentiles, Irish or Germans, but simply educated Americans.

Yet that there are influences at work to separate Protestant and Catholic children it is very easy to see. If this separation is effected, it will be achieved by a potent and destructive influence. That influence is the spirit of sectarianism. In relation to our public schools, it has two forms of manifestation: one is Catholic the other is Protestant.

In the first place, there are Catholics who demand that the public school money shall be divided, so that they may educate their children in their own way. To this demand, it must be replied that in a State where all religions are placed on an equal basis, and education is provided equally for all, it is a violation of the non-sectarian principle to appropriate money for sectarian purposes. The most that the State can do, and what it may fairly be expected to do, is to open the schools to Catholic teachers as well as to Catholic pupils, and to open the school board to Catholic officers. This, as a matter of fact, has long been done, though theoretically the religion of teachers, scholars, or school committee men is not considered by the city in admitting, appointing, or electing them. Catholics and Protestants have both a right to ask that the essential elements of practical morality shall be taught in the public schools. There is no occasion whatever for following the subject of ethics into disputed grounds of religious belief. Thus much the State may provide: ample and thorough intellectual and moral instruction. If any religious body demands that its own tenets or dogmas should be taught, the State may rightly answer: "You must make your own provision for such luxuries. In a school system in which Jews, Greeks, Catholics, and Protestants are all represented, there can be no discrimination."

But there is an other form of sectarianism which is just as baneful to the public schools. It is Protestant sectarianism. From the very moment when the Catholic question, as it is called, came up in the schools, Protestant sectarianism has been manifested. It has insisted on retaining as a part of our public school system forms of worship to which Jews and Catholics might reasonably object. It has resisted the appointment of Catholic teachers, even when our schools were half filled with Catholic children. A marked instance of the Protestant sectarianism in connection with public schools was manifested some years ago in Charlestown. A graduate of Harvard College was appointed to the position of submaster. He was a thorough scholar a natural gentleman, an excellent teacher. After a while, however, it was discovered that he was a Catholic, although he did not introduce his special religious beliefs into the school-room. At the close of the year the question of his reappointment came up. The school board was made up entirely of Protestants. They declined to re-elect him. One member of the board asked a postponement of the matter for two weeks. In that time, he secured the signatures of the parents or guardians of every child in the school favoring his re-election. Nevertheless, in spite of this overwhelming appeal from the constituency of the school, the committee, under the lead of a narrow minded Baptist clergyman, dismissed him simply and solely because he was a Catholic. Of the sixty teachers, if we remember the number correctly, under the jurisdiction of that board, every one was a Protestant. It would be hard to find anything in the annals of Catholicism more humiliating or disgraceful than such a course of action in an American school. This is simply an example of the extreme of injustice to which Protestantism may go when it yields to the sectarian spirit in the management of the public schools. Catholic sectarianism is bad, Protestant sectarianism is bad, and one is just as bad as the other. The spirit of both should be utterly banished from our public schools. Experience has shown that it is quite possible to have text-books which may tell the truth of history without sectarian bias; that it is possible to have teachers, whether Protestant or Catholic, who have tact and skill enough to avoid exciting religious prejudice.

In this country, we want in our public educational system not Catholic schools, not Protestant schools: we want *American schools*. Good citizens of all creeds and religions should unite in protecting them against all sectarian influence of whatever nature and form, whatever source.

Boston, Mass. * * *

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Psychology.

DAVID BRUCE.

Preceding my conversion to Spiritualism, I with many others in 1852 formed a class to investigate the interesting subject of psychology, then quite popular in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. Our teacher, Prof. Benton, was very successful as a public lecturer. He admitted to his class, although he would rather keep this fact in the background, that psychology seemed to be somehow the prelude to Spiritualism. He would rather depend upon the wonderful and marvelous to draw attention to his meetings for his financial success. I found myself unexpectedly what was then called a "powerful operator," and for my own diversion and that of my friends, produced on my sensitives many ludicrous and absurd impressions, which they would repeat to the surprise of their friends and to the astonishment of themselves when told of their doings,—of which they remembered nothing. For several months I repeated these exhibitions at my own house and that of my friends, until a new surprise overtook me. The psychological class found to its surprise that another influence took its sensitives from its control, and they became mediums, either writing, speaking, rapping, etc. Thus psychology, more classically named hypnotism now, was a prelude to our belief in Spiritualism.

There are some public lecturers on psychology who carry their ideas no further than the surprise and wonder they create and their financial success regardless of all mischievous consequences. In some instances churches and other religious domicils have been ignorantly surrendered to the use of some wandering lecturer. A few years ago this prompted the writer to have the following published in the Brooklyn *Times:*

"About thirty years ago a mesmeric lecturer, Prof. Benton, was induced to pay our newly fledged city a visit. He found his visit lucrative to himself and amusing and instructive to its inhabitants. He was a powerful operator and blended with the amusing side of this occult science the knowledge of its healing capacity. Many invalids were instantaneously cured on his public platform before the eyes of his crowded audiences, of inflammatory and chronic diseases, and two decided cases of lockjaw by merely a few passes of his hands—to the great relief of the grateful sufferers. The city seemed actually taken by storm. There was nothing talked of but mesmerism and psychology. The Professor himself being a powerful operator was greatly assisted by his class of students who brought forward and introduced sensitives for his public lectures. Among his students were enrolled some of the leading citizens of the place. These pupils of his greatly reduced the labors of the lecturer.

"Now, remarkable as this phase of occultism was, people after a while, but in a quiet way, began slowly to give mesmerism and psychology the cold shoulder. Discreet parents became unwilling to let their daughters be used as sensitives, and in some instances absolutely refused to allow their public attendance to expose their susceptibility. In fact, several cases of scandal became more than whispered around—not in connection with the Professor, but from some of his unprincipled imitators. However, the unfoldment of this phase of human occultism evolved much thought. The sudden conversions at Methodist and other revival religious meetings at once began to be understood. Of the many instances brought to our notice was that of the Rev. Mr. Voorhies, a devout Methodist preacher of New Jersey. Under one impression by the Professor on his platform, he was influenced to pray like a most devout Christian, and almost instantly made to curse and blaspheme like an incarnate fiend! The reverend gentleman never forgave the Professor for this offense, when he was afteward told of what he had done."

These psychological exhibitions, of course, soon ceased to receive the favor of the moralist. Its scientific importance sank into obscurity until it was revived at the Beecher trial with the unfortunate Mrs. Tilton. Charitable scientists pitied the poor victim. It has become a question with many scientists as to whether the churches act wisely in opening their churches, amusing as it may seem, for the exhibition of this apparently harmless diversion?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Saloon Must Go.

GEORGE A. SHURELDT.

Is the duty of the State finished when it undertakes the detection and punishment of crime? Is the capture and imprisonment of the criminal the sole end of police regulation? or is it not equally the duty of the State to repress crime by the discovery and eradication of its causes? Under what a short sighted policy we live! What a weak, miserable system we tolerate and endure!

There are 9,000 saloons in the City of New York, 6,000 in Brooklyn, 4,000 in Chicago, and in the like proportion all over the country,—licensed dens of crime. We license the saloon and the bar room; we sanction by legal authority the common sale of intoxicating drinks; we place a whisky dive on every street corner, and a dozen in every block; we autorize a free distribution of an element which creates nothing but disturbance, disorder and riot; then we hire, equip and pay an army of policemen to take care of the consequences of our foolish acts. We receive a revenue of a million of dollars from saloon licenses and we pay out five millions for our police, criminal courts, judges, jails, State prisons, hospitals and asylums, and all for what? Why, just that the saloon may live. The saloon corrupts our politics, pollutes our social life, degrades men, starves women, and it engenders crime. It does all other evil things, and not one atom of good, and yet we encourage, foster and legalize it.

If man must and will drink, let it be done in his own home and in private. If he will make a beast of himself, it shall not be in the public streets of our cities, or in places licensed by public authority.

This is the great moral question of the day, and it is only a matter of a little time when it will be settled. The saloon must go!

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

GOD REIGNS. Lay Sermons. By Edward Reynolds Roe, M. D. Chicago: Laird & Lee. pp. 187. Price, cloth, 50 cts.

The author's purpose is to show the immanence of Divine power and goodness in all natural phenomena. Evolution even as taught by those who acknowledge only matter and its changes, it is claimed, proves the existence of God and his munificence and love, as shown in the advancement that has been made in the development of the qualities of the human heart, in the growth of a belief in a future life and of a sentiment of worship. The author evinces acquaintance with some of our best modern thinkers, treats his subject with ability and fairness, and makes a strong argument for his main proposition that God reigns within and throughout the universe.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION. By G. H. Stockham, M. D. Oakland, Cal.: Published by the author. 1888. pp. 131. Price, cloth, 75 cts.; paper cover, 50 cts.

In this volume is given an account of the temperance movement, the history of wine, the effect of alcohol, with facts in regard to sumptuary laws and liquor legislation, etc. The work is well written, the subject is treated in a moderate tone, and it contains valuable information and suggestions.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING. By Figue. Chicago: Purdy Pub. Co. 1888. pp. 44. Price, 25 cts.

No doubt "life is worth living." Under this title the author of this pamphlet defines, expounds and defends "Christian Science." The work is marked by spirituality of thought and it quotes freely from the scriptures, and sentences from some of our best thinkers.

THE CHRISTIAN ENTHUSIASM; an Essay. By Charles A. Allen. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. pp. 24.

Mr. Allen in this essay, which appeared originally in the *Unitarian Review*, concedes that Christianity has gathered up many fragmentary truths which prophets and sages had taught the world at other times," yet he claims that in this, religion is something distinctive—a religious enthusiasm which was a new inspiration to the world, and which is the great hope of progress in the future.

August Magazines Received Late.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) This mid-summer number of St. Nicholas will be the means of assisting many boys and girls in passing away many pleasant hours through vacation. The stories and poems are most appropriate, and the illustrations are just what they ought to be. A short account of a noble Hindu woman, who is trying to educate the girls of India is timely, and many readers, no doubt, have seen her during her American tour. John Burroughs has an article on Observing Little Things, which is well worth remembering.

The American Magazine. (New York.) The fourth illustrated article in the series Along the Caribbean, deals with Trinidad. Another entertaining paper is entitled, Where Burgoyne Surrendered, in which is described the Saratoga Monument that is soon to be unveiled. Frederick G. Schwatka tells about The American Arctic Savage. Mary Agnes Tincker's novel, Two Coronets, is continued. The departments under the general caption of Our Cabinet are filled with interesting matter, and The Editor's Study is devoted to questions of the day.

The New England Magazine. (Boston.) New England Educational Institutions are well represented in an illustrated article; an Exposition on the Canadian Fisheries is given; the fourth chapter on Religious Denominations deals with the Baptists. Many other articles and notes fill a good number.

The Phrenological Journal. (New York.) The Republican Presidential Candidates are fully described in illustrated articles, and a variety of reading completes an interesting number.

The International Magazine of Christian Science. (New York.) The August issue of this monthly has an attractive table of contents.

L' Aurore. (Paris, France.) Popular writers contribute to the July L' Aurore.

Also:

Journal Du Magnetisme, Paris, France.
Reformador, Rio de Jaeneiro, Brazil.
Le Lotus, Paris.
Le Message, Paris.
La Revue Spirite, Paris.
The Phrenological Magazine, London, Eng.

New Books Received.

Thasia. A Drama in Five Acts. By Frederik Rice.

Talmudic and other Legends. Facts and Fictions from Olden Times. Revised and Enlarged. Translated and compiled, by L. Weiss. New York: Stettiner, Lambert & Co.

A Chariot of Fire. The Cars in Prophecy and History, with the Wonders of Rapid Traveling and Significance of the Modern Railway System. By Rev. D. T. Taylor. Yarmouth, Maine: Scriptural Publication Society. Price, 25 cents.

Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York, for the year 1887.

Christian Science and Vital Christianity. A lecture delivered at Germantown, Pa., May 28, 1888. By Wm. A. Baldwin. Price, 15 cents.

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Boldly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago, an acorn, small,
Lay dormant 'neath the summer sky.

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The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is an instrument that has been well tested by numerous investigators. A. P. Miller, journalist and poet in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Worthington, (Minn.) *Advance* says:

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American Public Schools.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The following from the *Christian Register* contains many thoughts worthy of careful consideration:

Can Catholic and Protestant children study together in the same public schools? The question is answered by the plain facts of our common school history. For years they have studied side by side, under the same teachers and using the same text books. Many delightful friendships have been formed among Catholic and Protestant children in the public schools, which have been continued in after-life. One of the most successful teachers in Boston taught forty-seven years in the public schools. He had a school in which eight out of ten were foreigners, and from fifty to sixty per cent. of the whole number were Catholics. In this term of nearly half a century, this master of a Boston school never had any trouble with his pupils on the question of religion. He managed with tact and discretion. Instead of compelling his scholars to recite the Lord's Prayer with him, he simply required that they should maintain a respectful deportment while he said the prayer aloud himself, those being permitted to join in who wished to. The only time when there seemed any danger of a religious collision was when he punished a Catholic boy, not for refusing to say the prayer, but for not maintaining a respectful deportment when prayer was said. The priest to whom the boy appealed wrote a note to the teacher thanking him for the action he had taken. Yet this same priest was at that very time suing the city of Boston because another schoolmaster, under directions of an injudicious member of the school committee, had whipped a boy for refusing to say the Protestant version of the Lord's Prayer. The priest saw the difference between the two cases. In one case, the boy was punished for refusing to say a form of the prayer which was contrary to the usages of his own church. In the other case, he was simply punished for bad behavior. The incident showed that the Protestant schoolmaster and the Catholic priest could see distinctions with a difference, and yet have no difference over their distinctions.

We greatly deprecate any influence which tends to separate Catholic and Protestant children from their mutual enjoyment of public school privileges. It is very important, in a republic like ours, that all classes of children and all nationalities should become homogeneous. It is not easy after adult age to fuse nationalities; it is readily done in the plastic period of juvenile life. What our public schools should aim to make is not Protestants or Catholics, Jews or Gentiles, Irish or Germans, but simply educated Americans.

Yet that there are influences at work to separate Protestant and Catholic children it is very easy to see. If this separation is effected, it will be achieved by a potent and destructive influence. That influence is the spirit of sectarianism. In relation to our public schools, it has two forms of manifestation: one is Catholic the other is Protestant.

In the first place, there are Catholics who demand that the public school money shall be divided, so that they may educate their children in their own way. To this demand, it must be replied that in a State where all religions are placed on an equal basis, and education is provided equally for all, it is a violation of the non-sectarian principle to appropriate money for sectarian purposes. The most that the State can do, and what it may fairly be expected to do, is to open the schools to Catholic teachers as well as to Catholic pupils, and to open the school board to Catholic officers. This, as a matter of fact, has long been done, though theoretically the religion of teachers, scholars, or school committee men is not considered by the city in admitting, appointing, or electing them. Catholics and Protestants have both a right to ask that the essential elements of practical morality shall be taught in the public schools. There is no occasion whatever for following the subject of ethics into disputed grounds of religious belief. Thus much the State may provide: ample and thorough intellectual and moral instruction. If any religious body demands that its own tenets or dogmas should be taught, the State may rightly answer: "You must make your own provision for such luxuries. In a school system in which Jews, Greeks, Catholics, and Protestants are all represented, there can be no discrimination."

But there is an other form of sectarianism which is just as baneful to the public schools. It is Protestant sectarianism. From the very moment when the Catholic question, as it is called, came up in the schools, Protestant sectarianism has been manifested. It has insisted on retaining as a part of our public school system forms of worship to which Jews and Catholics might reasonably object. It has resisted the appointment of Catholic teachers, even when our schools were half filled with Catholic children. A marked instance of the Protestant sectarianism in connection with public schools was manifested some years ago in Charlestown. A graduate of Harvard College was appointed to the position of submaster. He was a thorough scholar a natural gentleman, an excellent teacher. After a while, however, it was discovered that he was a Catholic, although he did not introduce his special religious beliefs into the school-room. At the close of the year the question of his reappointment came up. The school board was made up entirely of Protestants. They declined to re-elect him. One member of the board asked a postponement of the matter for two weeks. In that time, he secured the signatures of the parents or guardians of every child in the school favoring his re-election. Nevertheless, in spite of this overwhelming appeal from the constituency of the school, the committee, under the lead of a narrow minded Baptist clergyman, dismissed him simply and solely because he was a Catholic. Of the sixty teachers, if we remember the number correctly, under the jurisdiction of that board, every one was a Protestant. It would be hard to find anything in the annals of Catholicism more humiliating or disgraceful than such a course of action in an American school. This is simply an example of the extreme of injustice to which Protestantism may go when it yields to the sectarian spirit in the management of the public schools. Catholic sectarianism is bad, Protestant sectarianism is bad, and one is just as bad as the other. The spirit of both should be utterly banished from our public schools. Experience has shown that it is quite possible to have text-books which may tell the truth of history without sectarian bias; that it is possible to have teachers, whether Protestant or Catholic, who have tact and skill enough to avoid exciting religious prejudice.

In this country, we want in our public educational system not Catholic schools, not Protestant schools: we want *American schools*. Good citizens of all creeds and religions should unite in protecting them against all sectarian influence of whatever nature and form, whatever source.

Boston, Mass. * * *

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Psychology.

DAVID BRUCE.

Preceding my conversion to Spiritualism, I with many others in 1852 formed a class to investigate the interesting subject of psychology, then quite popular in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. Our teacher, Prof. Benton, was very successful as a public lecturer. He admitted to his class, although he would rather keep this fact in the background, that psychology seemed to be somehow the prelude to Spiritualism. He would rather depend upon the wonderful and marvelous to draw attention to his meetings for his financial success. I found myself unexpectedly what was then called a "powerful operator," and for my own diversion and that of my friends, produced on my sensitives many ludicrous and absurd impressions, which they would repeat to the surprise of their friends and to the astonishment of themselves when told of their doings,—of which they remembered nothing. For several months I repeated these exhibitions at my own house and that of my friends, until a new surprise overtook me. The psychological class found to its surprise that another influence took its sensitives from its control, and they became mediums, either writing, speaking, rapping, etc. Thus psychology, more classically named hypnotism now, was a prelude to our belief in Spiritualism.

There are some public lecturers on psychology who carry their ideas no further than the surprise and wonder they create and their financial success, regardless of all mischievous consequences. In some instances churches and other religious domicils have been ignorantly surrendered to the use of some wandering lecturer. A few years ago this prompted the writer to have the following published in the Brooklyn *Times:*

"About thirty years ago a mesmeric lecturer, Prof. Benton, was induced to pay our newly fledged city a visit. He found his visit lucrative to himself and amusing and instructive to its inhabitants. He was a powerful operator and blended with the amusing side of this occult science the knowledge of its healing capacity. Many invalids were instantaneously cured on his public platform before the eyes of his crowded audiences, of inflammatory and chronic diseases, and two decided cases of lockjaw by merely a few passes of his hands—to the great relief of the grateful sufferers. The city seemed actually taken by storm. There was nothing talked of but mesmerism and psychology. The Professor himself being a powerful operator was greatly assisted by his class of students who brought forward and introduced sensitives for his public lectures. Among his students were enrolled some of the leading citizens of the place. These pupils of his greatly reduced the labors of the lecturer.

"Now, remarkable as this phase of occultism was, people after a while, but in a quiet way, began slowly to give mesmerism and psychology the cold shoulder. Discreet parents became unwilling to let their daughters be used as sensitives, and in some instances absolutely refused to allow their public attendance to expose their susceptibility. In fact, several cases of scandal became more than whispered around—not in connection with the Professor, but from some of his unprincipled imitators. However, the unfoldment of this phase of human occultism evolved much thought. The sudden conversions at Methodist and other revival religious meetings at once began to be understood. Of the many instances brought to our notice was that of the Rev. Mr. Voorhies, a devout Methodist preacher of New Jersey. Under one impression by the Professor on his platform, he was influenced to pray like a most devout Christian, and almost instantly made to curse and blaspheme like an incarnate fiend! The reverend gentleman never forgave the Professor for this offense, when he was afterward told of what he had done."

These psychological exhibitions, of course, soon ceased to receive the favor of the moralist. Its scientific importance sank into obscurity until it was revived at the Beecher trial with the unfortunate Mrs. Tilton. Charitable scientists pitied the poor victim. It has become a question with many scientists as to whether the churches act wisely in opening their churches, amusing as it may seem, for the exhibition of this apparently harmless diversion?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Saloon Must Go.

GEORGE A. SHUFELDT.

Is the duty of the State finished when it undertakes the detection and punishment of crime? Is the capture and imprisonment of the criminal the sole end of police regulation? or is it not equally the duty of the State to repress crime by the discovery and eradication of its causes? Under what a short sighted policy we live! What a weak, miserable system we tolerate and endure!

There are 9,000 saloons in the City of New York, 6,000 in Brooklyn, 4,000 in Chicago, and in the like proportion all over the country,—licensed dens of crime. We license the saloon and the bar room; we sanction by legal authority the common sale of intoxicating drinks; we place a whisky dive on every street corner, and a dozen in every block; we autorize a free distribution of an element which creates nothing but disturbance, disorder and riot; then we hire, equip and pay an army of policemen to take care of the consequences of our foolish acts. We receive a revenue of a million of dollars from saloon licenses and we pay out five millions for our police, criminal courts, judges, jails, State prisons, hospitals and asylums, and all for what? Why, just that the saloon may live. The saloon corrupts our politics, pollutes our social life, degrades men, starves women, and it engenders crime. It does all other evil things, and not one atom of good, and yet we encourage, foster and legalize it.

If man must and will drink, let it be done in his own home and in private. If he will make a beast of himself, it shall not be in the public streets of our cities, or in places licensed by public authority.

This is the great moral question of the day, and it is only a matter of a little time when it will be settled. The saloon must go!

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered, through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

GOD REIGNS. Lay Sermons. By Edward Reynolds Roe, M. D. Chicago: Laird & Lee. pp. 187. Price, cloth, 50 cts.

The author's purpose is to show the immanence of Divine power and goodness in all natural phenomena. Evolution even as taught by those who acknowledge only matter and its changes, it is claimed, proves the existence of God and his munificence and love, as shown in the advancement that has been made in the development of the qualities of the human heart, in the growth of a belief in a future life and of a sentiment of worship. The author evinces acquaintance with some of our best modern thinkers, treats his subject with ability and fairness, and makes a strong argument for his main proposition that God reigns within and throughout the universe.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION. By G. H. Stockham, M. D. Oakland, Cal.: Published by the author. 1888. pp. 131. Price, cloth, 75 cts.; paper cover, 50 cts.

In this volume is given an account of the temperance movement, the history of wine, the effect of alcohol, with facts in regard to sumptuary laws and liquor legislation, etc. The work is well written, the subject is treated in a moderate tone, and it contains valuable information and suggestions.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING. By Figue, Chicago: Purdy Pub. Co. 1888. pp. 44. Price, 25 cts.

No doubt "life is worth living." Under this title the author of this pamphlet defines, expounds and defends "Christian Science." The work is marked by spirituality of thought and it quotes freely from the scriptures, and sentences from some of our best thinkers.

THE CHRISTIAN ENTHUSIASM: an Essay. By Charles A. Allen. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. pp. 24.

Mr. Allen in this essay, which appeared originally in the *Unitarian Review*, concedes that Christianity has gathered up many fragmentary truths which prophets and sages had taught the world at other times," yet he claims that in this, religion is something distinctive—a religious enthusiasm which was a new inspiration to the world, and which is the great hope of progress in the future.

August Magazines Received Late.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) This mid-summer number of St. Nicholas will be the means of assisting many boys and girls in passing away many pleasant hours through vacation. The stories and poems are most appropriate, and the illustrations are just what they ought to be. A short account of a noble Hindu woman, who is trying to educate the girls of India is timely, and many readers, no doubt, have seen her during her American tour. John Burroughs has an article on Observing Little Things, which is well worth remembering.

The American Magazine. (New York.) The fourth illustrated article in the series Along the Caribbean, deals with Trinidad. Another entertaining paper is entitled, Where Burgoyne Surrendered, in which is described the Saratoga Monument that is soon to be unveiled. Frederick G. Schwatka tells about The American Arctic Savage. Mary Agnes Tincker's novel, Two Coronets, is continued. The departments under the general caption of Our Cabinet are filled with interesting matter, and The Editor's Study is devoted to questions of the day.

The New England Magazine. (Boston.) New England Educational Institutions are well represented in an illustrated article; an Exposition on the Canadian Fisheries is given; the fourth chapter on Religious Denominations deals with the Baptists. Many other articles and notes fill a good number.

The Phrenological Journal. (New York.) The Republican Presidential Candidates are fully described in illustrated articles, and a variety of reading completes an interesting number.

The International Magazine of Christian Science. (New York.) The August issue of this monthly has an attractive table of contents.

L' Aurore. (Paris, France.) Popular writers contribute to the July L' Aurore.

Also:

Journal Du Magnetisme, Paris, France.
Reformador, Rio de Jaeneiro, Brazil.
Le Lotus, Paris.
Le Message, Paris.
La Revue Spirite, Paris.
The Phrenological Magazine, London, Eng.

New Books Received.

Thasia. A Drama in Five Acts. By Frederik Rice.

Talmudic and other Legends. Facts and Fictions from Olden Times. Revised and Enlarged. Translated and compiled, by L. Weiss. New York: Stettiner, Lambert & Co.

A Chariot of Fire. The Cars in Prophecy and History, with the Wonders of Rapid Traveling and Significance of the Modern Railway System. By Rev. D. T. Taylor. Yarmouth, Maine: Scriptural Publication Society. Price, 25 cents.

Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York, for the year 1887.

Christian Science and Vital Christianity. A lecture delivered at Germantown, Pa., May 28, 1888. By Wm. A. Baldwin. Price, 15 cents.

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Boldly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago, an acorn, small,
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The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is an instrument that has been well tested by numerous investigators. A. P. Miller, journalist and poet in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Worthington, (Minn.) *Advance* says:

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 25, 1888.

Inspiration From Within.

"Inspiration from Within" is the title of an admirable editorial in the *Christian Union*, in which the writer transcends the limits of creed and ignores dogma, that he may speak from his soul and give us the noblest intuitive morals. Great aims, we are told, inspire great men, and an inward impulse is the best incentive to persistent and fruitful effort. "Not the praise of man which bringeth a snare," but the voice within which prompts to duty, even if the path be to a cross instead of a crown, and the howl of the mob sound along the way, but not the applause of admiring crowds, is to be heard and heeded.

"The man who would best serve his fellows must free himself largely from the tyranny of desire for contemporary approbation; must be able to sustain himself by the consciousness of the elevation and integrity of his own purpose, and from that consciousness must derive the serenity and cheerfulness which preserve one from the bitterness and discouragement of disappointed ambition.....Those who would work cheerfully and persistently for the good of others must perform that work out of pure love for doing it; must count it joy to give and not receive again; must win renewed energy from rebuff and defeat, and be stimulated through disappointment to that persistency of effort which never fails of its fruit in due season."

This is a gospel full of uplifting strength. That old saying: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," really meant that the victories of truth were won by those who faced fire and fagot with serene joy rather than bate one jot or tittle of the truth that was in them burning for utterance.

In the martyr age of the old anti-slavery movement a young and noble Quaker girl stepped out of her path of pleasant life and took the field as an anti-slavery speaker—the most unpopular step then possible, even for a man, and far worse for a woman. For years she heard the howl of the mob, the sneer of the priesthood, the slander of the vile who vainly tried to sully the white purity of her stainless womanhood. Years after a Woman's Suffrage Convention was held at Worcester, Mass., her home, and those in attendance were treated with kindly courtesy and marked respect. She was called on to speak and her rich voice trembled as she said: "Sisters, bloody feet have walked over the ground that is now strewn with roses for you." Men and women wept, thrilled by the pathos and truth of those words of Abby Kelly Foster. She had "wrought in sad sincerity," not for herself but for her sisters and for the slave, and because she and others had so wrought, success has come largely, and is to come fully. As it has been, so it is now. As great reforms have gained, and great truths have won, so is this great truth of Spiritualism to win by like devotedness of effort and steadfastness of purpose. The inspiration of the earnest Spiritualist is from within and from above, and the higher intelligences from the Spirit-world will ever ask that truth be put above self and that duty be done, even if unappreciated and unrecognized.

Not only is life here and now the richer for holding fearlessly to the right, and giving help to "the cause that needs assistance," but in that higher stage of our immortal life which we reach beyond the grave, the true man or woman will have higher companionship than those who have lived for self and won some poor applause. Changing a little the words of an old hymn, and it may well be said:

> True life can make a dying bed
> More soft than downy pillows are.

Keep Out of Ruts.

Men should not allow themselves to get into ruts. They should keep their minds open to new ideas, new methods. Intellectual rigidity is the "sin against the Holy Ghost." It destroys the ability to accept and assimilate fresh thought, and thereby closes the mind to that intellectual food which it must have in order to grow. What is more pitiable than a man with a few ideas acquired years ago, more or less crude and antiquated, in such a fixed mental condition that he has neither the capacity nor the disposition to reach out and gather new knowledge? He overrates the proportionate value of what little thought he has gained; he does not see that it needs revision to accord with the latest research; he cannot comprehend that the intellectual world is moving on and that he is standing still and hardening into a fossil, and that he is very liable to die, cynical and disappointed.

Says Lyell: "The extent to which even a considerably advanced state of civilization may become fixed and stereotyped for ages, is the wonder of Europeans who travel in the East. One of my friends declared to me that whenever the natives expressed to him a wish that he might live a thousand years, the idea struck him as by no means extravagant, seeing that, if he were doomed to sojourn forever among them, he could only hope to exchange in ten centuries as many ideas and to witness as much progress as he could do at home in half a century."

This is the condition to-day of a large part of the population of the earth, and it has been so in the past. Doubtless this monotonous condition was necessary to unite men in groups and to make the formation of national character possible. "Long ages of dreary monotony are," says Bagehot, "the first facts in the history of human communities, but those ages were not lost to mankind, for it was then that was formed the comparatively gentle and guidable thing which we now call human nature."

It is the same with nations as it is with individuals. If they do not keep advancing the curse of rigidity comes over them. Spontaneity disappears. Habits, customs, institutions become fixed, and intellectual life becomes more and more automatic. The conditions become unmodifiable, and progress is impossible. For ages the people go on thinking and acting in the same way—in ruts. This tendency to invariability or immobility is more or less characteristic of men in a savage state—and it accounts for the fact that they remain often unprogressive through centuries. Arrested development in a higher stage is not uncommon.

The tribes and nations that were able to advance were those in which, with sufficient stability to insure union and homogeneity, there was sufficient flexibility to admit of change, of variation, however slight. The civilizations that did not become fixed and stationary were those that were able to change from an age of status to an age of choice; for as Sir Henry Maine says, "Old law rests not on contract but on status." In the ancient civilizations usage settled everything. It was in the republics of Greece and Rome, where there was government by discussion, that the fixed rule of life, the chain of custom was first broken. Athens arose "like a sunrise on the sea," and her liberty and learning gave an impulse to civilization the most powerful and far-reaching in its effects of any national influence that ever prevailed in the world.

Thought and discussion with individuals and nations alike, are the best guarantees against stationariness, and the surest promoters of that condition in which custom usage and authority are all subordinated to reason and common sense.

Prayer and Mosquitoes.

Some years ago Prof. Tyndall excited the ire of orthodox theologians by proposing a prayer-test. The coolness, sincerity and scientific spirit with which the proposal was submitted, and the distinguished character and services of the gentleman who made it, only served to intensify the pious indignation of the clergy. They said that Tyndall was a scientist, but that he knew nothing about theology; that it was foolish, presumptuous and blasphemous to think of putting the word of the Almighty to a "scientific test." Nothing of the kind should ever be done with their consent. Infidels "scoffed" and "worldly people" generally looked on very much amazed.

It was pretty evident that the clergy preferred to have men assent to their claims about the efficacy of prayer, rather than to have their claims submitted to the test of verification. Nevertheless they have continued to preach the orthodox doctrine of prayer, albeit with some modifications and in a perceptibly subdued tone. Moody and Sam Jones have kept on much after the old fashion, but the more modernized preachers have many qualifications to make when they expound the doctrine of prayer, and they very rarely refer to objective illustrations and proofs of its efficacy drawn from the life and world of to-day. There are exceptions occasionally, of course.

Recently the deacons at the Ocean Grove camp meeting united in prayer to God to drive the mosquitoes away from their grounds, and it is announced that there are now no mosquitoes there! The "ungodly press" does not treat this affair with entire seriousness. The impression seems to prevail that the mosquito is rather too small and insignificant a creature for Omnipotence to direct its attention to and to make the object of a miracle, at the solicitation of a few Jersey camp meeting exhorters. But some might answer that God "hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." By "the foolish things" the JOURNAL means the deacons, and not the mosquitoes, which although small, it is true, are neither insignificant nor foolish. They know their business and they attend to it.

Perhaps a more reasonable objection to the belief that the Almighty intervened in answer to prayer, to drive mosquitoes from Ocean Grove, may be found in the fact that these creatures abound where conditions exist that are unfavorable to human health, and their presence is a warning against danger from the stagnant water of marshes, ponds and swamps. It is highly improbable that Supreme Wisdom would drive away the mosquitoes and allow to remain undisturbed the unhealthy conditions—unhealthy to man—under which these "pests" breed and thrive. Such an act would be removing danger signals and leaving the danger to lure men to destruction. If there be any truth in this story at all the mosquitoes left because of some change in the conditions and their departure was as natural and as independent of the deacons' prayers as were the breeding and growth of the mosquitoes and their lancing and sucking the blood of the worshipers at the Ocean Grove camp meeting.

Arose from the Coffin.

A special telegram from New Philadelphia, Ohio, to the Chicago *Tribune*, states that on August 11th, Miss Emma Trachsel, aged eighteen years, twin daughter of Jacob Trachsel, who resides on Crooked Run, was taken suddenly ill and soon became unconscious. She had every appearance of a dead person, and the family concluded that life had become extinct. She remained in this condition Saturday night and until Sunday afternoon. The family had given up all hopes and commenced making the necessary preparations for the burial of their child. A shroud had been made and was ready to be put on the girl. At four o'clock Sunday afternoon, those who were in the room where the supposed corpse was lying, were startled by what they thought were signs of returning life. In a few minutes the grief-stricken parents and friends were overjoyed to see the young lady open her eyes, and immediately she began to converse with those about her. When the girl was able to talk more freely, she said that she had been perfectly conscious of every thing that had taken place. She had heard people say that she was dead, and knew that preparations were being made for her burial, but was unable to open her eyes or mouth or move a hand or foot. She heard the family gather about her when the supposed last breath had been taken, and felt the burning tears drop on her face and the loving imprint of the kiss on her lips, but was unable to make the least sign indicating life. She had a twin sister who was especially affectionate, and this sister was loath to leave her, and when she was prepared for burial, made frequent visits to the side of Emma and kissed her over and over again During Saturday night, when the watchers would visit her every half-hour to dampen the cloth on her face, her feelings were horrible in the extreme. Toward morning she seemed to become more reconciled to her horrible state, and realized the fact that she was to be buried alive. All day Sunday streams of visitors and sympathetic friends crowded the house, and she recognized every voice and the kisses of her old schoolmates. When the coffin arrived and four of the neighbors lifted her tenderly and placed her in it, she thought she would certainly break the spell, but could not. She heard distinctly the work of the undertaker in screwing down the lid of the coffin, and the minutes seemed to her like years. She could distinctly hear the clock and knew the hours as they passed by. An awful moment was when a member of the family raised her head to clip a lock of hair to keep as a lasting remembrance of poor Emma. She has now almost fully recovered her health. The only explanation that was offerred for this singular occurrence is that the young lady was in a trance, and that it was only a dispensation of Providence that saved her from being buried alive.

She was Cured by a Vision.

A special dispatch to a Chicago daily from Findlay, Ohio, states that Miss Mary Searfoss of Marion township, had been ill for some time with a mysterious disease which her physicians could not understand or control. Her body became cold and green spots covered it all over. Monday, August 13th, she lost consciousness and lay in a trance for thirty-six hours, from which she awoke, and to her parents related the details of a vision which had appeared to her during this period of coma, and in the vision a man showed her a buggy wheel and told her that was the cause of her illness, as in jumping from a vehicle she had injured herself on the wheel. He then brought a bucket of water, a sheet, and three bottles which he said contained respectively wine, whisky, and alcohol. He wet the sheet in the bucket of water, wrapped her in its folds, and gave her a portion from each of the three bottles. He told her further if she followed this treatment in three days she would be well. If she did not, then at seven o'clock the morning of the next day she would commence getting worse and at four o'clock life would begin leaving her, and at nine o'clock the following morning she would be dead. This story thoroughly alarmed the parents and the attending physician was sent for, but he laughed at the spirit treatment and advised that it be not attempted and it was not begun. The next morning shortly after seven o'clock the young woman grew rapidly worse. The green spots reappeared and death seemed near. In this emergency the remedies prescribed in the strange vision were applied, and the patient rapidly improved and continued to grow better so fast that the morning of the fourth day she was able to arise and dress herself and is now completely restored to health.

W. R. Colby's Alibi Disproven.

According to San Francisco dispatches to the Eastern press, when the JOURNAL'S exposure of Colby as a robber, convict, etc., was telegraphed to that city, he declared the charges false and that he could prove an alibi; asserting that at the time the JOURNAL located him in Texas he was a keeper of the Lawrence (Mass.) house of correction. A dispatch from Lawrence dated August 11th to the Boston papers says: "Inquiry shows Colby was not employed there as claimed, but was keeper about three months in 1879. Colby is well known here, where he bore an unenviable reputation, although his family (his father's) were most reputable people."

Mgr. Thomas S. Preston says: "The idea of cremation is abhorrent to the practice and teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. The custom is an attack upon the doctrine of the resurrection. The church holds fast to the sacredness of the body, and teaches that the self-same body which is buried shall rise again. Of course the church has always taught this, but in view of the talk about cremation and the prevalence of this mode of disposing of the dead in certain quarters, the sacred congregation deemed it wise to issue a decree condemning the practice and prohibiting it among Catholics." Mgr. Preston says that no public masses could be said for the soul of any Catholic whose body should be cremated by his request. If the self-same body is to rise again, why object to cremation? If reduced to gasses and ashes by fire, cannot the atoms of the body be reunited by omnipotence? If left to natural decomposition the elements of the body are soon diffused—as effectually diffused as when the body is disposed of by the quick process of cremation. In a few centuries "the graves give up their dead" without any miracle, the matter entering other forms and combinations. If God can bring together the particles thus scattered, why should cremation be regarded as "an attack upon the doctrine of the resurrection of the body." A frivolous and puerile pretext is this for opposition to a rational reform in the manner of disposing of the perishable human body in the interest of cleanliness and health.

If there were anything to be gained by reasoning with a man who to-day believes in the literal resurrection of "the self-same body which is buried" Mgr. Preston might appropriately be asked a few questions which would show the absurdity of what "the Church has always taught." Indeed one question, the following for instance, would suffice: How is the self-same body which was buried five hundred years ago, to be raised, every atom to be returned and restored to its proper place at the resurrection, when a portion of this material has formed a part of other human bodies that have been buried later. It cannot be denied that the oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, lime, etc., composing the human body, when liberated enter the sustances which serve as food to man, and that the bodies of human beings living to-day contain some of the material of which the bodies of former centuries were composed. Since an individual may die with material particles in his body which formed a portion of a dozen or a hundred other physical human structures at the time of their death and burial, the question is, how, in such a case, is the self-same body to "rise again." Bishop Berkeley said, "Few men think; but all will have opinions." If those who hold to the doctrine which the Catholic priest makes the basis of his opposition to cremation, would only think, they would be ashamed of themselves for assenting to such a childish superstition.

Mrs. Sarah Graves of Grand Rapids, Mich. writes, August 14th: "I have just returned home from the Vicksburg camp meeting of four weeks. We had a good meeting. Mr. Moulton was well liked. J. M. Allen was with us for three weeks. W. H. Blair of Chicago, did well as presiding officer. The writer had many compliments for earnest speeches made every day on the ground. The camp was not a good place for frauds. Mrs. Bible did well; so did Sister Winch. In consequence of the appeal of our good Sister Lillie, the expenses of the meeting were made up."

A correspondent of the *Christian Register*, objecting to its position on the school question, criticised in these columns last week, quotes the *Register's* statement that "A public school is not the place in which to teach ecclesiastical history," and asks: "How is national history to be separated from ecclesiastical history? When Rome had civil as well as ecclesiastical authority, were not the events of the Church and State so linked together as to create a history from which the part taken by the Church could not be eliminated without cutting out the whole? We infer, therefore, that the *Christian Register* advocates the discontinuance of the study of history in the public schools." The *Register* fails to answer the questions.

Among the lost on the Geiser, was the wife of Martin Seehus, editor of the Chicago *Skandinavin*. She lived at 1178 Milwaukee avenue. Mr. Seehus said that they were married at Christiana, Norway, five years ago. Among the wedding presents were two return tickets to America, good for five years. The time was about to expire, and Mrs. Seehus was returning on one of these tickets for a visit with her parents. "She was twenty-five years old," said Mr. Seehus, "and she had a premonition that something would happen to her on this trip. We came over on the Geiser, and I wanted her to return on it now so as to escape the October storms. She didn't want to go, but I urged her to do so, and now I wish I hadn't. When she left me she said 'It is so sad to go. I don't want you to come to the depot to see me off.' She was apparently feeling happier when she reached New York, for I received a letter from her full of pleasant thoughts. My wife was an expert swimmer; the best in the Christiana Natatorium, but I fear she had no chance in the ocean waves. On our first voyage over in the Geiser five years ago, the vessel was commanded by an older captain. The Geiser was not a large vessel. On our voyage we had fair weather and no accidents, and the vessel seemed in every way seaworthy."

The *Herald* of this city thinks that the Jersey mosquito has as good a claim as the Jersey deacon, on Ocean Grove. It does not believe that the place was made exclusively for man. Here is what the *Herald* says: "Those who have marveled at the fitness of the Jersey mosquito may believe the claim of that insect to Ocean Grove is as good as man's, and certainly more tenable on a hot night. It will occur to a good many religious minds that the mosquitoes had as clear a right to pray for a cessation of deacons as the deacons for a hegira of mosquitoes. The hand of God, in either case, was very probably not in it at all."

Too Much Light.

The St. Louis *Republic* contains a dispatch from Bonne Terre, Mo., under date of Aug. 11, as follows:

For the past two weeks a "Prof." Peters had been holding séances and lecturing on Spiritualism at Bonne Terre, and had succeeded in working up a considerable excitement. On the night of Aug. 10th, however, four or five of the most prominent citizens determined if there was fraud, which was strongly suspected, to expose it. They accordingly arranged with the "professor" to hold a séance at the office of Dr. Keith, to which about a dozen persons were invited. Previous to the meeting an electric wire was carried into the room from an adjoining drug store, and it was arranged that when the lights had been extinguished and the performance was fairly under way the druggist should turn on the electric current and make manifest whatever trick, if any, there was in it. In the meantime the "professor" made all his arrangements, a tambourine and small bell were laid upon the table for the use of the spirits, a circle was formed, a gap being left to be filled by the "professor" in person as soon as he had extinguished the lights. The circle having been closed, each member holding with his right hand the left hand of his next neighbor, the mysterious influence began to work, the tambourine gave forth a tremulous sound and the bell tinkled distinctly over the heads of the circle. The druggist hearing the tinkling of the bell in his room concluded that the time had arrived to throw light on the subject, and accordingly turned on the electric current. In a moment the darkened chamber was flooded with light, revealing the "professor" leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, holding, and gently shaking the tambourine with his mouth, while with his right hand he manipulated the bell, holding it high above his head. He had completed the circle by dextrously joining the hands of the two persons who supposed they were sitting on either side of him and holding his hands, while in reality they were holding each other's hands. With his left hand he grasped the wrist of one of them, and with his mouth and right hand, under cover of the darkness, he played his little game of fraud. The exposure was so sudden and complete that it created quite an excitement, and threats of lynching were made. An officer being at hand, a warrant was sworn out charging Peters with obtaining money under false pretences, and he was at once placed under arrest.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. C. E. Eddy, the well known medium, left Chicago on the 22nd, to spend one week at Waukesha and Oconomowoc, Wis.

The *Harbinger of Light* for July 1st is received from Melbourne, Australia. The articles are numerous and devoted to Spiritualism, free thought and the Zoistic science.

A new department has been added to the course of instruction in the Belvidere Seminary, and $150 will pay for a thorough course in stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping and penmanship, board and washing included. Address, Principals of Industrial Department of Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, New Jersey.

Prof. W. Paine, of Philadelphia, was in Chicago the first of the week. He went from here to Muskegon, Mich. He has now in his possession one of the finest microscopes in the world, and is making some valuable discoveries with reference to the germs of disease.

A Rockland, Me., young man got up in his sleep the other night, jumped out of a window fifteen feet from the ground, took out a screen and climbed in another window on the ground floor and was then awakened with difficulty.

MRS. WELL'S CHAMPION.

He Attempts to Befog the Issue—Lost in the Newtonian Desert of Sophistry he Materializes a Smoke to Hide His Discomfiture—His Signal Failure—The White Light of a Brooklyn Law Office Dissipates His Illusions and Drives Him Into a Hole of His Own Digging.

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. H. J. NEWTON AND HON. A. H. DAILEY.

Readers of the JOURNAL will recall the correspondence between Mr. Henry J. Newton, acting as the champion of Mrs. Wells, on one side and Mr. Bundy and his attorney on the other, published several weeks ago. That correspondence was read with much interest, and the general verdict was that Mr. Newton had succeeded in vaulting into an unenviable position and put himself in a ridiculous, not to say ludicrous, attitude before the public:

NEWTON TO DAILEY.

128 WEST 43D ST., NEW YORK, July 18, 1888.

HON. A. H. DAILEY.—*Dear Sir:*—Yours of the 17th came duly to hand. You characterize my last letter to you as almost wholly irrelevant to the purpose for which you are retained by Col. Bundy and 'dispose of it without comment." This, under the circumstances, is rather a peculiar way of disposing of it and easy withal, if not polite, especially when the irrelevant matter was in reply to what you had introduced in your previous letters.

I would call your attention to the one written June 17th; you will find it is made up mainly of matter foreign to the issue in controversy. On the first page of over twenty lines there is scarcely anything except eulogies of Col. Bundy and his paper and railing accusations against me, and in making these charges against me, you inadvertently reveal the animus of Col. Bundy's attack on my cabinet. I have sinned against your oracle and must be punished;—that is about the size of it. Just as long as you write this kind of letters to me I shall reply to them. I have no idea of tacitly admitting by silence the truth of your statements which are not true; and now to test your faith in one of your charges, viz.: that Col. Bundy's paper has been bought up to prevent its circulation at certain meetings (or for any other purpose) at which I have presided or usually preside, or at any other Spiritualist meeting held under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists at Adelphi Hall,—I dare you to put up one hundred dollars that you can substantiate this charge. I denounce it as false, and just about as true as a large portion of the gossip on which Col. Bundy is endeavoring to erect his Temple of Fame, and which seems to be exceedingly palatable to him and his admirers. I must confess that I was greatly surprised that you should reiterate the erroneous statement that I have added some condition to my only and original proposition. An attorney in defending his client I suppose must imagine that by virtue of such position he is entitled to a certain license in dealing with facts which we miserable laymen have no right or title in. This is the only excuse or reason which suggests itself to my mind why you should make such a statement, especially when I called your particular attention, in my last letter, to the grave error you had made in a similar charge, and challenged you to quote anything which I had written, to justify you. Instead of making the slightest attempt to right the wrong you repeat it in (if possible) more offensive form without reason or sense. That there may be no excuse for a repetition of this misstatement, I append my original and only proposition to Col. Bundy: "I will enter into and execute a suitable bond that all your personal expenses shall be paid which may be incurred in defending a suit for libel brought against you by Mrs. E. A. Wells, in a court in New York City, provided you get final judgment against her."

If I have made any proposition except this, please show the fact before again stating that I have. I have so far stated no sum to be mentioned in the bond, so your offer to reduce it to five hundred dollars is of no consequence, as the question of the amount of the bond has not been raised by me. I fully agree with you that before he gets through with such an undertaking he will find it exceedingly expensive. You say my proposition no man of ordinary sense would have accepted and which you as his attorney declined, and because I declined to change my original proposition or modify it in any way, you have the assurance to stigmatize that fact as a "clean cut back down." You have wandered and floundered about so much in the fog that you have stirred up with outside and irrelevant matter, that you have evidently almost entirely lost sight of Col. Bundy's original position. Permit me to refresh your memory. On May 22nd, he wrote to me and in answer to an interrogatory from me says: "To my mind *nothing* could make it more necessary and important to prove the truth of what I publish and I believe that in the interests of Spiritualism and of good people who have been deceived by this woman, the truth of said editorial statement should be legally established *without delay*." Is this Col. Bundy's position to-day? Was it ever his true position? If it was, has he not backed down? These are questions I am perfectly willing should be answered by others.

Mr. Bundy talks about the interests of Spiritualism. You, in your first letter to me (June 6th) change the key-note and assure me that you shall exercise your judgment as you deem best for his interest. Without any argument it must be apparent to the most casual observer that the interests of Spiritualism and the interests of Col. Bundy are in no sense parallel, and if at any previous time there had been any question on this subject your advice to him in this matter has settled it beyond a peradventure that the two interests are far from the same. The Colonel says that to his mind "nothing could make it more necessary." I could give him some suggestions which, if he would follow them, would increase the necessity at least a hundred fold.

I told you in my last letter that all I wanted was "Yes" or "No" to my offer. That is all I have ever wanted. In your last, as I understand it, it is declined, therefore there is no reason why this correspondence should be continued.

Permit me in closing to express the opinion that Col. Bundy will have to meet this matter sometime, and I shall content myself to wait and bide my time.

Yours Fraternally, HENRY J. NEWTON.

DAILEY TO NEWTON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., August 10th, 1888.

Mr. HENRY J. NEWTON:—Yours of the 18th ult. was duly received. At the commencement of our correspondence I said to you that it was not my purpose to enter into a letter-writing contest with you, and you replied that in that respect we should be agreed if in nothing else. Since that time, your letters have covered from about twice to three times the space of mine, and your efforts to draw me into a discussion of matters foreign to the legitimate subject of our correspondence, indicates a purpose to cover your retreat by shooting into the woods you are taking to, as if your man was in that direction. You know he is in the open field just where you have left him.

You are apparently offended that I made no reply to the major portion of the previous letter, except to characterize it as "almost wholly irrelevant to the purpose for which I am retained by Col. Bundy." You answer, that the irrelevant matter was in reply to what I had introduced in a previous letter, and you say just as long as I write this kind of letters to you, you shall reply to them. You refer to my letter of June 17th, which called out your reply without date, covering nearly eleven pages of closely written note paper; in that letter you fully exhausted the considerations of all matters contained in that letter, and further reference thereto in your last, was wholly superfluous. I stated to you in that letter why I understood you to be working for the personal interests of Mrs. Wells; and among the reasons one was, that I understood that the copies of the JOURNAL, which commented upon Mrs. Wells, had been bought up, and not permitted to be circulated at a meeting where you usually presided. I stated simply what I had heard and presumed that my information was correct; you denied all knowledge of such a transaction. I accepted your answer and made no reply. I did not get my information from Col. Bundy, and I was glad to learn from you that if the JOURNAL was suppressed, it was without your knowledge or connivance. The joining of your forces with the man of the *Better Way*, which I had suggested, you rejected, saying you were not seeking for a partner. To this I replied, "Let the matter rest there," and I did not press that condition thereafter. In your letter of June 6th you fully discussed this same matter, and the question now arises, how many times do you wish to discuss matters already disposed of and which I have either not pressed or have waived? You can not divert attention in that way.

I am shocked at your proposition to engage me in a wager, in a matter, too, which is not in issue. You lose you temper, brother Newton; and in your excitement challenge me to prove my assertion that the JOURNALS were bought up to prevent their circulation; and you want me to put up one hundred dollars on that issue. Perhaps you think it would be easier to win one hundred dollars from me upon that issue, than from Col. Bundy upon the issue of the virtues of Mrs. Wells as a materializer. From what you say, I really think you wise to attempt to divert attention in this way. I suppose you know that the laws of the State of New York make betting unlawful; and why do you attempt to induce a man sworn to sustain the law, to become an offender against it? I do not really think you were considerate when you made this proposal to get my money. I could not conscientiously take yours should I win it; you certainly will not win mine.

You again come at me with considerable heat, because I repeat that you have changed the condition of your original proposition to Col. Bundy, by inserting therein the word "final," so that Mrs. Wells must have final judgment against her before you will be liable for Col. Bundy's personal expenses. Now that I am unmistakably right in this matter, I quote from your first letter to Col. Bundy of May as follows:

JOHN C. BUNDY—

Dear Sir:—In your JOURNAL of May 5, you say you can, if necessary, prove in the courts of New York City that Mrs. Wells is a vile swindler and has been for years using trick cabinets and confederates. In view of such a statement by you so strongly put, I wish to ask you a few questions, and I hope you will frankly answer, 1st: Is Mrs. Wells alluded to above, Mrs. E. A. Wells? 4th: If your expenses are paid to come to New York City, will you come and undertake to do in this direction what you say you can?

Now in this letter, you have made no condition that Col. Bundy's expenses shall be paid upon his obtaining "final judgment"; none whatever. The question is, "If your personal expenses are paid to come to New York City, will you come and undertake to do in this direction what you say you can?" Had the proposition—for certainly there can be no other interpretation of it—been qualified by the condition of *final* judgment against Mrs. Wells, it would have been a very different one indeed. The proposal made in that letter might lead any one to suppose you intended to pay the Colonel's personal expenses, win or lose; but as soon as you received his answer of May 22nd, wherein he makes a positive, clearly defined proposition to you, to prove the truth of all he said in the courts of New York, provided you executed a suitable bond to cover his expenses if he defeat Mrs. Wells before a jury upon a trial of that action, you found the Colonel was not frightened and was ready to meet you; then came your counter proposition, and your retreat and flourishing commenced; then you want a "final judgment against Mrs. Wells," before you will pay the Colonel's personal expenses in this proposed action. In your letter of May 24th to Col. Bundy you say to him, "You make a broad assertion of what you can establish in the courts of the city of New York and my purpose was and is to see that you undertake to do it." Then you say, "I will enter into and execute a suitable bond that all your personal expenses shall be paid, provided you get final judgment."

If your first letter was not a proposition to Col. Bundy, and was not so intended, then Col. Bundy's reply and square proposition to you is the first one made, and you are the party first challenged, not he; and what has your answer been; have you accepted or declined it?

Again, you say of yourself, in that letter, "I have sinned against your oracle and must be punished; that is about the size of it." You also criticise a former letter of mine to you, and say that "on the first page of over twenty lines, there is scarcely anything except eulogies of Col. Bundy and his paper, and railing accusations against me." You then proceed to say: "I told you in my last letter that all I wanted was yes or no to my answer; that is all I have ever wanted; in your last letter, as I understand it, it is declined; therefore there is no reason why this correspondence should be continued. Permit me in closing to express the opinion that Col. Bundy will have to meet this matter sometime, and I shall content myself to wait and bide my time."

Now, Mr. Newton, I would not have taken all this trouble to answer your letter, did I not think I could clearly discern its ulterior purpose. If it serves that purpose, I shall heartily congratulate you. Your arraignment of my conduct as an attorney, has invited my personal participation in the composition of this letter; and I do not know that I can do the cause of spiritual truth any greater service than to accept the occasion and say a few words upon this matter. Whatever may be your information of the custom of attorneys under professional license, to misstate the facts in any case, I know of no such liberty being accorded them, and I shall not plead my professional character in extenuation or in protection for anything I have written. I have written nothing in malice and have nothing but regrets that Col. Bundy and yourself are at variance upon the issue made. I have offended you in my estimate of Col. Bundy and his great work; and you most unkindly charge me with making railing accusations against you. This is simply a grave error, Mr. Newton, for I have made no accusations against you, unless to charge you with having espoused the cause of Mrs. Wells can be so considered; and the truth can hardly be regarded as an accusation in the light in which it is here construed. As we have had frequent occasion to know, men who pride themselves upon being keen, sharp and scientific are sometimes most easily misled, and are often readily duped, I have felt that it would be charitable to class you among them, rather than to say that you are perversely in error.

Your complimentary allusion to Col. Bundy as my oracle, does not hurt me. To my knowledge, he has never set himself up as an instrument for any of the phenomenal manifestations attending the development and progression of the Spiritualist movement. His work has been to conduct a journal for the transmission of general intelligence in that line, and it has been his duty to sift, and thoroughly winnow the chaff and tares from every grain of truth he published to the world. Time and again he has, at immense cost of labor and money, traced crawling, slimy, hissing vipers into sacred places, and dragged them into the light as Satans in the Garden of Divine Truth; and all to what purpose? To be abused, maligned and threatened by unbalanced sycophants, gone wild over some doubtful manifestations, and who will not believe, even when the evidence of fraud comes in overwhelming volume from persons of unquestioned integrity; even when corroborated from the lips of the creatures who perpetrate these offences against humanity and the angel-world. I have striven hitherto to avoid conspicuous participation in the controversies among Spiritualists, originating in that fruitful field of dispute, materialization. I know that materialization is possible, and I have had painful evidence of its simulation in various ways; and fraud once proved, justly taints all that follows from the same source.

Had you any disposition to put to the test at your own expense, the issue of the genuineness of the presentation through Mrs. Wells, you would long ago have accepted Col. Bundy's offer. That you are not willing to hazard your money on that issue, is apparent from the closing words of your letter, wherein you give your opinion, in the form of a covert threat, "that Col. Bundy will have to meet this matter sometime, and that you shall content yourself to wait and bide your time." All of this means simply, that you will be upon the lookout for Col. Bundy's presence within the jurisdiction of the courts of New York, when you will put forward Mrs. Wells as a plaintiff in an action which shall put the Colonel to the cost of proving the truth of what he has said without the hazard of your coffers. You are deceiving no one but yourself; and when that issue is tried, you will find yourself in the humiliating position that others have found themselves when taking similar positions.

That you shall have no possible pretext to get out of your position, I am instructed by Col. Bundy to accept your terms and waive the subject of final judgment. Therefore prepare your papers, bond, etc., in accordance with your own understanding, and send them to me, and I will, with their delivery, accept service of the summons and complaint for Col. Bundy, and do all that can be required, to afford you and Mrs. Wells all the satisfaction any court will give you.

Yours fraternally,

A. H. DAILEY.

NEWTON'S LAST.

NYACK, August 15th, 1888.

A. H. DAILEY, ESQ.,—*Dear Sir:* Yours of the 10th came to hand after some extra travel. I have instructed Erastus H. Benn, one of Mrs. Wells's attorneys, to prepare the necessary papers and communicate with you. I saw by one of the papers that Mrs. Wells was away from the city at the present time. Mr. Benn will know when she will be back. I am inclined to the opinion that the papers were made out before Mrs. Wells left the city. As I leave here to-morrow for Northern New York to be away until some time next week, I will defer answering your many charges against me until my return.

Yours, etc.,

H. J. NEWTON.

If Mrs. Wells's lawyer now obeys the instructions which her next friend and champion has given, the public may look for some interesting developments when the case comes to trial. As before stated we do not make editorial assertions involving the character and acts of mediums until we are satisfied from evidence laid before us that they are true. Mr. Newton is willing to deplete his million, more or less, to defend his friend and co-worker of the 1st Society, apparently. Frauds and fanatics will thank him for his gallantry and pray that in spending money he will prove a greater success than he has as a letter writer.

Against the earnest protest of his attorney, Mr. Bundy insisted upon an acceptance of Mr. Newton's terms, unfair as they were, in order that if by any possibility he should have been misled by the testimony on which he made the editorial assertions of last May concerning Mrs. Wells, that she should have the opportunity for vindication and redress.

General News.

A natural oyster bed has been discovered in the New Haven (Conn.) harbor.—Four men met in Baxley, Ga., the other day who weighed altogether 1,017 pounds.—Orange trees about Clearwater, Fla., are now in full bloom, the third time this year.—Col. Tuitt, of Georgia, has not seen the bottom of his corn-crib for more than twenty years, and is now selling sound grain grown in 1876.—A twenty-pound West Virginia wildcat was caught in a mowing machine. He was badly cut up and so saved two hay harvesters a nasty fight.—A radish weighing three and one-half pounds and measuring twenty inches in circumference is on exhibition in Dublin. It was grown by Dr. Buchan, of Reedy Springs, Ga.—Sculptor's clay is something that does not "grow wild" everywhere, and it is said that the best now in use by American artists comes from Federal hill, near Baltimore.—In Macon, Ga., a young man, while practising on the horizontal bar in the armory there, fell, was taken up insensible, and carried home. Next morning he was all right again; but the strange part of it is that he has lost all memory of what occurred for twelve hours before and after his fall.—Rossi, the Italian tragedian, is said to be about to retire permanently from the stage.—Walter Besant says the time is not far distant when writers will be able to make as large fortunes as bankers.—Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria has for some time practiced successfully as an oculist, giving advice and treatment gratis.—Major McKinley allows that Thomas Buchanan Read was a fine poet, but he says there isn't a bit of imagination in his verses on Sheridan's ride to Winchester.—After a recent performance of "Carmen" at Covent Garden, London, Minnie Hauk was presented with a wreath of laurels and oak leaves in solid gold in honor of the tenth anniversary of the first production of that opera in England.—Mme. Patti-Nicolini wants to sell her Craig-y-nos Castle, Wales. The estate covers 350 acres, surrounded by picturesque mountains.—Mr. Whitbread, one of Mr. Gladstone's thick-and-thin followers in the House of Commons, is the owner of a brewery which is said to pay him $1,500,000 a year.—Queen Victoria has won quite a reputation among English agriculturist as what may be called a royal farmer of the gentler sex. At the show of the Isle of Wight Agricultural Society recently she took three prizes for farm horses, one for Jersey cattle and four for Down sheep, winning the champion prize for the best ram and the award for the best pair of ewes.

Mr. George W. Cable will start for California this month on a reading tour.—Herbert Spencer is working on his autobiography, but his poor health prevents his making much progress.—Baron Reuter, the telegraph king of Europe, keeps a secretary whose sole business it is to investigate and relieve cases of distress.—Senator Ransom and his son resemble each other in appearance so closely that it is not easy to distinguish one from the other at a distance.—It is said Mark Twain proposes to bring out all the funny stories and anecdotes originally written for, but finally not published in, Gen. Grant's memoirs.—Dr. Robert Morris, who recently died at La Grange, Ky., was one of the only two poets laureate the Free Masons have ever had. Robert Burns was the first.—Gen Alfred H. Terry is rapidly regaining his health at his home in New Haven, Conn. He has an old army tent on his lawn, in which he spends most of his time.—Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria has passed his final medical examination, qualifying him to practice as a physician. This is the second member of the Bavarian royal family who has joined the medical profession.—Admiral David B. Porter is writing a sea romance in which the American navy, instead of being run down by coal barges, is made to contribute to the glory of the American republic.

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four essays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents.

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received encomiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

After Dogmatic Theology, What? Materialism or Spiritual Philosophy and Natural Religion. The aim of this work is to state materialism fairly, and to hold it as inconsistent. A wide range of ancient and modern proof of the higher aspects of the God idea in history is given. Cloth, 150 pages; only 60 cents, postpaid.

The American Protectionist's Manual. This work is especially sought after at this time when the tariff question is discussed by all stanch American citizens. A subject that has entered as a vital question into the politics of America deserves careful thought and serious attention and the statements in this work are offered as a help to all classes. It has been commended as interesting, fair, clear and strong, packing more in its 192 pages than any other book of that size on these subjects. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cover, 25 cents, post praid.

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Progress from Poverty. This is a review and criticism of Henry George's Progress and Poverty and Protection and Free Trade. Price, cloth, 50 cents, paper 25 cts.

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The National Revenues

A Collection of Papers by American Economists. Edited by Albert Shaw, Ph. D. With an Introduction and an Appendix of Statistical Tables. 16mo, 245 pages. $1.00. Paper, 50 cents.

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Camp Meeting Notice.

The Annual Camp Meeting of the First Society of Spiritualists of Delphos Kansas, will be held at Delphos, commencing September 7th and holding ten days, or longer if thought best at time of meeting. All are invited.

A. D. BALLOU, Secretary.

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SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will meet in convention in Westerfield's Hall, Anderson, Ind., September 13, 1888, at 10 A. M. A corps of good mediums will be in attendence during the week and a grand time is expected.

All Spiritualists and friends of investigation invited. Hotel rater $1, per day.

GEO. W. HUNTER, Sec., Indianapolis, Ind.

DR. BECK, Pres., Delphi, Ind.

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THE COUSINS.

EMMA TUTTLE.

Four little maidens in cunning short dresses,
Hair ribbons flying from long braided tresses,
Dimpled hands clasped in affectionate presses,
Minnie, and Aggie, and Corda, and Ettie.
Sweet little girls! with their sunbonnets airy
Shading their faces so roguish and fairy,
Eight little eyes twinkled never so starry,
Four little cousins were never so pretty.

Over the moss-banks and down in the hollows,
Tramping the meadow grass, skipping the fallows,
Coaxing the robins and counting the swallows,
That was the way that their days chased each other,
When in the summer, with lunch-basket swinging,
Down to the school-house we watched them go singing.
"Oh, may the future be tardy in bringing
Grief to their hearts," said my tender-voiced mother.

Time, the world's master kept thinning and grouping,
Here sang the thrushes, there ravens were swooping,
Here walked an angel, there men played at duping,
Close by the path where the cousins were walking.
Minnie, the one with the purple black tresses,
Lent her white hand to deceiving caresses,
And, breaking the threads of life's delicate meshes,
Mute sorrow hushed early her laughing and talking.

Aggie, a lush blossom just in the flushing
Grew, oh, how pallid! When soft pink was flushing,
And fell in the tempest winds wailing and rushing,
And blowing the snows in her face so exquisite.
Two of the cousins talk sadly and lowly
Of Minnie and Aggie, the angels so holy,
Who many a time, as the years vanish slowly,
Sweep down through the azure to bless with a visit.

Corda, as tall as the holly-hocks early,
Corda, with brown eyes and forehead so pearly,
Corda, whose rosy lips pouted demurely
Came to be "somebody's" darling just lately.
Yet on her dark hair the wreath has not faded,
Yet runs life's path along, flower-edged and graded,
Nothing but sunbeams with blossoms inbraided!
Chained you, sweet madame, so tender and stately.

Fate, I implore you deal liberal chances
To Etta, a jewel for Spanish romances,
With long silken lashes and half-frightened glances,
Who wanders alone in a garden of roses.
Four little cousins! with sweet recollection
I dream of your childhood and tender affection,
And ward off the arrows of grief and dejection
In thoughts of reunion beyond tearful closes.

Work In India.

About forty missionary societies of various faiths are represented in India. These employ about 800 missionaries, who are mostly from this country and England. Besides these there are 600 or 700 native preachers of different persuasions. Of native Christians there are about 500,000 Protestants and a very large Catholic membership. As the whole population of India is about 260,000,000 it is plain a great work is before the missionaries before all India is evangelized. There are 180,000,000 followers of old-fashioned Hinduism, 50,000,000 Mahometans, and 3,000,000 Buddhists. Of the Hindu population there are three chief classes--the Brahmins, the Sudras, and the outcasts. The Brahmins are priests, politicians, and aristocracy. The Sudras are the servile populations. The outcasts are those who have violated their caste rules, or have gone into the service of Europeans, or have become Christians. The Brahmins are only about one-twentieth of the whole, but they rule all the rest and live off of them.

The missionaries have hard work in making any of the native population depart from their old religious faith. It is a common impression among some good people that all heathens are ignorant and not much better than savages. This is not the case in India. Many of the Hindu people whom the missionaries have to meet are shrewd logicians and always ready for an argument. The missionary who is unable to wrestle with these people, and to discuss intelligently the difference between their religions and Christianity, might as well pack his trunk and go home. The first mission to India was sent out from England in 1793. Considering the immense difficulties of the work the missionaries ought to have the credit of having labored faithfully.

THE DIVINING ROD.

A Beautiful Swede at Work in Ohio's Oil Fields.

A Detroit *Tribune* correspondent at Findlay, Ohio, writes: That superstition has a strong hold upon prospectors, drillers and others engaged in the petroleum industry who depend largely upon indications, the following story told the *Tribune* today proves:

"I will tell you something that you may believe or not, just as you please, but it is a fact nevertheless, that some of the best oil wells located in the Lima, Findlay and North Baltimore fields have been drilled in the very spots located by an oil wizard or rather wizardess. She is a lady—a beautiful Swede who lives in Pennsylvania, is well educated and her husband is well off. She has been here a number of times at the request of oil men familiar with her success in the Washington county field of that State. In every case her predictions have been fulfilled to the letter. Her method of operating is something like the old divining rod used by water-witches in searching for locations for wells. I have seen the forked witchstick in her hand when she appeared to grip it with the strength of a powerful man. I have watched for the result at least a dozen times, and in every case a good oil well has followed."

This brings to mind the well proved results, published in our columns years ago, of the water finding by Cyrus Fuller, of Livonia, Michigan, who has located more than a hundred wells, finding water without failure and on first trial, as his neighbors testify. He uses a forked twig of hazel or peach.

Note From Frank C. Algerton.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I arrived upon the beautiful camp grounds of Cassadaga, and was welcomed by loving friends, July 29th. I had the honor to lecture by special request in the auditorium Sunday evening, July 29th, and also Monday evening, August 6th.

Cassadaga has added to her many charms, that of a beautiful library building and reading room, also lecture room. This splendid edifice was erected for the benefit of the cause by a few philanthropic souls, who went deep down into their pockets, that the spiritual philosophy might be benefited thereby. Would to God there were more such in our midst. All omens seem to point to a brilliant future for Cassadaga. After the close of the camp, I shall go to Buffalo, N. Y., to lecture; thence to Meadville, Pa., to start with the aid of my angel guides a foothold in that city for the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism. Then I shall go to visit loved ones in Nova Scotia, and expect to arrive in Chicago in December.

Cassadaga, Aug. 9th. F. C. A.

R. M. Kneeshaw, of Montreal, Ca., writes: "I earnestly wish that your invaluable JOURNAL was in the hands of all investigators of spiritual phenomena. As a medium, I thank you for the healthy tone that pervades the whole of the contributions and communications from your columns, and I hope that your unceasing efforts to purify the spiritual platform and séance rooms will meet with due encouragement. Here in Montreal the cause is steadily progressing, notwithstanding the obvious difficulties that our isolated position entails upon us. The hard rocky ground has at least been broken into and some amount of seed sown, and there are not wanting signs of a future harvest, my only hope being that those to whom the truth is revealed may have sufficient moral worth and true grit to enable them to rightly discriminate between the true and the spurious."

Letter from the Hockessin Philosopher.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Will you allow me through the JOURNAL to thank Hon. A. H. Dailey for his most excellent lecture upon "Bibles," published in a late issue? Such an array of solid facts and expression of sound views we seldom meet with. It is grandly calculated to provoke critical reasoning and to spread wider and wider the ever opening light.

Can you inform us as to the antecedents of Mrs. E. B. Duffey who gives us "Heaven Revised?" There are so many who have attempted to tell us just how things are in Heaven and Hell, and more doubtless will be forthcoming. We have had Emanuel Swedenborg, Judge Edmonds, A. J. Davis, Mrs. Maria M. King, Miss Phelps with her "Beyond the Gates," the beautiful "Beyond the Sunrise" (presumed to be by the Cary Sisters) and others needless to mention at this time. Swedenborg, though evidently a seer, had the weight resting upon him, of a yet darker Bible-worshiping age than the present. He had also weak points of character. His revelations are fallible.

A. J. Davis made very important blunders in treating of physico-astronomical truths, and has failed, it would seem, to carry out the wisdom of his earlier days. How can we rely upon his statements concerning the Spirit-world as infallible evidence?

It was *revealed* to the excellent Mrs. King that comets never enter the solar system. How, in the face of such a manifest error can we depend implicitly upon revelations made in her treatise upon "Real life in the Spirit-land"? Miss Phelps declines to enlighten us as to the fact whether her very readable book, "Beyond the Gates," is based upon reliable revelations, or whether it be a romancing upon her own ideas as to a future life,—"made to sell," and contribute to her previously well earned success as an authoress.

The very pretty stories told in "Beyond the Sunrise," we are informed, are nearly all based upon facts, and they give us some inkling of the nature of an after life; but which of them are the fictitious accounts? which the real?

So, Mr. Editor, whenever your correspondents wish to enlighten us as to that beautiful after life, the anticipation of which ever rests with us as a strength and comfort in our battle through this one, pray tell them of the universal "Yankee" that "wants to know" where they were "born and brought up," and what are the credentials they carry. We like well-told stories, which are very plenty in these days; but we don't like to be fooled. We are highly interested in these bright prospects before us, and believe in the scientific possibility of ascertaining sufficient knowledge of the after life, that is now best for us to have (which probably means all we can get), but while we are reading with much pleasure Mrs. Duffey's chapters, that seem very good as compared with some others, yet an ounce of assured truth in this line, we esteem more valuable than a pound of romance or fancy.

A few more words of gossip: Let us say a hearty good-by to "Colby alias Raines"; but when will we be able to say the same to all the weakling editors of Boston, San Francisco or elsewhere, who are fooled by and back up such unhung scoundrels?

Now what about these "*hard-headed Sikes*"? It is a fitting name for all men, be they ever so worthy, who strive to warp and strain the facts of psychic science, no matter how absurdly it may be needed, to explain away, if possible, the simple spiritual truths that are the death alike, of a coarse and hard materialism and of a bigoted orthodox theology.

J. G. JACKSON.

Statistics of Salvation.

Dr. Atwood, in the *Universalist Christian Leader* considers some of the statistics of salvation:—

Mr. Edward S. Niles of Boston, gave an address on Saturday, in which he made several sensible suggestions, from an orthodox point of view. He deprecated giving so much attention and money to foreign missions, when "there were 10,000 foreign infidels and idol-worshipers landed on our shores every month. There was ample room for foreign missionary labor right in the United States. Boston, with its 600,000 people, had no more than 25,000 members of Protestant churches; New York, with 2,000,000 people, had less than 90,000 Protestants; and Chicago, with 800,000 people, had fewer than 100,000 Protestants. There were 3,860,000 people in these three cities who do not attend our churches. Why, then, should they go to India or China or Germany or Italy to preach the gospel? If the Bible is true, those who do not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ have nothing before them but eternal punishment. Those 3,860,000 people were on the road to eternal destruction." The speaker here indulged in some calculations, arriving at the conclusion that about 80,000 of the people die and go to perdition, every year, one-twelfth that number every month, etc. He thought these startling facts ought to induce all Christians to put forth their greatest Christian endeavors to save the people. It does not admit of reasonable doubt that, if the remnant of saved people in the three cities should make such a truly Christian endeavor as the awful emergency calls on them to make, some portion of this vast and ceaseless procession, marching to their inconceivably terrible doom, might be rescued. If any human situation should move to prompt, united, unremitting effort, this surely is the exact one. Yet there is, to draw it mildly, not a tithe of the interest, even among devout Christian people, in this tremendous fate of their neighbors, bosom friends, nearest kindred, that there is in the election of Cleveland or Harrison! Why cannot Mr. Niles, and others momentarily conscious of their creed, see the truth here, which is that the fulcrum over which they seek to pry—belief in the reality of his "facts"—has no existence? If men—good men, Christian men, preachers of orthodox theory—really believed the situation to be such as his calculation implies, he would not calculate in vain. There would be something more than a theatrical sensation, to pass away when the curtain drops. There would be instant, unanimous, heroic action. The "facts" might as well not be so, Mr. Niles; for men do not believe them. Are they so?

A Spirit in a Rocking Chair.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

One Saturday afternoon lately, about 2 P. M., David Dillon, William R. Butler and myself were so seated as to form a triangle near the front of W. R. B.'s furniture store pleasantly engaged in conversation of temporal matters, when suddenly a cane seated rocking-chair, ten feet from any visible person or force, commenced to rock on the bare floor. Its vibration simultaneously arrested our attention; all saw its rapid motion. I said, "Do you see it rock?" Both replied "Yes." "Could it rock without some applied force?" I asked, when both responded, "No." I replied that I clairvoyantly saw the mother of William R. Butler sitting in, and rocking the chair. I described her to the complete satisfaction of Mr. B. I had never seen the lady, nor her picture. She died in Boston, Mass., twenty years ago. On the Monday morning following Mr. B. produced her photograph, taken thirty years ago, which duplicated the spirit I saw in the chair, only the angel had displaced the physical. She had progressed until she was bathed in a radiance that touched my soul with rapture. She told me her age when she passed to spirit-life. Mr. Butler's statement of her age and when she died, corroborates hers. At the time no other persons were in the store; the afternoon was cloudless, no wind, and the doors open.

J. H. PRATT.

Springhill, Kansas.

James A. Platt writes: "While at the Parkland Camp Meeting, I listened to a lecture delivered by J. Frank Baxter. He is a highly gifted orator. His topic in the morning, "Spiritualism and Morals," was handled ably. In the afternoon his topic was, "Why are Spiritualists so denunciatory of Orthodoxy?" The discourse was followed by his so-called tests.

The only part of the proceedings to which I took exception, as being in bad taste, was a piece of mimicry, amounting to mockery, recounting what took place at a séance somewhere in New England. It was beneath Mr. B.'s usual dignified manner.

Mrs. Esther N. Monroe writes: "For over two years I have been a constant reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and were I given to regretting the past, I should regret that I had ever missed a number of such a grand enlightener! I can almost hear the whisper of invisible angels telling me to persevere, and that the work I am doing is a truly missionary one, for I always in some way or other teach the children to associate flowers with God and the angels and a pure life."

MEXICAN BURIAL CUSTOMS.

Coffins Are Rarely Used for Dead Bodies, Except Among the Rich.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Burial customs in different countries are as diversified as the religious creeds. Whether a burial takes place in China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, Mexico, Ireland or among the American Indians, no two are alike. The following illustrates the method of burial in Mexico:

"'Don't you want to see something fancy in the cemetery line?'

"It was Mr. Williams, the United States Consul at Guanajuata, who spoke, writes a Mexican correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. We were standing in front of the Hotel de la Union, and had been discussing the National Cemetery at Washington.

"'Well, I don't care,' I replied, and, suiting the action to the word, followed him out in the street and to the place where the 'burros' were kept. We soon reached the cemetery, a half-mile from the town. It is on the top of the hill, and only approached on one side. From every other point you looked down sheer precipices. The cemetery proper was walled in, and in this wall, which is ten feet thick, are the vaults for the coffins. From the inside it looks more like an immense chest, with a thousand small drawers, than anything else.

"On the head of each drawer was the name of the occupant, with occasionally the word 'perpituidad.' That means the body is allowed to stay in that vault forever. But as it costs $100 to have that word engraved there it is looked upon as a needless extravagance by the average Mexican, and he rents it for five years. After the five years are up the bones are taken out and dumped in the vault beneath.

"The body is never buried in a coffin, as in the United States, except among the rich. The undertaker furnishes the coffin to carry the body to the grave in, and it is there put into the stone box. Where the family of the deceased cannot afford to hire a coffin they are allowed to use one of the city coffins. There are six of these, and they are out nearly all the time.

"If the people do not want to pay for the use of a vault they can bury their dead in the vacant spaces in the center of the cemetery. The body is allowed to stay in the ground for a while, and is then dug up. Underneath the cemetery is a large vault 1,000 feet long, 14 feet high and 6 feet wide. This is the final resting place. Here the bones are dumped for the last time, and, although the cemetery at Guanajuata is only twenty-two years old, there are 20,000 cubic feet of bones there. The vault in another year will be full. There are twenty-five mummies in the vault.

"As we were returning we passed a 'Panteon Municipal' funeral. The coffin is carried by two men to the foot of the mountain and there transferred to the back of a burro." X.

A Born Seer's Experiences.

We have a relative staying with us at present, and though he knows nothing about Spiritualism, he has been a seer since a child. One night last week, I thought I would test his clairvoyant powers, and asked him to have a sitting with me. He had no objection, and we sat by our two selves. After singing a hymn and offering up a mental prayer for help and guidance, we sat quietly for a short time, when he asked me, if I felt anything on my hands. I said I did. I could scarcely keep them still; they felt as if feathers were being drawn across them. He said he saw a hand, as plainly as he saw his own, passing flowers over my hands, and one especially, a very large daisy, seemed to be alive, as it was dancing over my hands at a very quick rate. After a little more silence, he said he saw something like a white cloud coming from me; and then in a minute or so he cried out, in such a voice of terror, "Oh! Lizzie, is that you? Are you still there?" I spoke in as reassuring voice as I could: "Yes; I am here; don't be afraid?" But he still called out: "Are you sure it is you? It is a woman with a fuller rounder face than yours, and she has on a black dress, with frills at the wrists, and her hands are crossed on her lap." (Mine were on the table.) I said: "Well, you may see some one else, but I am here for all that." He was a little bit more composed and quiet for a few minutes, and then he called out again, in such a tone of fear and distress, if I was still present, that I made him come and sit close to me, which he very quickly did. He looked round the house in quite a terrified way once or twice, and then he took on shaking, till his teeth chattered. I said: "We will give over if you like." He replied, "Yes." In a minute the shaking passed off. He then gave a laugh and said: "Well, I never knew there were dogs in the Spirit-world before." I said: "I have heard that everything here has its counterpart there, but of course I don't know for the truth of it." "Well," he replied, "there is a pure white dog, such as ladies make pets of, standing up licking your hand, and then patting with his paw."—*E. G., in Medium and Daybreak.*

Preaching to Sailors.

I once heard Father Taylor preach a sermon on the atonement. It was all in a style that nobody but a sailor could understand. This was one of the passages: "You are dead in trespasses and sins, and buried, too, down in the lower hold among the ballast, and you can't get out, for there is a ton of sin on the main hatch. You shin up the stanchion and try to get it open, but you can't. You rig a purchase, you get your handspikes, capstan bars and watch tackles, but they are no good. You can't start it. Then you begin to sing out for help. You hail all the saints you think are on deck, but they can't help you. At last you hail Jesus Christ. He comes straight along. All he wanted was to be asked. He just claps his shoulder to that ton of sin. It rolls off, and then he says: 'Shipmates, come out!' Well, if you don't come out it is all your own fault."

It was on the Sunday before a State election. Briggs was the candidate of the Whig party, but Father Taylor desired that he should be elected, because he was a religious man. This was his prayer: "O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, just men, temperance men, Christian men; men who fear thee, who obey thy commandments, men who—but, O Lord, what's the use of veering and hauling and pointing all around the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for Governor!" His prayer was answered on the next day.—*John Codman in the Century.*

A Scientist's Estimate of the Value of Spiritualism to Science.

The *Scientific American* says: "Now these things seem to justify us in recurring to the subject of Spiritualism, ... and to point out some of the things which science has to do with. In the first place, then, we find no words wherewith adequately to express our sense of the magnitude of its importance to science, if it be true. Such words as profound, vast, stupendous, would need to be strengthened a thousand-fold to be fitted to such a use. If true, it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre to the glory of the nineteenth century. Its discoverer will have no rival in renown. For Spiritualism involves a stultification of what are considered the most certain and fundamental conclusions of science. If the pretensions of Spiritualism have a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of science than their verification. A realization of the *elixir vitæ*, the philosopher's stone, and the perpetual motion, is of less importance to mankind than the verification of Spiritualism."

Prof. John Clark Ridpath, in addressing his brethren at the General Conference of the Methodist Church, said: "Woe to us as a Church, my brethren, if it should be found that our constitutional structure is of that fixed and iron type which arrogates to itself the right to exist forever independent of the progress and development of human society. Beware, beware, of taking refuge in that old fortress of the Middle Ages. There it was that mediæval Romanism took its stand. And out of that rock-buttressed and sombre citadel of the night the owls of barbarism are still croaking at the glory of the sunlight and the beauty of the world." This is a warning which every church needs to heed. No molds or forms of religion can take the place of the living, progressive spirit.

Curious Incidents.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

One afternoon in last May I went to the hollow, a short distance from the house, where my brother was building a picket fence. There was a storm coming up from the southwest when I got to him. After some remarks about the approaching storm, he called my attention to the fence he was building. By this time the wind was blowing pretty hard. My brother taking his wheelbarrow, said he must go and get a load of pickets, and started off fifty yards below where I was standing; and near the banks of a small stream that ran through the hollow, my brother had fallen a tree from which he had made the pickets, and had piled them near the foot of a hill, and close by this little stream on top of this hill were several trees of quite large growth. Soon the wind commenced blowing a gale. As I was standing near the fence I heard a crash, and turning I looked for my brother, but he was gone. He was not standing where he was a moment before. Then I missed a large tree that grew on the summit of the hill where my brother had been at his work. My next move was to get there as soon as possible. I found him sitting on the ground twenty feet from where he had been at work, and on the very spot where he had been standing, lay the trunk of the tree I had heard crash down. On my asking him how he escaped, he said that he was busy throwing pickets on the wheelbarrow when some one said, "Look up!" He did so and saw the tree almost upon him, and at that same moment he was lifted by an unseen power and landed where I found him. He said that as far as he knows, he made no effort on his part to escape, because he had not the time.

Not only this but other strange things have happened to him during his life. I have known him many times to sit in the midst of a fishing party and catch all the fish that were to be caught. I have known him, also, to leave his building at midnight and, all alone, wander off to the creek, the result being half a tub full of fish. On speaking to him about it, and asking him how he came to go fishing that time of night, he would say, "Oh! I couldn't sleep. Something told me the shallows were full of fish." AARON E. SHARPNACK.

Salem, Ohio.

The Measure of Life.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in the current number of the *Forum*, has a paper entitled: "Is Longevity Worth Its Price?" He says, among other interesting things: The biologist, Bichat, whose intuitions so marvelously anticipated the conclusions of a later science, held that the normal longevity of our race should be an average of 96 years, basing his inference on the fact that the life-term of all known mammals exceeds at least six times the period of their growth. A dog, growing for three years, may live to 18 or 20. A horse, growing for four or five, attains and often exceeds an age of 30 years. A camel, growing twice as slowly, may live to 40 years and upward. An elephant, even in captivity, does not attain its full growth before its 15th year, and in India often outlives two masters. Some of the larger quadrumana likewise grow slowly; several varieties of baboons, for instance, do not acquire the characteristics of maturity before the beginning of their teens; the naturalist Brehm mentions a male chacma who, after becoming the patriarch of his tribe, raided the durrah-fields of the Zulu villages for nearly thirty years before he met his Waterloo in a fight with the outraged natives. The males of our own species grow for at least sixteen years, but less than one-third reach even the threefold multiple of that age, and hardly one in three hundred the normal sixfold.

Shaker Inventions.

They have the keenest appreciation of the necessity and dignity of labor. Every one of them has some useful work to do, according to his age, tastes and strength. Perhaps no class of people has done more to promote the general welfare than they—when we remember how few they are in number. The Shakers first originated the drying of sweet corn for food more than fifty years ago; also the modern improved kilns for that purpose. They were the first in this country to institute the raising, papering and vending of garden seeds in the present styles. They originated in this country the botanic practice of medicine, and first raised, dried and prepared medicinal herbs and roots for market. They first manufactured medicinal vegetable extracts for market. They were the first to make brooms of broom-brush, and in fact originated the entire broom business. The first buzz saw was manufactured by the Shakers at Harvard, Mass., and used both there and at New Lebanon, N. Y. The Shakers first invented and used the planing and matching machines for dressing flooring and ceiling lumber. This was at New Lebanon. The Shakers of the same place were also the first inventors and manufacturers of cut nails. The first machine for cutting and bending card teeth and punching the leather for setting, was invented and used at Mt. Lebanon, and for years the Shakers had a virtual monopoly of all the above-named trades and forms of business. Metallic pens were first invented, used and placed on the market by the Shakers of Watervleit.—*Shaker Medicine Circular.*

MEXICAN SUPERSTITION.

A Father Kills an Alleged Witch for Threatening His Child's Life.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A report comes from Mexico that in a village not far distant from the city an old woman levied monthly tribute on the families, threatening those who refused with killing their children by drawing their blood through their noses. She surrounded herself with all the paraphernalia of witchcraft, such as brooms, strange instruments, etc. She would often go out in a large, open moor, or on top of the hills, where the superstitious inhabitants of the village with awe watched her making wild gestures, uttering cries, or gazing for hours together at the horizon. All in the village believed in her powers, and regarded her with dread. A short time since a god-child of Medina's died, and he, meeting the witch, asked her why she had killed his god-child. She answered that she had done it because its father had refused to pay her a monthly tax. Medina then turned away, muttering he would be revenged. The witch, hearing him, threatened to take the life of Medina's child, and he then attacked her, and dealt her two or three furious blows, leaving her lifeless. Medina has been brought to Mexico. His counsel is Mr. Emilio Romero, and all the inhabitants of the village are ready to testify that the old woman was really a witch and deserved her fate. The case shows how much credulity and superstition is still alive among the inhabitants of the rural districts in Mexico, and illustrates the fact that even in this enlightened 19th century, vestiges of the dark ages still exist. When will superstition cease?

INQUIRER.

Mrs. Paul Fay writes: "I admire beyond everything the healthy atmosphere of honesty and purity that pervades the JOURNAL, and I hope and pray that your work may be more and more appreciated and supported."

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—*Broadhurst.*

Solitude is the audience chamber of God.—*Landor.*

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.—*Goethe.*

Great truths are generally bought, not found by chance.—*Milton.*

Be fit for more than the one thing you are now doing.—*James A. Garfield.*

Having the courage to live within one's means is respectability.—*Beaconsfield.*

Love can not enter the heart without bringing with it a train of other virtues.—*St. Francis.*

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—*Robert Hall.*

The passionate are like men standing on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.—*Plato.*

Practice in life whatever you pray for, and God will give it to you more abundantly.—*Pusey.*

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.—*Walter Scott.*

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Michigan has 5,000 Chautauquans.

Photographs have been taken by the light from a fireplace.

The Germans call this the "sauergurkenzeit," or the pickle season.

Investigation at the Brooklyn Navy Yard revealed a theft of 40,000 pounds of sugar.

A woman at Visalia, Cal., has two pet humming birds that will alight on her hands when called.

An apricot tree at Orange, Cal., has yielded 1,000 pounds of perfect fruit this season.

There is likely to be a large migration of colored people from Florida to Nicaragua soon. Some who are now there send back very encouraging reports.

In good faith the sister in Sweden of a Swede lying in the Marine Hospital, New York, sent Confederate money for his return passage. The woman had been swindled.

A remarkably attractive lobster was caught at Norwich a few days ago. The upper parts were of the delicate tinge of old-fashioned blue china, and beneath the color was a beautiful bluish white.

A little four-year-old girl in Macon, Ga., has just got $600 for a father who is dead, and has the assurance of $19.50 a month from now until she is sixteen years old. Uncle Sam makes the payment under the arrears of pension law.

Arpad Haraszthy, the great Hungarian-California wine grower, is reported to have said that pure California wine can be laid down in New York as cheap as beer. He and others estimate the California wine crop of this year at 30,000,000 gallons.

Some one wants to know if it's true, as reported, that special franking privileges have been granted to Mrs. Sarah Polk, Mrs. Lucretia Garfield, and Mrs. Julia D. Grant, and that any mail matter bearing their autographs is treated as paid. The question is asked: "Have we royal dowagers in America?"

Pontiac, Mich., has devised a novel plan to attract visitors to her country fair next month. The Executive Committee of the Fair Association has offered to provide gold rings, marriage licenses, hacks, ministerial fees, and two pairs of shoes to each couple who will agree to marry on the grounds during the fair.

A desperado named Charles Perkins, of De Kalb, Texas, started out the other evening to have some innocent amusement. During the course of the evening he killed three men, seven mules and a horse and then disappeared. The other residents of De Kalb have gone after him in hopes of putting an end to his joking ways.

It is proposed to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope by a commemorative festival at Twickenham, when there will be a water pageant illustrative of the times of Pope, and a temporary loan exhibition of editions of the poet's works, and a collection of autographs, portraits, and relics of his busy life.

Speaking of the curiosity of great men, a Philadelphian says that he has seen Austin Corbin stand in a crowded thoroughfare and watch the manipulations of a street fakir who was trying to call attention to "something new in tooth powder," while at another time he saw Senator Quay gaze for a long time with interest upon a lineman climbing a telegraph pole.

Fifty-four trains arrive daily now at Saratoga, N. Y., bearing to that most famous of all American summer resorts hundreds of new visitors and their baggage. In summer the average population of the town is estimated at something over 60,000, and now all these people are lodged, fed and amused is one of the conundrums which puzzle visitors from abroad.

This advertisement recently appeared in an Ithaca newspaper "Base Ball and Baptism—A game of base ball will be played at Cayuga Lake Park next Saturday afternoon between the Y. M. C. A. nine, of Ithaca and the Mynderse Academy nine of Seneca Falls. At the conclusion of the game will occur the baptizing in the lake of converts of the colored camp meeting."

The roaring gas well back of Canonsburg, Pa., is said to have the greatest registered pressure of any in the world. The gas looks like a solid piece of blue steel for some distance after it comes out of the pipe. Solid masonry twelve feet thick surrounds the well to hold the cap on. When in drilling the gas was struck, tools and rope weighing 5,000 pounds were thrown out as though they were feathers.

Miss Emily Warnock, of Macon, in bathing at St. Simons, Ga., one day recently, got beyond her depth and was about to sink for the last time when she was rescued by Dr. J. M. Whittaker. The same evening, while on her way to visit some friends, she walked off a pier into deep water and was rescued with difficulty. She wears a life preserver now whenever she goes within half a mile of the water.

Rudeness is justly considered as a social crime. The ill-bred person has no place in the social fabric, and he should be as much excluded from polite life as should the criminal from the business transactions of honest men. Beautiful manners are the fine inflorescence of all forms of art. Noble sculpture, beautiful paintings, the harmony of music, the charm of intellectual gifts, all find their highest and most potent expression in manner.

The contractor who undertook to bore a series of artesian wells to supply the Galveston waterworks, for which he is to receive $80,000 if successful, recently struck his first well at a depth of 747 feet. Boring was at once suspended, and preparations are in progress to sink a ten-inch strainer the entire length of the water-bearing strata of sand. It is given out that when this is done, and the well thoroughly developed, it will probably yield from 400,000 to 500,000 gallons daily.

In view of the recent agitation against the bob-tail cars in New York City, the railroads have got out an invention whereby passengers need not put their fares in the box, which they so strongly object to at present. In a new car, just put on the road, a hollow, flat tube of polished brass runs along either side of the car to the money box. The tube is set at an incline, and serves as a slide to carry to the money box the nickels of passengers who object to being their own conductors. The nickels go tobogganing into the money box merrily.

If General Lew Wallace writes his "Life of Candidate Harrison" with the same care with which he wrote his famous "Ben Hur" it won't be done in time to do the most good. It is said that he first wrote "Ben Hur" on a slate, that he might "rub out easily;" then on soft paper with a pencil. He went over and over his pages with great care, and finally sent the book to the Harpers written on large, unruled paper in violet ink, so well done that the reader who went over it for the publishers said that it was the finest manuscript ever offered to him.

The story of how General Andrew Jackson got the name of Old Hickory is again going the rounds, and will be new to some young readers. During the Creek war he had a bad cold, and his soldiers made for him a shelter of hickory bark. The next morning a tipsy soldier, not knowing who was under the bark, kicked it over. As the General, speechless with rage, struggled out of the ruins, the soldier yelled, "Hello, Old Hickory! Come out of your bark and take a drink!" When the soldiers saw Jackson shaking the bark from his uniform they gave three cheers for "Old Hickory," and the name stuck.

It is told that when Frederick III., of Germany, was in London last Sir Morell Mackenzie introduced to him a celebrated American physician, who examined his throat carefully. "I suppose," said the Emperor, "an imperial throat is very much like that of other throats?" "Well," answered the American quickly, "we will try and make it so, at any rate." Frederick appreciated the answer, and smiting his mighty chest, said: "But this is all right, is it not?" The doctor looked him over gravely and replied: "Yes. As for the rest, you would make a good American." The Emperor enjoyed it all, but the German doctors were simply dumfounded at the levity of the Yankee.

The "record" in rapid machine work has again been lowered. Heretofore the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, have held the first place with the record of an engine built in twenty-four hours, but the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has now taken the palm by constructing a full-sized (110,000 pounds) anthracite-burning locomotive at the Altoona shops in sixteen hours and fifty-five minutes. The work was commenced on the morning of the 18th of June, and in five minutes less than seventeen hours the engine was turned out ready for use. It is to run on the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This feat is unrivaled in locomotive building.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE TWO CLOCKS.

MRS. A. M. MUNGER.

A little clock hung on the sitting room wall,
And it sung all day, "Be quick, be quick!
This life is too short to be droning about,
Be up and at work--tick, tick--tick, tick!"

In a queer old house on a high kitchen shelf,
There stood an old fashioned wooden clock;
It ticked off the time in its own quiet way,
Saying so plainly, "Go slow--tick, tock!"

Carefully marking the day and the year,
Of each little soul who came to bless,
The bright wedding days and the drear saddened hour,
When those were called that we sadly miss;

Of the boys in blue that went out to their doom,
Of the news that came back all too soon;
For one was furloughed to a home in the sky,
And never came back to say good-by.

Two quiet old souls with their life's work all done,
Passed into their rest at life's even',
Almost hand in hand, as they journeyed they found
"Gates ajar" at the portals of Heaven.

In another home we find the old clock,
Quietly ticking, "Go slow--tick, tock."
And side by side on the sitting-room wall,
Stands the wee clock and the big one tall.

One seems to say with its hasty tick, tick,
From morning to night, "Be quick--be quick!"
The other so slow, "Take time as you go,
Be not in a hurry-- tick, tock--go slow!"

I feel it is speaking to me and to thee,
Voices long hushed, that loved the old clock:
"To live a long life, be old-fashioned like me,
And take life easy, tick, tock--tick, tock."

'Tis restful and weird,
This chime of the clock,
That brings to my dreams
Old memories--tick, tock.

Sweet voices come over the "River of Rest."
In the glory of twilight, I see
The crimson and gold through the trees in the west,
Bringing angel forms close unto me.

And radiant in beauty that never grows old,
Those have gone hence that we hourly miss.
Too many, alas! in their life's early morn
Have been called to angel realms of bliss.

The little clock hangs on the sitting-room wall;
But it sings no more, "Be quick--be quick."
With its life all run down with worry and fret,
It has worn itself out with its tick.

While the old clock sings blithely, "I shall live on,
Tick, tock--tick tock--for a hundred years;
Then the old folks will come with the words,
'Well done,'
And a shelf I shall have in the spheres.

"For I try to be naught,
But a happy clock,
As I sing all day,
Tick, tock--tick, tock."

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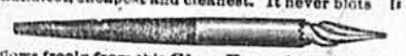
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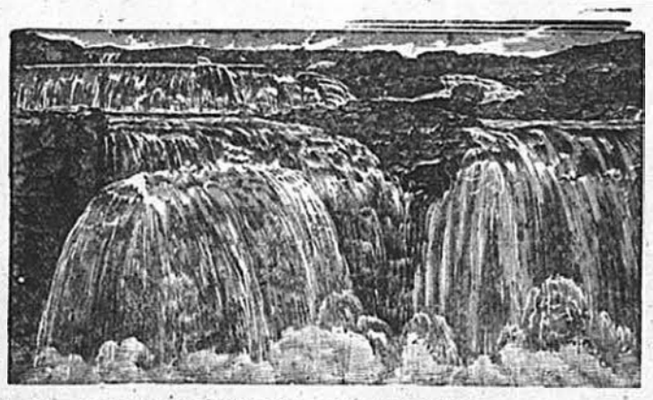
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(Continued from First Page.)

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There is a vast accumulation of narratives of ghosts, witches, apparitions, hallucinations, illusions, dreams, etc., which it is the present fashion to relegate to the sphere of superstition and ignorance. Many of these, however anomalous, have a foundation in fact, and will be found, when stripped of the portions superstition has added, readily explainable, either as subjective, arising from impressions on the sensitive, or as objective and manifesting by the same principles. As sensitiveness to these subtle influences greatly varies in different individuals and at different times in the same individual, and at times becomes clairvoyance, scarcely an illustration can be given of one without introducing the other. We must constantly bear in mind that there is one fundamental cause back of all these so-called occult phenomena, varying in the degree of its manifestation in accord with the channel through which it flows.

SUBJECTIVE SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

Dr. Abercrombie is authority for the following illustration of subjective spectral illusions: "A gentleman of high mental endowments, now upwards of eighty years of age, of spare habits and enjoying uninterrupted health, has been for eleven years, subject to the daily visits of spectral figures. They in general present human countenances; the head and body are distinctly defined, the lower parts are for the most part, lost in a kind of cloud. The figures are various, but he recognizes the same countenances repeated from time to time, especially of late years, that of an elderly woman, with a peculiarly arch and playful expression, and a dazzling brilliancy of eye, who seems just ready to speak with him....This female is dressed in an old-fashioned Scottish plaid of Tartan, drawn up and brought forward over the head, and then crossed below the chin, as the plaid was worn by aged women in his younger days. He can seldom recognize among the spectres any figure or countenance which he remembers to have seen, but his own face has been presented to him, gradually undergoing the change from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age."

It is not necessary to call in the aid of an invisible being to explain such appearances. The house had been occupied by Scotch who dressed as described, and the influence they left impressed itself on the gentleman's mind.

"All houses where men have lived and died are haunted houses," not by actual ghosts, but by the subtile force which persons impart to everything with which they come in contact. That he was subject to some influence outside of himself is shown by the appearances always being some one that he had never seen, and hence they could not have been revived pictures from his own brain. After he had been in the house for a long time he began to see his own face; that is, after he had imparted his own influence to his surroundings, he received them back as from a mirror.

Dendy in his "Philosophy of Mystery" mentions "M. Audral, who in his youth, saw in La Pitie, the putrid body of a child covered with larvæ, and during the next morning the spectre of this corpse lying on his table was as perfect as reality." He could not see it by a mental effort, nor any where else than on his table, and whenever he looked at that, the appearance at once came. It may be said in explanation that the sight of the disgusting object produced a strong impression on the optic nerves and mind, and a suggestive object as the table reproduced the same state. We have no evidence that one object, under the same light, affects the optic nerves more than any other would under the same circumstances. Vivid mental impressions are more readily reproduced than those that scarcely riffle the surface of thought, but this does not account for the student not seeing the appearance at any other time or place than on the table where it had laid, and which we would say retained the influence imparted to it by the body having lain there.

Professor Hitchcock says that during a severe sickness, "day after day visions of strange landscapes spread out before him,—mountain, lake and forest—vast rocks, strata upon strata piled to the clouds,—the panorama of a world shattered and upheaved, disclosing the grim secrets of creation, the unshapely and monstrous rudiments of organic being." His son, Prof. Charles Hitchcock, adds that his father saw the sand-stone beds of the Connecticut valley spread out before him, covered with tracks, and by the superior insight wrought by sickness, cleared up some doubtful points to which he had vainly given his attention. Professor Hitchcock became, in consequence of his sickness, exceedingly sensitive, and the geological specimens near him, or that he had handled, brought up in his mind the pictures of their primeval age.

HALLUCINATIONS.

The received definition of an hallucination is a false perception without any material basis, being formed entirely in the mind. An individual who sees pictures on a blank wall, or who hears voices when no sound reaches his ears, is hallucinated. "The reason for this being that the erroneous perception constituting the hallucination is found in that part of the brain which ordinarily requires the excitation of sensorial impressions for its functions." In this view, hallucination is evidence of mental derangement and incipient insanity. This arrogant explanation is remarkable only for its assertion and deficiency of evidence, and by no means is sufficent for this great class of facts. That a certain tract of brain can of itself give the mind complicated representations, never before seen or imaged in the mind, is not established, nor more than an assertion. The reappearance of objects that have been seen is better explained, and still more satisfactorily, by causes which unite them all together and with all like phenomena. George Comb says of a painter who inherited much of the patronage of Sir. Joshua Reynolds, and believed himself to possess a talent superior to his, was so fully engaged that he told me he had painted three hundred large and small portraits in one year. The fact appeared physically impossible, but the secret of his rapidity and astonishing success was this: He required but one sitting of his model. His method was as follows, as given by himself: "When a sitter came I looked attentively on him for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. I did not require a longer sitting. I removed the canvas, and passed to another person. When I wished to continue the first portrait, I recalled the man to my mind. I placed him on the chair where I perceived him as distinctly as though really there, and I may add in form and color more decidedly brilliant. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure and went on painting, occasionally stopping to examine the picture exactly as though the original was before me; whenever I looked towards the chair I saw the man. This method made me very popular, and as I always caught the resemblance, the sitters were delighted that I spared them the annoying sittings of other painters."

This painter was far from incipient insanity. He was sensitive to impressions and able by that organization to recall the image of the sitter, but not that of one who had not occupied the chair.

The Rev. T. L. Williams, Vicar of Perthleven, in the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research, July, 1885, gives his personal experience: "On an occasion when I was absent from home, my wife awoke one morning, and to her surprise and alarm saw me standing by the bedside looking at her. In her fright she covered her face with the bed clothes, and when she ventured to look again the appearance was gone. On another occasion, when I was not absent from home, my wife saw me as she supposed, coming from church in surplice and stole. I came a little way, she says, and turned round the corner of the building where she lost sight of me. I was at the time in the church in my place in the choir, where she was much surprised to see me on entering the building. My daughter has often told me, and now repeats the story, that she was passing my study door which was ajar, and looked in to see if I was there. She saw me in my chair, and as she caught sight of me, I stretched out my arms, and drew my hands across my eyes, a familiar gesture of mine, it appears. I was in the village at the time. Now nothing whatever occurred at or about the times of these appearances to give any meaning to them." He adds: "A good many years ago there was a devout young woman living in my parish, who used to spend much of her spare time in church in meditation and prayer. She used to assert that she frequently saw me standing at the altar when I certainly was not there in the body." Mr. Williams must have been a man peculiarly endowed with psychic force to thus impress himself.

The following is from the pen of the gifted Mary Howitt, and not only gives a remarkable fact, but her explanation of the same:

"I conducted Mrs. Nenner through a room which contained some ancient furniture and a quantity of valuable old china. This china had been left in our care by a friend during his lengthened absence abroad. His thoughts from his place of sojourn at the Antipodes constantly reverted to these heirlooms.

"'Who are these six gentlemen, evidently brothers, sitting where the old china is?' asked Mrs. Nenner, when we had passed through the room.

"'There was no one there at all,' I said, much surprised. 'Then,' said she, 'I must have seen six brother spirits. There they were sitting; tall, fair men, light haired, all strikingly alike, all the same age. They must be brothers!' I recognized in her description the owner of the china. Before Mrs. Nenner left, we showed her a portrait of the owner of the china, our friend on the other side of the world. She at once said, 'Oh, that is one of the six brothers!' In some mysterious manner the intensity of thought fixed by the possessor of the china upon his possessions—we knew that his thoughts constantly reverted to them—had been able to manifest itself to the sight in the form of the man himself—but multiplied into six forms. It should be observed that this gentleman was of what now we should term a 'mediumistic' temperament. It is possible, that being at the Antipodes, he might be, at the time his multiplied form was beheld, asleep—it being night there when it is day with us—and that his thoughts might have in a dream revisited England."

Since civilization began mankind have held certain stones and metals as precious, and attributed rare qualities to charms, relics and amulets. We may indulge our mirth over the miraculous qualities ascribed to the bones of martyrs and the teeth of saints, a bit of wood of the true cross, but casting aside the rubbish gathered by imposture and credulity, we find the presence of a great and satisfactory truth. Precious stones and metals have become so because of the subtile power of their emanations. In a true relic the sensitive receives the full expression of the original owner's life, and feels it reproduced in him. As the phonograph treasures up the tone, the accent, the quality of the voice, and the thought of the speaker, so the relic preserves and constantly gives forth the character of the one it represents.

Shrines and holy places have reason for their being in this cause, and their preservation in purity for the one and only purpose is correct in science. The church devoted to worship of Jehovah, holds its devotees with the invisible bonds reaching out from the walls forged from the psycho-aura of all preceding worshipers. That the members hold their house exclusively for their uses is the result of superstition, but they are correct in science. A church building given over during the week to shows and entertainments, and nightly filled with the class such would draw, would become so saturated with the worldly influences, as to be unfit for the promulgation of the highest religious thought on Sunday. Both audience and minister would feel the depressing effect, and religious zeal would reach zero.'

How strong and enduring the impress stamped on a relic or jewel may be, is shown in the following story told of Robert Browning by Mr. Knowles (Spectator, Jan. 30, 1869):

"Mr. Robert Browning tells me that when he was in Florence some years since an Italian nobleman (Count Giunasi) was brought to his house. The Count professed to have great mesmeric powers, and declared in reply to Mr. Browning's avowed skepticism, he would convince him of his powers. He then asked Mr. Browning whether he had anything about him then and there, which he could hand him, and which was in any way a memento or relic. It so happened by curious accident that Mr. Browning was wearing under his coat sleeves some gold wrist studs to his shirt, which he had quite recently taken into wear in absence of his ordinary wristbuttons. He had never before worn them in Florence, or elsewhere, and found them in an old drawer where they had lain forgotten for years. One of these he took out and handed to the Count, who held it in his hand awhile and then said as if much impressed, 'There is something here which cries out in my ear, Murder, murder!'

"And truly," said Mr. Browning, "these studs were taken from the dead body of a great uncle of mine, who was violently killed on his estate in St. Kitts nearly 80 years ago. They were produced in court as proofs that robbery had not been the object of the strangler, which was effected by his own slaves. They were taken out of the nightgown in which he died and given to me."

It is estimated that 1,200,000 dozen cans of sweet corn will be packed this year in Maine.

CASSADAGA CAMP MEETING.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The season at Cassadaga is now at its height, and the woods are full of people. The hotel is crowded to its utmost capacity, and newcomers are obliged to seek rooms at cottages. The present season is thus far the most prosperous the camp has ever experienced, and the future is bright with promise of large success. We have had some highly interesting lectures since my last letter, large audiences having been addressed by J. Frank Baxter, W. F. Peck, Mrs. Colby Luther, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, and the venerable Samuel Watson. These speakers represent various phases of thought from radical to conservative, some of them being religious in their expression and others extremely iconoclastic. But as a Spiritualist audience is made up of many different kinds of people, each speaker finds a greater or less number in sympathy with the views presented. We can not but observe, however, that a tone of sympathy and a method of charity, love and tolerance wins more souls to truth and right than a method of harsh criticism and condemnation. The Spiritualist movement can afford to treat its opponents with kindness, since it possesses the omnipotent power of truth. A beautiful invocation, followed by words fitly spoken in the spirit of love, has touched the hearts of many who came full of prejudice; while ridicule and abuse only pain the ear of the believer and send the skeptic away full of anger, perhaps never to return. Of course there is much provocation to harsh language, in the manner and attitude of many who do not accept the teachings of Spiritualism; but those who hold a higher truth should teach that truth in a better way.

There has never been a season so marked by marvelous phenomena as the present one at Cassadaga. Slate writing has been the most popular, and some of the most remarkable tests have been given through this phase. Your correspondent has seen slates bearing messages in German, in Latin, in short-hand and in telegraphic characters; some of the messages having been obtained under absolute test conditions, the slates being either locked or screwed together. Library hall is a highly valuable adjunct to the grounds. It is in constant use, the small rooms being utilized for séances and the lower hall for lectures on special subjects, and for classes in various branches of instruction.

The Children's Lyceum is getting along nicely and has given some very creditable entertainments.

W. J. Colville is conducting a class in Practical Metaphysics.

E. W. Emerson is here and is giving complete satisfaction with his platform tests. The tests of J. Frank Baxter were also of remarkable excellence.

The kindly face of Mrs. Skidmore is seen everywhere, as she goes about on her errands of usefulness.

The familiar form of Dr. Carter is always seen at his post of duty, the gate of entrance.

"Jack" Lillie is as happy as ever, and doesn't seem to lose flesh by his travels.

Mr. A. Gaston, the active President of the Association, is here and there and everywhere, looking out for the interests of the camp.

The office of Miss Turner is better patronized than any other place on the grounds. She handles a great many letters and papers in the course of a day.

As evidence of the growing public interest in Spiritualism and the kindly attitude of many of the editorial fraternity, the writer will state that his reports and camp correspondence are being published in fifteen different newspapers, including such influential and widely circulated organs as the Buffalo *News*, Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*, Buffalo *Courier*, Pittsburg *Dispatch*, Elmira *Telegram*, and other local papers covering the territory within a hundred miles of Cassadaga. A low estimate would put the aggregate circulation of the papers publishing these reports at one hundred and fifty thousand, thus showing the value of the press as a means of disseminating information concerning Spiritualism and its teachings, and of bringing Cassadaga Camp to public notice. Spiritualists should make greater efforts to utilize this immense influence of the secular press, by furnishing home papers with suitable matter, either original or clipped, for publication. While a speaker may address five thousand people, the printed word may be read by 150,000, most of whom are unacquainted with the claims of Spiritualism.

GRAPHO.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

One Medium Demands Test Conditions.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Thursday evening, Aug. 9th, Mr. W. S. Rowley and Dr. Whitney, of Cleveland, Ohio, gave a test séance in the Temple, affording every possible opportunity to the management of the O. B. G. Association and the people present upon that occasion, to investigate the especial mediumship of Mr. Rowley's spirit telegraphy. To the honor of Mr. Rowley be it said that no one could place himself more completely in the hands of an investigating committee than did he on that evening. Two expert telegraph operators were present to note the communications and report facts as they found them:—Mr. Gridley, the operator at the Buzzard's Bay Station, on the Old Colony Road, and a lady, an equal expert, whose place of business I did not learn. Their reports, taken from sound, agreed in every word. Two and a half hours were consumed in the closest investigation, receiving communications, asking questions, examining the box and the machine, Mr. Rowley giving the operation and the results as best he could, and Dr. Whitney making a statement of Dr. Wells's power to discern and diagnose disease. In answers to questions, the expert from Buzzard's Bay said that the communications were perfect, but how they could be produced with the machine inclosed in that box, was certainly beyond his power to explain. He was not a Spiritualist; had never attended a séance for the phenomena before, and was pleased to be present. The statement of the lady expert was in accord with his.

The fact was patent to the committee that there was some power outside of, and beyond the physical touch of Mr. Rowley that caused that machine to communicate.

On Friday evening, August 10, Charles W. Sullivan gave his annual entertainment in the Temple, assisted by a corps of able assistants. The closing number on the programme, entitled "Aunt Hannah's Reception," in which Mr. Sullivan assumed the character of an old lady in her ninety-fourth year, was well worth the price of the admission. The old lady was self-possessed at every turn and did not forget herself throughout the whole reception. Miss Jennie B. Hagan's congratulatory remarks to her were apropos, and the poem upon Aunt Hannah's 94th birthday was a gem of the first water in poetic lore.

The Saturday evening hop in the Temple was attended by nearly 800 people.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Onset Street Railway Company was held at Onset Saturday, August 11, when the following were elected directors for the ensuing year: E. Gerry Brown and Wm. D. Crockett, Boston, Mass.; Alfred Nash and Simeon Butterfield, Chelsea, Mass.; E. Johnson and Cyrus Peabody, Warren, R. I.; W.W. Currier, Haverhill, Mass.; Charles H. Young, Lowell, Mass.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, E. Gerry Brown was elected President, and W. W. Currier, Clerk and Treasurer.

The speaking for the 4th Sunday of the camp meeting at Onset was by E. B. Fairchilds, and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes; both did noble and effective work. In the afternoon, Mrs. Byrnes took for her subject, "Is Life Worth Living." She occupied a full hour in depicting the joys and sorrows, the ends and aims, and the possibilities of life, during which time she recalled to the notice of her audience the names of many of those noble men and women of both hemispheres of the past and present, who have immortalized themselves in the cause of human progress, holding her audience in wrapt attention until the close of the lecture.

Joseph D. Stiles followed both lectures with his usual success in platform séances, reporting scores of names and relating incidents whereby recognitions were made complete.

The last Sunday of the regular meetings, August 12th, was beautiful and much enjoyed by every person who visited this home by the sea. The speakers were A. E. Tisdale, J. D. Stiles, and Onset's adopted daughter, Miss Jennie B. Hagan; and right here let me say that I believe the management at Onset have reason to feel proud of this young, noble, growing, defender of modern Spiritualism. May her days be many.

Miss Hagan has always been one of the ready workers who can be called upon at any moment for an improvisation or a word in favor of the cause. She is an educator of the people, always ready to answer their questions. As usual on the morning of Sunday, the 12th, Miss Hagan called for a subject from the audience, either written or verbal, as they might be prepared, saying that she should positively refuse all personal subjects.

Among the dozen or more subjects presented was one asking, "What is Pure Religion?" Another from one of the legal profession, "What Proof can you Give me that a Man Shall Live Again After he is Dead?" When the time came to answer this last question, Miss Hagan elicited smiles from the audience by asking the legal gentleman to please tell her at what particular time a man was dead. The question was scientifically dealt with, completely annihilating the death of man.

"What is Pure Religion?" was the main subject of the morning lecture, and brought out a discussion on the evolution of religious ideas, showing that, step by step, had we climbed from the days of total depravity and its attendant vagaries, to the mountain peak of free thought and eternal progression.

Miss Hagan's improvisations at the close of her lecture were a marked feature in her platform work, and brought forth marks of applause.

A. E. Tisdale spoke at the afternoon service, hammering away at the old ghost of theology and the bible, as though he had a special work to do in that line. Well, friend Tisdale, if that is all you can find to talk about, pound away at it just as long as you think it will pay.

J. D. Stiles followed both lectures with his platform séances, reporting 180 full names at the last séance, nearly every one of them being fully recognized. W. W. CURRIER.

Onset, Mass. Aug. 13, 1888.

The tortures of dyspepsia and sick headache, the sufferings of scrofula, the agonizing itch and pain of salt rheum, the disagreeable symptoms of catarrh, are removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PROF. LOISETTE WINS IN COURT.

Literary Piracy Condemned.

(*From New York Sun.*)

"Chief Justice Van Brunt, holding the Special Term of the Supreme Court on the application of Nelson Smith and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, made the injunction in favor of Prof. Loisette, restraining George S. Fellows from publishing his Memory System perpetual.

"Dr William A. Hammond, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of a work on psychology, and several other professors testified that Prof. Loisette's system was original, being a new departure in the education of the memory. The Court ordered Fellows to deliver up to Prof. Loisette the stereotype plates and all the books in his control. Over nine thousand copies of the pirated edition were delivered up yesterday."

We are informed that full details will be furnished in the prospectus sent post free by Prof. A. Loisette 237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

For the first time in its history the *Century* will devote a single issue—the forthcoming September number—largely to educational themes. The contributions will include "The University and the Bible," by T. T. Munger, a plea for the study of Christian as well as heathen classics; "Women who go to College," by Arthur Gilman, and "The Industrial Idea in Education," by Charles M. Carter. One illustrated paper is on "College Fraternities," with pictures of twenty-eight chapter-houses and society halls at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and other colleges, and another is on "Uppingham: an Ancient School Worked on Modern Ideas," with a number of illustrations by Joseph Pennell, and a portrait of the late headmaster, Edward Thring, who is said to be, since Arnold of Rugby, the most highly esteemed educator of England. There will also be several important short editorial articles and "open letters" on different branches of the same subject. Other distinctive features of the magazine, the Lincoln history, Siberian papers, fiction, etc., will, however, be retained.

How often we hear an overworked mother exclaim, "I am too tired to sleep!" A cupful of Mellin's Food taken twenty minutes before going to bed will relieve the intense weariness and give a refreshing night's sleep, while the next day's work will not look half so formidable if another cupful of the Food is taken soon after rising.

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The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to $1.00 and is cheap at that. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

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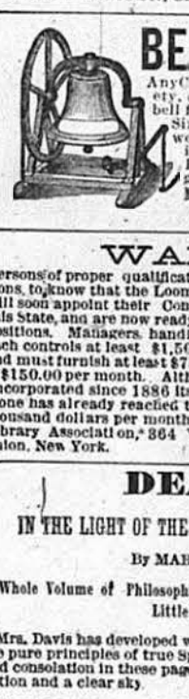
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THE AWAKENING.

CALLIE L. BONNEY.

"Baby is dead." Grief's whisper came:
They shrouded waxen form with tender care,
And laid him 'mong the flowers to sleep,
A dreaming cherub sweetly pure and fair.

He dead? No, no! In paradise
The baby's lids unclose,
And wreathed in smiles the baby mouth,
Like opening damask rose.

As he awakes to paradise,
In angel's fond embrace
The tears of earth forever dry
Upon the baby face.

O weeping mother! when you go
To home where he awaits.
Shall not the baby's dimpled hands
Ope heaven's pearly gates?

Darwinism.

The row over evolution which began in the Southern Presbyterian Church bids fair to rend the whole body of 2,236 congregations. Dr. Woodrow, professor of natural science in the Columbia Theological Seminary, admitted publicly that Darwin's theory was plausible and worthy of belief. In his opinion, it did not conflict with the claims of revealed religion. For this he was prosecuted through college, presbytery, synod and general assembly.

The anti-Darwinists, exulting in their victory, passed a rule in the Charleston Presbytery that no Presbyterian should criticise the action that defeated Woodrow. Now the State Synod calls on the Presbytery to convene in special session for the annulment of its harsh decree.

This the Presbytery will not do, and, as the case will again go to the assembly, it is probable that the Darwinists of South Carolina will again be overcome.

The survival of the Darwin heresy in a body so conservative of thought as the Presbyterian Church is an intellectual phenomenon of unusual interest. It would indeed be strange if the doctrine of natural selection, survival of the fittest and differentiation of species should find its protomartyrs in the sect of John Calvin.—*Chicago Herald.*

George W. Childs, the Philadelphia editor, never sits in a street-car while there is a woman standing. No matter what her station in life, the moment a woman gets in he gets up. This often embarrasses some of Mr. Childs' acquaintances, who are not in the habit of giving up their seats to ladies, as they usually follow his example, so that there is rarely a woman left standing in a car in which Mr. Childs rides.

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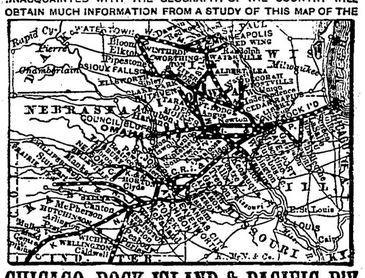
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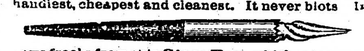
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Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

Gentlemen:—I take pleasure in writing a few lines to say that your Notobac did just what you claimed for it. I only used one-half box and it entirely cured me, and I gave the balance of the box to a friend of mine, who had been useing tobacco for ten years, and he used about half and reported himself entirely cured. I still have a small portion of the box, which I will preserve as a memento. Yours truly,

T. J. BRADY.

Cured of the Tobacco Habit, and My General Health Has Been Greatly Improved.

DONNELSVILLE, Clark Co., O.

Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

Gentlemen:—I take pleasure in advising you that I have used Notobac with the best result. It has not only cured me of the tobacco habit, but greatly improved my health. I also think your pills, the "Universal," the best I have ever taken.

S. B. KINGORE.

Chewed and Smoked for Fifty Years—Notobac Cured Me and Greatly Improved My Health.

EAST CHARLESTON, Tioga Co., Pa.

Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

Gentlemen:—Your Notobac will do just exactly what it is recommended. It has entirely relieved me of the tobacco habit that I have been afflicted with for the past six months. Since I quit the use of tobacco with the assistance of your antidote, I have greatly improved in health, and am feeling better than I have for many years.

I have used your Universal Pills, and would recommend them as the best I have ever taken. Yours truly,

DENTON GEROW.

Used Tobacco Forty-five Years—The Desire Completely Eradicated With Two Boxes of Notobac—Would Not Be Back in the Habit Again for Hundreds of Dollars.

SILOM SPRINGS, Ark., Aug. 16, 1887.

Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

Gentlemen.—Some three months ago I ordered two boxes of your Notobac, which I at once used, and since that time have not used tobacco in any shape or form, nor have I any desire for it. Previous to that time I have used tobacco for about forty-five years to excess, and would say that I would not be back in the habit of using tobacco again and not know of you ever a cure for hundreds of dollars. I am now sixty-six years of age, and during the past twenty years have tried every antidote I have heard of. I also think Notobac an excellent constitutional treatment. Enclosed please find $5.00, for which you can send me by mail one-half dozen boxes, as I wish to give them away to some of my friends. Yours truly,

D. SHAFOR.

Notobac in My Case Was Almost Miraculous—I Would Advise All Who Want to Be Cured of the Tobacco Habit to Try It.

OREGON, Ill., July 27, 1887.

Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

Gentlemen:—It is with great pleasure that I write to you concerning the use your Notobac, and I wish to say, in the start, I have used tobacco for many, many years. I have tried many times to stop the use of it; I failed every time until I procured and used some of your Notobac, and now it has been six months since I desired to use tobacco in any form. I do not intend to ever use it again. The desire for tobacco, and its unpleasant effects upon the nervous system, has been entirely destroyed. I recommend it to one and all who are slaves to the tobacco habit. Notobac surpassed my most sanguine expectations, in fact, its action in my case was almost miraculous, and I would say to one and all, who are addicted to the tobacco habit and want to be cured—try it. Yours truly,

AMOS SAILSBURY.

One Box Notobac Cured Me of the Habit of Many Years' Standing.

EGYPT, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find $1.00 for which please send one box of Notobac for a friend of mine. One box of your Notobac cured me of the tobacco habit of many years' standing. Yours truly,

J. O. LEOPOLD.

One and a Half Boxes Notobac Cured Me of the Tobacco Habit of Ten Years' Standing—I Also Have Two Friends Who Used Notobac Upon My Recommendation and They Are Cured.

PLEASANT VALLEY, Tex., July 27, 1887.

Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

Gentlemen:—I write to you concerning your cure for the tobacco habit, and would say that I was addicted to the use of the terrible weed, and noticing your advertisement I thought I would try it and ordered a box, not expecting to reap any benefit. I thought it would be like all the other remedies I had heretofore tried, a humbug. I had used tobacco for ten years and made many ineffectual attempts to quit the habit, but could not do it until I used your Notobac. One and one-half boxes cured me and now, after six months, I am able to say that the desire for tobacco was entirely destroyed within ten days after I commenced the use of Notobac, and I have never had the least desire for it since.

I have two friends who, upon my recommendation, ordered Notobac, and they have been cured. They say they have no desire for tobacco at all. Very truly your friend,

J. J. McCALLUB.

Cigarette Habit Cured.

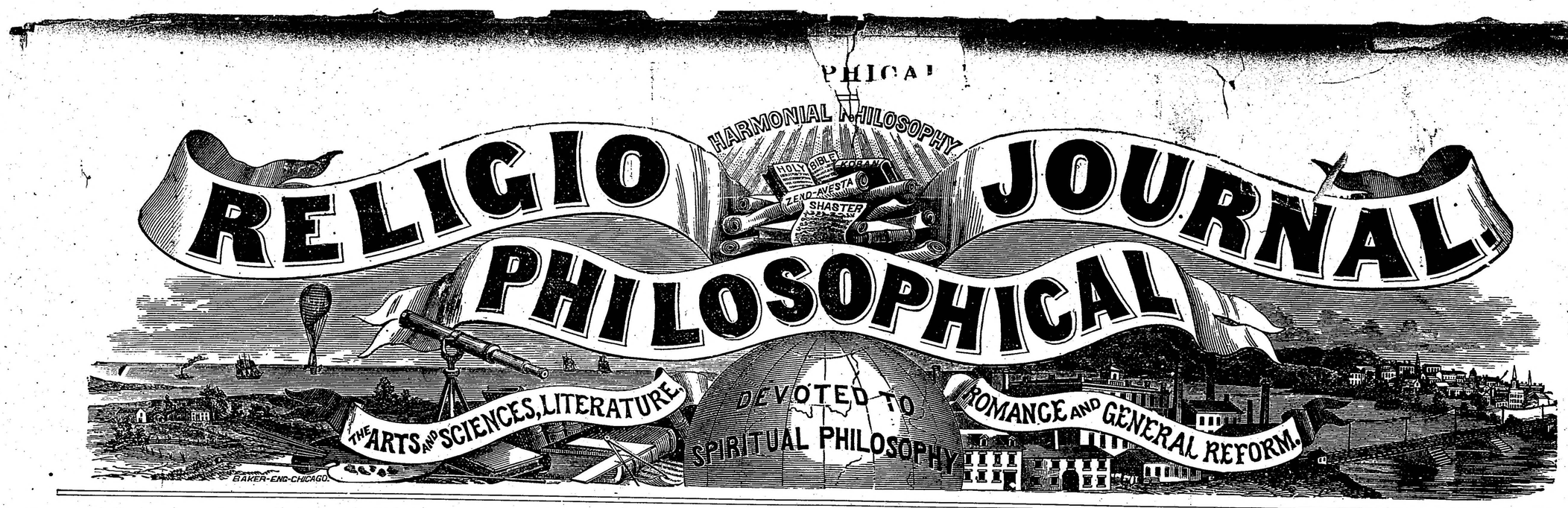
GIDDINGS, Tex., March 7, 1887.

Gentlemen:—I received a box of your Notobac a few weeks ago and commenced to use it according to directions, and I am glad to inform you that it completely destroyed the desire for tobacco. *I have been a slave to the cigarette habit for over five years.* I found that it was injuring my health and tried a hundred times to break myself, but failed until I used one box of your Notobac and it cured me. Wishing you the great success you deserve, I am yours truly,

JNO. M. RINICK.

The only medicine in the world that will effectually destroy the appetite for Tobacco and eliminate the poisonous effect of the nicotine from the system. **PRICE, $1 a Box, or 3 Boxes for $2.50.** Three boxes guaranteed to cure when used according to the simple directions. For sale by druggists generally or sent by mail, prepaid, upon receipt of price, stamps or postal note.

Address THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY CO., Box G. La Fayette, Indiana.



Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLV. CHICAGO, AUGUST 25, 1888. No. 1

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

LO A GREAT MULTITUDE.

The tide of immigration sets steadily from your land to ours. There is no emigration back to earth. All faces are turned toward the Spirit world; all feet are hastening hitherward; and all must come at last face to face with death, and, standing on the shores of the mystic river, must bid an eternal farewell to earthly life, and venture with hesitation and fear, or with courage and faith, into the unknown and mysterious realm beyond.

These pilgrims are coming, coming, coming, leaving behind them all that possessed material value on earth, and bringing only —themselves. If they have cultivated their spiritual natures, and held themselves above the level of materiality, then they are rich indeed. But if earth and its cares engrossed all their attention, and they had neither time nor thought for that "better part" for which Mary was commended, then no beggar on earth could be poorer or more destitute than these souls when they enter the life immortal. Nor do intellectual enlightenment, moral regeneration and spiritual illumination wait upon them to be put on like an outward garment as soon as they have reached the spirit sphere. They are the true riches which must be acquired by laborious effort. As a man was upon earth, so does he find himself when he first enters here. He who is ignorant, is ignorant still; he who is filthy, is filthy still; superstition still holds those spirits in its thrall who were its victims upon earth.

It would seem to you that all must become Spiritualists when they reach here, and the avenues of knowledge are thrown open to them. And I will surprise you when I say that there are here Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians and Quakers, and all the different sects of religious beliefs, just as among you. There are those who bow to the supremacy of a spiritual pope, and who yet find auricular confession, and the observance of rites and ceremonies, necessities to their religious life. True, they encounter much to surprise them when they enter here. Heaven is altogether different from what they pictured it; but their beliefs and prejudices are stronger than the facts which come under their observation (is not this also the rule in the earth life?), and so they merely readjust themselves, still clinging as far as possible to their old tenets. But the time comes, sooner or later, when they grow out of these superstitions, and, getting at first faint glimpses of the truth, these glimpses become brighter and clearer as they seek for them.

There is no more interesting study than to watch the arrival of these immigrants—these pilgrims, and to note their first impressions, experiences, surprises and disappointments. It is also sad to stand beside the bed of death, as it is often our privilege and our duty to do, and witness the terror with which theology has invested the passing from death unto life. Is it true that the Christian knows how to die? He may meet death serenely if he be a man of strong character, hopeful disposition, and with nerves not easily shaken. But with such a character, he would meet it no less bravely, were he a rejecter of all religious faiths. If he be timid and weak, given to apprehension, and shrinking from danger, not all the consolations and hopes which religion can afford will save him from becoming terror-stricken when the last dread hour approaches. There is something appaling even to the stoutest heart, in going out to meet the unknown, and that is what all save Spiritualists must do. To them, and to them only, is the Spirit-world revealed. To them it is given to know that they are passing from darkness unto light; from death unto life; from mortality to immortality. How strange that this glorious truth, which should be indeed the corner-stone of existence, is rejected by so many earthly builders!

A woman was dying—one whom I knew upon earth. We were merely casual acquaintances, not friends, because she was a rigid churchwoman, and I was not. As the sheep were to be separated from the goats in that final terrible day, so it seemed to her mete that as far as practicable the same separation should be effected in earth life. This appeared a very simple matter. All members of the church—her church—were going to heaven; all who were members of no church were destined for the other place; while she took to herself great credit for charity in suspending her judgment in regard to members of churches other than her own, she was most sincere in her religion. It tinged all her actions, and was, indeed, her very life. At last her hour had come. Her pastor was summoned. She felt that there was no security for her future, unless he should, by his presence at her death-bed, furnish her a sort of credentials—give her a letter of introduction, as it were—to that heaven of which she so often spoke. He encouraged and composed her, allaying her fears, and assuring her that she had only to lean on her Savior, and when she opened her eyes in spirit life she would find herself in his arms. As she passed from earth with the name of Jesus on her tongue, and her whole thoughts centered on him, so she was born to spirit-life with the same intense feeling clinging to her; the same utterances upon her lips.

"Jesus, oh! my Savior, help me!" she exclaimed. Then as her newly acquired spiritual vision discerned the many forms standing around her, she reached out her arms imploringly, crying: "Who are you? Are you angels? And which one of you is Jesus? Surely my Savior will be here to welcome and receive me!"

"Jesus is not here," was the reply given her; "but we have come to welcome you?"

"Then take me to him! Let me behold him and be assured of his love and forgiveness!"

At that moment her eyes fell upon me, and with a start of terror she added:

"You here! Then where am I? In mercy tell me where I am! If you are here, then I must be——"

She stopped short, the horror of the situation paralyzing speech. If she, a professing Christian, who had cast all her sins upon Jesus, and believed she had received his forgiveness and assurance of eternal happiness, found herself, after all, on the threshold of the future life, face to face with one doomed to perdition, then her conversion must have been a delusion, her hopes a snare; and no wonder she could not voice her apprehensions.

"Oh, take me to Jesus! Will not some one show me the way to my Savior!" were her agonized entreaties. But when I stepped forward, wishing to reassure her, she recoiled, and covering her face with her hands, endured the agony of a despair which has no parallel on earth.

But those whom she recognized as friends gathered around and encircled her, and took her in their arms and bore her away from earth, while the rest, myself among them, followed at a little distance, eager to see the first awakening of this soul to a comprehension of the realities of spirit-life. They laid her tenderly down in a bower where immortal flowers gladdened the vision, and lent a sweet perfume to the air, where the melody of murmuring brooks fell restfully on the wearied ear, and of all that would delight, and charm, and soothe, nothing seemed lacking. But her eyes were blind, her ears deaf to the sights and sounds of heaven. She was disappointed beyond measure that she had not entered the celestial city of the apocalypse, with golden streets bordering a sea of jasper. She felt that this city must exist somewhere, and that she had been excluded because somehow the vicarious atonement had proved a failure in her case.

"Where is the great white throne?" I heard her ask. "Shall I not see that? Shall I not stand before that and adore God forever?"

And again the negative answer troubled and perplexed her beyond measure.

Once more she asked:

"Am I to have no golden harp?"

A golden harp was placed in her hand.

"Why, I cannot play," she exclaimed in surprise, after a futile attempt to make music upon what was to her a new instrument.

"No," was the response; "not until you have learned."

"Do we then have to learn here? I thought we were done with that when we were done with earth, and that I should play the harp as readily as I should sing."

A smile and a shake of the head gave answer.

"Where is my crown? Surely I was promised a crown if I bore the cross faithfully on earth."

Some one wove a wreath of golden flowers and placed it upon her head—a coronet of whose beauty angels might be proud. But she removed it disdainfully; and then, glancing around her, she seemed to notice for the first time that her friends were crownless and harpless.

"Am I in heaven?" she asked as if completely bewildered. "Where am I? Where are your crowns and harps?"

"You are in the land of spirits," they assured her, "and we neither wear crowns nor carry harps, because we have no need of them."

"Oh, I can not understand it. If my pastor was only here to explain it to me! Oh, if I could only find Jesus! Jesus promised to be my friend, but he has forsaken me." And she bowed her head and wept in utter hopelessness.

Then those whom she had loved before death divided them, gathered around her, and recalling her to her own personal affairs, caused her to temporarily forget her theological terror and doubt in the delight which this reunion afforded her—delight which had been at first entirely overlooked in the overruling feeling of the hour.

After a time I again ventured to draw near her, and found that she received me, not cordially, but without her first manifestation of dismay. I tried to tell her something of the new life into which she had entered, but she shook her head, saying:

"I can not understand it, that you and I should both be in the same place, when I thought my sins were forgiven and heaven secured to me by the blood of Jesus, while you—you were a Spiritualist!" This in a tone as though that word necessarily embodied the worst that could be said of any one. "But if my pastor were only here to explain it to me, or if I could find my Savior!"

Poor, halt and blind soul, that can not walk save as it leans upon another, and can not see save through the perceptions or understanding of another! It has a weary way before it ere it comes into the full light of spiritual truth.

Another death-bed made a strong impression upon me. It was that of a little child who closed its eyes peacefully and unconsciously upon the pain of earth life, and awoke to the painlessness and perfect joy of life immortal. It knew not that it had passed through any change, for loving faces still surrounded it, and loving tones fell upon its ears, and when the mother's arms were stretched out in the agony of sudden childlessness, her babe was laid tenderly in them, but she knew it not. In the night time when she awoke, and with scalding tears and aching heart called for her little one, it was placed in her bosom, and nestled its head where it had so often done of old, and its presence brought peace and comfort of which she was conscious, though she knew not their source. That little one is with her daily, its being still intertwined with hers, and dependent on mother love. Oh, bereaved mothers, believe this; your babes are not lost, they are with you, learning the lesson of life from you. Then walk steadfastly and purely, that you offend not these little ones.

In the great multitude which was perpetually passing from death unto life, I specially noticed two old men. They were equally aged, having reached nearly the extreme limit of human life, and bowed and tottering they came to the end of their journey, and their feeble frames and whitened hairs were laid away in the bosom of mother earth, dust to return to dust, while their spirits passed to the new life beyond; and yet how different were the experiences of these two men on their first entrance into this life. One found himself with the infirmities of age still clinging to him, his mental powers still weakened, and his spirit come to a halt as it were in its progress. He seemed still to belong to the past in the quality and method of his thoughts; his mind turned backwards rather than forwards; and even the Spirit-world was not altogether satisfactory to him, because it differed so materially from that future life which had taken form through early religious teachings, and became crystallized in his imagination. This could not be heaven, because this was not as he had pictured heaven to be; and so, blind to the beauties which surrounded him, disregarding the advantages which were presented to him, and through force of long mental habit opposed to that progress which he found to be the law of immortality, he was querulous and discontented, and his thoughts sometimes even turned back regretfully to the earth-life. There at least he was at home; there he had become fixed in his habits, and there was nothing to molest or upset him. Here there were continually disturbing elements, which forced him out of old grooves whether he would or would not, and fairly shook him out of himself.

The other old man, equally feeble physically when he passed from earth, quickly lost the traces of age upon his entrance into spirit-land. His form speedily appeared erect, his step became buoyant, and a new light was kindled in his eyes. His age he had left behind him upon the earth, and it was buried in the grave with the mortal body. Only the shadow had fallen upon his spirit, but that was speedily dispelled, and in a short time he became as one in the prime of life.

I could not understand the reason of the different experiences of these two men, and, as usual, I turned to my guide for enlightenment.

"The reason is a very simple one," she replied, "and needs no explanation to those who have watched these men in their earthly existence." And then she proceeded to explain that one of them had lived for time only, the other for eternity. The one allowed his spirit to be subordinated to the body, and to share and be subject to its conditions. As his physical frame grew old, he allowed its weaknesses and deficiencies to leave their mark upon the spirit; and fettered and burdened as it thus was, it soon came to share that body's inertness and its waning powers. Therefore he has entered this world old in spirit, and can only grow young again slowly and painfully. His youth will come back to him some day, but only through conscious effort on his part,—greater effort than he would have been compelled to make in order to resist the encroachments of the material upon the spiritual, to which he so weakly succumbed.

"The other kept his soul young, regarding time as only the first division of eternity. Though the bodily senses became dulled, the spiritual vision remained clear; though the period of bodily activity passed away, and he was compelled to step aside in the affairs of life, and let other and younger men take his place, he did not sit with his face turned towards the past regretting the long ago, but by strenuous effort preserved his mental vigor, kept pace with the times in his observations and opinions, and lived in an active enjoyment of the present, and a lively hope for and belief in the future. He kept his heart young to the last, and cultivated his affections and emotions as a religious duty, as something which not only bound him to his fellow creatures, but which should uplift him spiritually. Old age was but the husk which wrapped around but only partially disguised the soul within; and that soul when the worn-out frame fell away from it, and it entered its true home, rejoiced at its new-found freedom. The shadow which time and its happenings had cast upon it passed away forever, and he regained full possession of the youth which he had never wholly lost, but had treasured up all the more carefully within himself, as the outward and physical manifestations passed away one by one.

"There are many sad scenes connected with death which we are called upon to witness. Understanding as we do how few realize or even know of the intimate relations existing between the earth and the spirit-life, the agonized parting of friends is most painful to witness. There is such bitter grief, such depth of hopelessness in the hearts of the living, as they look for the last time into the mortal eyes of those who are called away to a higher life, and feel that the parting is a final one. It is our mission to comfort as well as we may these sorrow-stricken ones, and bring them that hope and consolation which can only come through a belief and knowledge that the dear departed are ever near, and that death brings them into closer spirit communion. You should all work with us unceasingly to hasten the day when this knowledge will become the possession of all mankind, and when death will thus be robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory.

But aside from the natural and common causes for sadness at these final hours on earth, there are often special circumstances which invest death beds with peculiar interest, solemnity or horror. Sometimes an innocent creature who has lived a blameless life, as we judge of human lives, harming no one, and doing good to many, but who has neglected until too late to provide itself with a church passport to heaven, finds itself suddenly called upon to render up its account. Then are the apprehensions and terrors of the dying one enough to move a heart of stone. Even we, who stand upon the other side and know how groundless they are, are compelled to bestow our deepest sympathies. So we press closely around, and take the released spirit in loving arms, and speak to it gentle words. We laid it in green pastures and beside still waters, and our reward is to behold the wonder, the gratitude and the joy which suddenly take the place of fear and despair. Surely love is greater than retribution, and has a stronger hold upon the human heart.

At another time perhaps a poor lost soul, weighed down by the terrible denunciations of a false theology, and possibly having a premonition of its real impending doom, hurls itself through the gateway of death with curses upon its lips, and fierce rebellion in its heart, defying the power which it can not resist. Then how solemn and how sad the awakening to the actualities of spirit-life. Darkness is to be its portion until it seeks for the light; but even in this outer gloom, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, there is not that sense of utter abandonment of protecting care, that giving over to divine vengeance, that pitiless delight in the torments of suffering souls, which are the crowning honors of the orthodox hell. No; the spirit feels and knows that the hell in which it must exist is of its own making; that it is not the creation of a deity who saith "Vengeance is mine;" and that divine love and divine pity brood over all, and still hold all in their keeping, ready to help and to lead from darkness into light, when the wickedness and the waywardness have worn themselves out, and the prodigal humbly says: "I will arise and go to my father."

Let the churches write upon the portals of their infernal regions: "Who enters here leaves hope behind;" but though light, and love, and truth, and all else which bless and uplift the human soul may be excluded wholly or in part from the lower spiritual spheres, one star beams steadily above them all; with a pure and perpetual flame—the star of Hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SENSITIVENESS

As Illustrated and Proved by Psychometry.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

[This article is a chapter in an extended work written by spirit dictation, dealing with the spiritual forces of the universe.]

Light emanating from suns and worlds, as it wings its swift way across the regions of space, bears on its rays the pictures of every object from which it is emitted or reflected, and hence the universe, from center to remotest bounds, is filled with pictures; is a vast storehouse of photographs of all events from the fading of a leaf to the revolution of a world since time began. Thus a ray of light leaving the earth during the coal age bears a picture of the then existing gigantic forests and inky seas, and is yet somewhere passing the remote coastlines of unknown systems, and could some swifter messenger overtake it, he would have a view of the world as it was when that ray was reflected from the carboniferous land-and-sea-scape. The messenger is not needed to overtake the fugitive ray, for the light which reflected, struck against rock and tree, has photographed the images of every moment since the stars first sang together. Every atom still vibrates the moulding hand of life under which it has at sometime passed, and the sensitive mind is able to catch these vibrations and interpret their meaning in forms of thought. The discovery of this wonderful faculty of the mind was made.

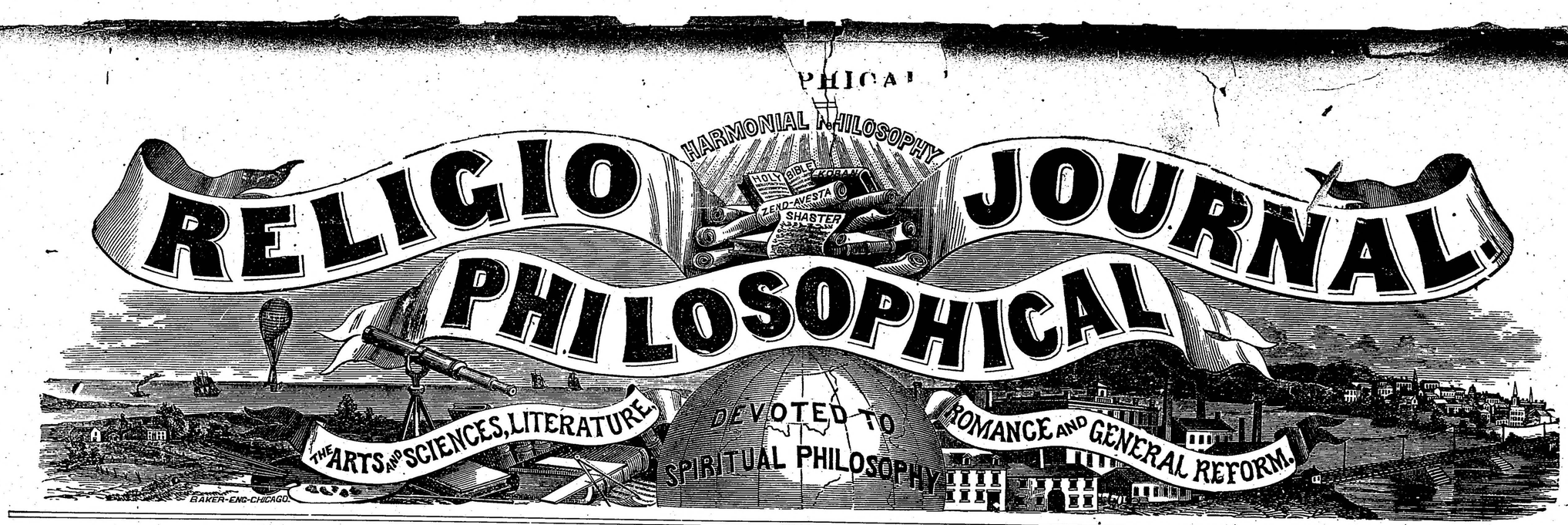
Almost fifty years ago an Episcopal bishop remarked to Dr. Buchanan that when he touched brass, even in the night, when he could not know with what substance he came in contact, he at once felt a disagreeable influence and recognized an offensive metallic taste. Such experience had been common to a great number of persons, and been frequently remarked, but this time it called the attention of the right man. All the world for ages had seen bodies fall to the ground, but countless millions of eyes had seen the phenomenon with no more thought than the brute, until a falling apple drew the attention of Newton. Dr. Buchanan at once saw that there was a profound philosophy back of this fact which transcended the senses. He began a lengthy series of experiments, by which he found that it was by no means rare for persons to be affected by metallic and other substances. In a class of one hundred and thirty students at the Eclectic Medical College, forty-three were sensitive in greater or less degree. Medicines held in the hand without any knowledge of their properties, produced the same effect, varying only in degree as when taken into the stomach. By placing the hand, or merely coming into the atmosphere of a deceased person, the sensitive was at once able to locate and describe the disease. In this field Dr. Buchanan has stood almost alone, until recently Mm. Bourru and Burot of the Naval Medical School at Rochefort, have made extended experiments on the "action of medicines at a distance," which is really another way of stating the facts observed by him a generation ago. They held the metals and drugs six inches or so from the back of the head of the patients and affirmed all that Dr. Buchanan claimed for his great discovery.

But the discoverer did not rest here; he went a step further and found that a letter or any article having been brought in contact with the person, when taken in the hand or placed on the forehead of another, gave the character of the writer or owner. Repeated experiments, such as any one may repeat, prove beyond question that the sensitive can in this manner read the character of the writer from his writings, his state of health, far better than the most intimate friend, or even the writer himself. It is a marvelous statement, but only marvelous in our not understanding the cause. When this is revealed, and mystery removed, the subject allies itself with other phenomena of mind, having their origin in impressibility.

Prof. Denton carried the results of psychometry far beyond the boundaries reached by Dr. Buchanan. If the world is one vast picture gallery of every act and thought since the beginning of time, the fossil shell, the rock-fragment, the broken arrow head, the shred of mummy, and the rush leaf from the banks of the Nile should reproduce in the sensitive the story of their origin and age. By a great number of experiments, the details of which fill three volumes, Prof. Denton sought to establish this generalization and write the geological and pre-historic history of the earth. That he found a kernel of truth cannot be denied, but he allowed sources of error to creep in and vitiate his wonderfully suggestive and patient research. A person, sensitive to that degree as to be able to feel the influences from a fragment of stone given it thousands of years ago, would be more strongly impressed with the influence imparted by the one who secured it, and held it in his hands before the experiment. It was from this cause that uncertainty rests on his otherwise well-planned series of experiments. Yet he has proved that such sensitiveness exists and that by it the story of history from fragments of ruined architecture may be read, and scenes in geological ages by fossil bone or shell be described.

How? Really psychometry, depending on the sensitiveness of the brain, is a lower degree of clairvoyance, and is merged, in its clearest forms, therein. Sensitiveness means

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

LO A GREAT MULTITUDE.

The tide of immigration sets steadily from your land to ours. There is no emigration back to earth. All faces are turned toward the Spirit-world; all feet are hastening hitherward; and all must come at last face to face with death, and, standing on the shores of the mystic river, must bid an eternal farewell to earthly life, and venture with hesitation and fear, or with courage and faith, into the unknown and mysterious realm beyond.

These pilgrims are coming, coming, coming, leaving behind them all that possessed material value on earth, and bringing only —themselves. If they have cultivated their spiritual natures, and held themselves above the level of materiality, then they are rich indeed. But if earth and its cares engrossed all their attention, and they had neither time nor thought for that "better part" for which Mary was commended, then no beggar on earth could be poorer or more destitute than these souls when they enter the life immortal. Nor do intellectual enlightenment, moral regeneration and spiritual illumination wait upon them to be put on like an outward garment as soon as they have reached the spirit sphere. They are the true riches which must be acquired by laborious effort. As a man was upon earth, so does he find himself when he first enters here. He who is ignorant, is ignorant still; he who is filthy, is filthy still; superstition still holds those spirits in its thrall who were its victims upon earth.

It would seem to you that all must become Spiritualists when they reach here, and the avenues of knowledge are thrown open to them. And I will surprise you when I say that there are here Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians and Quakers, and all the different sects of religious beliefs, just as among you. There are those who bow to the supremacy of a spiritual pope, and who yet find auricular confession, and the observance of rites and ceremonies, necessities to their religious life. True, they encounter much to surprise them when they enter here. Heaven is altogether different from what they pictured it; but their beliefs and prejudices are stronger than the facts which come under their observation (is not this also the rule in the earth life?), and so they merely readjust themselves, still clinging as far as possible to their old tenets. But the time comes, sooner or later, when they grow out of these superstitions, and, getting at first faint glimpses of the truth, these glimpses become brighter and clearer as they seek for them.

There is no more interesting study than to watch the arrival of these immigrants—these pilgrims, and to note their first impressions, experiences, surprises and disappointments. It is also sad to stand beside the bed of death, as it is often our privilege and our duty to do, and witness the terror with which theology has invested the passing from death unto life. Is it true that the Christian knows how to die? He may meet death serenely if he be a man of strong character, hopeful disposition, and with nerves not easily shaken. But with such a character, he would meet it no less bravely, were he a rejecter of all religious faiths. If he be timid and weak, given to apprehension, and shrinking from danger, not all the consolations and hopes which religion can afford will save him from becoming terror-stricken when the last dread hour approaches. There is something appalling even to the stoutest heart, in going out to meet the unknown, and that is what all save Spiritualists must do. To them, and to them only, is the Spirit-world revealed. To them it is given to know that they are passing from darkness unto light; from death unto life; from mortality to immortality. How strange that this glorious truth, which should be indeed the corner-stone of existence, is rejected by so many earthly builders!

A woman was dying—one whom I knew upon earth. We were merely casual acquaintances, not friends, because she was a rigid churchwoman, and I was not. As the sheep were to be separated from the goats in that final terrible day, so it seemed to her mete that as far as practicable the same separation should be effected in earth life. This appeared a very simple matter. All members of the church—her church—were going to heaven; all who were members of no church were destined for the other place; while she took to herself great credit for charity in suspending her judgment in regard to members of churches other than her own, she was most sincere in her religion. It tinged all her actions, and was, indeed, her very life. At last her hour had come. Her pastor was summoned. She felt that there was no security for her future, unless he should, by his presence at her death-bed, furnish her a sort of credentials—give her a letter of introduction, as it were—to that heaven of which she so often spoke. He encouraged and composed her, allaying her fears, and assuring her that she had only to lean on her Savior, and when she opened her eyes in spirit life she would find herself in his arms. As she passed from earth with the name of Jesus on her tongue, and her whole thoughts centered on him, so she was born to spirit-life with the same intense feeling clinging to her; the same utterances upon her lips.

"Jesus, oh! my Savior, help me!" she exclaimed. Then as her newly acquired spiritual vision discerned the many forms standing around her, she reached out her arms imploringly, crying: "Who are you? Are you angels? And which one of you is Jesus? Surely my Savior will be here to welcome and receive me!"

"Jesus is not here," was the reply given her; "but we have come to welcome you?"

"Then take me to him! Let me behold him and be assured of his love and forgiveness!"

At that moment her eyes fell upon me, and with a start of terror she added:

"You here! Then where am I? In mercy tell me where I am! If you are here, then I must be——"

She stopped short, the horror of the situation paralyzing speech. If she, a professing Christian, who had cast all her sins upon Jesus, and believed she had received his forgiveness and assurance of eternal happiness, found herself, after all, on the threshold of the future life, face to face with one doomed to perdition, then her conversion must have been a delusion, her hopes a snare; and no wonder she could not voice her apprehensions.

"Oh, take me to Jesus! Will not some one show me the way to my Savior!" were her agonized entreaties. But when I stepped forward, wishing to reassure her, she recoiled, and covering her face with her hands, endured the agony of a despair which has no parallel on earth.

But those whom she recognized as friends gathered around and encircled her, and took her in their arms and bore her away from earth, while the rest, myself among them, followed at a little distance, eager to see the first awakening of this soul to a comprehension of the realities of spirit-life. They laid her tenderly down in a bower where immortal flowers gladdened the vision, and lent a sweet perfume to the air, where the melody of murmuring brooks fell restfully on the wearied ear, and of all that would delight, and charm, and soothe, nothing seemed lacking. But her eyes were blind, her ears deaf to the sights and sounds of heaven. She was disappointed beyond measure that she had not entered the celestial city of the apocalypse, with golden streets bordering a sea of jasper. She felt that this city must exist somewhere, and that she had been excluded because somehow the vicarious atonement had proved a failure in her case.

"Where is the great white throne?" I heard her ask. "Shall I not see that? Shall I not stand before that and adore God forever?"

And again the negative answer troubled and perplexed her beyond measure.

Once more she asked:

"Am I to have no golden harp?"

A golden harp was placed in her hand.

"Why, I cannot play," she exclaimed in surprise, after a futile attempt to make music upon what was to her a new instrument.

"No," was the response; "not until you have learned."

"Do we then have to learn here? I thought we were done with that when we were done with earth, and that I should play the harp as readily as I should sing."

A smile and a shake of the head gave answer.

"Where is my crown? Surely I was promised a crown if I bore the cross faithfully on earth."

Some one wove a wreath of golden flowers and placed it upon her head—a coronet of whose beauty angels might be proud. But she removed it disdainfully; and then, glancing around her, she seemed to notice for the first time that her friends were crownless and harpless.

"Am I in heaven?" she asked as if completely bewildered. "Where am I? Where are your crowns and harps?"

"You are in the land of spirits," they assured her, "and we neither wear crowns nor carry harps, because we have no need of them."

"Oh, I can not understand it. If my pastor was only here to explain it to me! Oh, if I could only find Jesus! Jesus promised to be my friend, but he has forsaken me." And she bowed her head and wept in utter hopelessness.

Then those whom she had loved before death divided them, gathered around her, and recalling her to her own personal affairs, caused her to temporarily forget her theological terror and doubt in the delight which this reunion afforded her—delight which had been at first entirely overlooked in the overruling feeling of the hour.

After a time I again ventured to draw near her, and found that she received me, not cordially, but without her first manifestation of dismay. I tried to tell her something of the new life into which she had entered, but she shook her head, saying:

"I can not understand it, that you and I should both be in the same place, when I thought my sins were forgiven and heaven secured to me by the blood of Jesus, while you—you were a Spiritualist!" This in a tone as though that word necessarily embodied the worst that could be said of any one. "But if my pastor were only here to explain it to me, or if I could find my Savior!"

Poor, blind and blind soul, that can not walk save as it leans upon another, and can not see save through the perceptions or understanding of another! It has a weary way before it ere it comes into the full light of spiritual truth.

Another death-bed made a strong impression upon me. It was that of a little child who closed its eyes peacefully and unconsciously upon the pain of earth life, and awoke to the painlessness and perfect joy of life immortal. It knew not that it had passed through any change, for loving faces still surrounded it, and loving tones fell upon its ears, and when the mother's arms were stretched out in the agony of sudden childlessness, her babe was laid tenderly in them, but she knew it not. In the night-time when she awoke, and with scalding tears and aching heart called for her little one, it was placed in her bosom, and nestled its head where it had so often done of old, and its presence brought peace and comfort of which she was conscious, though she knew not their source. That little one is with her daily, its being still intertwined with hers, and dependent on mother love. Oh, bereaved mothers, believe this; your babes are not lost, they are with you, learning the lesson of life from you. Then walk steadfastly and purely, that you offend not these little ones.

In the great multitude which was perpetually passing from death unto life, I specially noticed two old men. They were equally aged, having reached nearly the extreme limit of human life, and bowed and tottering they came to the end of their journey, and their feeble frames and whitened hairs were laid away in the bosom of mother earth, dust to return to dust, while their spirits passed to the new life beyond; and yet how different were the experiences of these two men on their first entrance into this life. One found himself with the infirmities of age still clinging to him, his mental powers still weakened, and his spirit come to a halt as it were in its progress. He seemed still to belong to the past in the quality and method of his thoughts; his mind turned backwards rather than forwards; and even the Spirit-world was not altogether satisfactory to him, because it differed so materially from that future life which had taken form through early religious teachings, and became crystallized in his imagination. This could not be heaven, because this was not as he had pictured heaven to be; and so, blind to the beauties which surrounded him, disregarding the advantages which were presented to him, and through force of long mental habit opposed to that progress which he found to be the law of immortality, he was querulous and discontented, and his thoughts sometimes even turned back regretfully to the earth-life. There at least he was at home; there he had become fixed in his habits, and there was nothing to molest or upset him. Here there were continually disturbing elements, which forced him out of old grooves whether he would or would not, and fairly shook him out of himself.

The other old man, equally feeble physically when he passed from earth, quickly lost the traces of age upon his entrance into spirit-land. His form speedily appeared erect, his step became buoyant, and a new light was kindled in his eyes. His age he had left behind him upon the earth, and it was buried in the grave with the mortal body. Only the shadow had fallen upon his spirit, but that was speedily dispelled, and in a short time he became as one in the prime of life.

I could not understand the reason of the different experiences of these two men, and, as usual, I turned to my guide for enlightenment.

"The reason is a very simple one," she replied, "and needs no explanation to those who have watched these men in their earthly existence." And then she proceeded to explain that one of them had lived for time only, the other for eternity. The one allowed his spirit to be subordinated to the body, and to share and be subject to its conditions. As his physical frame grew old, he allowed its weaknesses and deficiencies to leave their mark upon the spirit; and fettered and burdened as it thus was, it soon came to share that body's inertness and its waning powers. Therefore he has entered this world old in spirit, and can only grow young again slowly and painfully. His youth will come back to him some day, but only through conscious effort on his part,—greater effort than he would have been compelled to make in order to resist the encroachments of the material upon the spiritual, to which he so weakly succumbed.

"The other kept his soul young, regarding time as only the first division of eternity. Though the bodily senses became dulled, the spiritual vision remained clear; though the period of bodily activity passed away, and he was compelled to step aside in the affairs of life, and let other and younger men take his place, he did not sit with his face turned towards the past regretting the long ago, but by strenuous effort preserved his mental vigor, kept pace with the times in his observations and opinions, and lived in an active enjoyment of the present, and a lively hope for and belief in the future. He kept his heart young to the last, and cultivated his affections and emotions as a religious duty, as something which not only bound him to his fellow creatures, but which should uplift him spiritually. Old age was but the husk which wrapped around but only partially disguised the soul within; and that soul when the worn-out frame fell away from it, and it entered its true home, rejoiced at its new-found freedom. The shadow which time and its happenings had cast upon it passed away forever, and he regained full possession of the youth which he had never wholly lost, but had treasured up all the more carefully within himself, as the outward and physical manifestations passed away one by one.

"There are many sad scenes connected with death which we are called upon to witness. Understanding as we do how few realize or even know of the intimate relations existing between the earth and the spirit-life, the agonized parting of friends is most painful to witness. There is such bitter grief, such depth of hopelessness in the hearts of the living, as they look for the last time into the mortal eyes of those who are called away to a higher life, and feel that the parting is a final one. It is our mission to comfort as well as we may these sorrow-stricken ones, and bring them that hope and consolation which can only come through a belief and knowledge that the dear departed are ever near, and that death brings them into closer spirit communion. You should all work with us unceasingly to hasten the day when this knowledge will become the possession of all mankind, and when death will thus be robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory.

But aside from the natural and common causes for sadness at these final hours on earth, there are often special circumstances which invest death beds with peculiar interest, solemnity or horror. Sometimes an innocent creature who has lived a blameless life, as we judge of human lives, harming no one, and doing good to many, but who has neglected until too late to provide itself with a church passport to heaven, finds itself suddenly called upon to render up its account. Then are the apprehensions and terrors of the dying one enough to move a heart of stone. Even we, who stand upon the other side and know how groundless they are, are compelled to bestow our deepest sympathies. So we press closely around, and take the released spirit in loving arms, and speak to it gentle words. We laid it in green pastures and beside still waters, and our reward is to behold the wonder, the gratitude and the joy which suddenly take the place of fear and despair. Surely love is greater than retribution, and has a stronger hold upon the human heart.

At another time perhaps a poor lost soul, weighed down by the terrible denunciations of a false theology, and possibly having a premonition of its real impending doom, hurls itself through the gateway of death with curses upon its lips, and fierce rebellion in its heart, defying the power which it can not resist. Then how solemn and how sad the awakening to the actualities of spirit-life. Darkness is to be its portion until it seeks for the light; but even in this outer gloom, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, there is not that sense of utter abandonment of protecting care, that giving over to divine vengeance, that pitiless delight in the torments of suffering souls, which are the crowning honors of the orthodox hell. No; the spirit feels and knows that the hell in which it must exist is of its own making; that it is not the creation of a deity who saith "Vengeance is mine;" and that divine love and divine pity brood over all, and still hold all in their keeping, ready to help and to lead from darkness into light, when the wickedness and the waywardness have worn themselves out, and the prodigal humbly says: "I will arise and go to my father."

Let the churches write upon the portals of their infernal regions: "Who enters here leaves hope behind;" but though light, and love, and truth, and all else which bless and uplift the human soul may be excluded wholly or in part from the lower spiritual spheres, one star beams steadily above them all; with a pure and perpetual flame—the star of Hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SENSITIVENESS.

As Illustrated and Proved by Psychometry.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

[This article is a chapter in an extended work written by spirit dictation, dealing with the spiritual forces of the universe.]

Light emanating from suns and worlds, as it wings its swift way across the regions of space, bears on its rays the pictures of every object from which it is emitted or reflected, and hence the universe, from center to remotest bounds, is filled with pictures; is a vast storehouse of photographs of all events from the fading of a leaf to the revolution of a world since time began. Thus a ray of light leaving the earth during the coal age bears a picture of the then existing gigantic forests and inky seas, and is yet somewhere passing the remote coastlines of unknown systems, and could some swifter messenger overtake it, he would have a view of the world as it was when that ray was reflected from the carboniferous land-and-sea-scape. The messenger is not needed to overtake the fugitive ray, for the light which reflected, struck against rock and tree, has photographed the images of every moment since the stars first sang together. Every atom still vibrates the moulding hand of life under which it has at sometime passed, and the sensitive mind is able to catch these vibrations and interpret their meaning in forms of thought. The discovery of this wonderful faculty of the mind was made.

Almost fifty years ago an Episcopal bishop remarked to Dr. Buchanan that when he touched brass, even in the night, when he could not know with what substance he came in contact, he at once felt a disagreeable influence and recognized an offensive metallic taste. Such experience had been common to a great number of persons, and been frequently remarked, but this time it called the attention of the right man. All the world for ages had seen bodies fall to the ground, but countless millions of eyes had seen the phenomenon with no more thought than the brute, until a falling apple drew the attention of Newton. Dr. Buchanan at once saw that there was a profound philosophy back of this fact which transcended the senses. He began a lengthy series of experiments, by which he found that it was by no means rare for persons to be affected by metallic and other substances. In a class of one hundred and thirty students at the Eclectic Medical College, forty-three were sensitive in greater or less degree. Medicines held in the hand without any knowledge of their properties, produced the same effect, varying only in degree as when taken into the stomach. By placing the hand, or merely coming into the atmosphere of a deceased person, the sensitive was at once able to locate and describe the disease. In this field Dr. Buchanan has stood almost alone, until recently Mm. Bourru and Burot of the Naval Medical School at Rochefort, have made extended experiments on the "action of medicines at a distance," which is really another way of stating the facts observed by him a generation ago. They held the metals and drugs six inches or so from the back of the head of the patients and affirmed all that Dr. Buchanan claimed for his great discovery.

But the discoverer did not rest here; he went a step further and found that a letter or any article having been brought in contact with the person, when taken in the hand or placed on the forehead of another, gave the character of the writer or owner. Repeated experiments, such as any one may repeat, prove beyond question that the sensitive can in this manner read the character of the writer from his writings, his state of health, far better than the most intimate friend, or even the writer himself. It is a marvelous statement, but only marvelous in our not understanding the cause. When this is revealed, and mystery removed, the subject allies itself with other phenomena of mind, having their origin in impressibility.

Prof. Denton carried the results of psychometry far beyond the boundaries reached by Dr. Buchanan. If the world is one vast picture gallery of every act and thought since the beginning of time, the fossil shell, the rock-fragment, the broken arrow head, the shred of mummy, and the rush leaf from the banks of the Nile should reproduce in the sensitive the story of their origin and age. By a great number of experiments, the details of which fill three volumes, Prof. Denton sought to establish this generalization and write the geological and pre-historic history of the earth. That he found a kernel of truth cannot be denied, but he allowed sources of error to creep in and vitiate his wonderfully suggestive and patient research. A person, sensitive to that degree as to be able to feel the influences from a fragment of stone given it thousands of years ago, would be more strongly impressed with the influence imparted by the one who secured it, and held it in his hands before the experiment. It was from this cause that uncertainty rests on his otherwise well-planned series of experiments. Yet he has proved that such sensitiveness exists and that by it the story of history from fragments of ruined architecture may be read, and scenes in geological ages by fossil bone or shell be described.

How? Really pschometry, depending on the sensitiveness of the brain, is a lower degree of clairvoyance, and is merged, in its clearest forms, therein. Sensitiveness means

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

THE LIFE OF A SPIRIT MEDIUM.*

This astonishing narrative is a biography of the famous medium Daniel Dunglas Home, by his widow. Home was born near Edinburg, but came when a little child to this country, and lived through his boyhood and youth with his aunt, in Greeneville, Norwich, Connecticut. He was born with that gift called by the Scotch "second sight," and which seems to see, and to foresee, things beyond ordinary mortal ken. With this gift was that other, related one, of spirit mediumship, in great power in his case, and it was for a great variety of manifestations. When he was a boy he announced the death of his boy companion and close friend, a boy who had gone away a hundred miles or more, and whom Home saw standing by his bed, and telling him, smilingly, that he had left the body three days before—a fact which was verified a day or two later by a letter. Home also saw his mother, after her death at a distant place, and she gave him the hour when it occurred—intelligence all verified at a later time. Other phases of his strange gift began to manifest themselves at his aunt's house, much to the boy's astonishment and the aunt's horror and fright. Believing it to be the work of "the devil," she called in her minister to exorcise the fiend, and finally had two clergymen there at once; but the efforts all failed; the dining table persisted in jumping about, and the startling raps and thumps on the walls continued. His aunt finally turned the poor boy out of her house and sent him adrift in the world. This error she lived to lament, when in after years she heard of him as a famous medium called to the presence of crowned heads in Europe, and especially when Home himself returned and bought for her a comfortable home of her own. She died of nervous shock, caused by one of the false reports of his sudden death, cabled from Europe—reports instigated by frauds or humbugs whose practices Home had denounced.

Home was twice married; first, in 1858, to the sister of the Countess Koucheleff Besborodka, of Russia: and in 1871, some years after her death, he married the distinguished Russian lady who survives him and writes this remarkable book as a loving tribute to his memory, his refined, unselfish and kindly nature, and his peculiar gifts.

He cherished his peculiar power as a heaven-sent gift, to carry consolation to bereaved hearts, by revealing the great truth of continued individual existence after death—and he always refused to lower it to the commercial level by accepting pay for his séances. He did not lack offers—sometimes big ones—but money he always refused for his sittings, though accepting from friends a number of rare gems and bits of tasteful jewelry. For such things he had a fondness, and always liked to exhibit the gems given him by titled (and even imperial) personages. One notable refusal to accept money is mentioned in this biography. It was an offer, made by a club of the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris—wealthy and "fast" young men, "gilded youth"—of the princely sum of 50,000 francs for a single séance. It was promptly refused. His widow adds:

"Long afterwards, Mr. Home happened to meet one evening in society the son-in-law of Count Alexander de Komar, who recalled to him the offer in Paris of £2,000 for a séance, and the surprise of the bidders when their proposal was rejected as an insult. Home at once took out a pencil and sought a sheet of paper. 'I have told that story, my dear Bodiska,' he said, 'and have had it treated as a fable—put down your attestation of the fact, on the spot. As justice is very seldom done me, and the falsehood is constantly repeated that I am paid for my séances, it will probably be said of me, when I leave this world, that I accepted the 50,000 francs offered me for this séance—or perhaps even double that amount.' Bodiska complied; and added other incidents concerning Home that came within his knowledge. I have the paper before me at this moment, and will give it in the English of the writer, who was the son of the Russian consul at New York:"

M. BODISKA'S CERTIFICATE.

"I first met Mr. D. Dunglas Home, at the Hotel de Vouillemont, Paris, where my father-in law, Count Alexander Komar, resided, Home resided in the family of my father-in-law; and I myself had ample opportunity of studying his private life and character, as well as the extraordinary phenomena occurring in his presence; and I can frankly state that nothing in natural principles can explain what I and others witnessed, not only once, but surely a hundred times. There was never any mercenary motive to incite him to call attention to his wonderful gift, for to my knowledge he refused many proposals, amongst which was one from the Union Club, that offered him francs 50,000 for a séance. A relative of my wife even offered him adoption, and to settle a life annuity on him, which likewise he refused. B. BODISKA."

The falsehoods that were circulated about the case of Mrs. Lyon are exposed in the present volume. Home seems to have been more lied about, in the press especially, than almost any one else. His biographer evidently believes a good many of these lies emanated from the prolific head of the "Theosophist Society"—and in his condemnation of various humbugs, Home, it would seem, had not spared that woman and her "adepts." Hence (his widow believes) the numerous falsehoods palmed off upon the press and the cable, about Home's death, every year, and of his expulsion from the Tuileries as a fraud.

Home's friends and eager wishers at all times for a sitting were among the most eminent of the literary and scientific world of Europe—to say nothing of the crowned heads. And the phenomena were often of a startling character. Mrs. S. C. Hall, writing to Lord Dunraven in 1869, describes a séance she had attended where nine were present, and the manifestations took place in a lighted room. The narration shows the power of the inner, real self—the so-called spirit—over the outer, or physical body—and it reminds one of St. Paul's experience with the fatal serpent, and of the assurances given that those who believe shall be able to overcome all such harms:

HANDLING FIRE WITHOUT INJURY.

He [Home, entranced] got up, walked about the room, went to the fire-place, half-knelt on the fender, took up the poker and stirred the fire—which was like a red-hot furnace—so as to increase the heat, held his hands over the fire for some time, and finally drew out of the fire with his hand a huge lump of live burning coal, so large that he held it in both hands as he came from the fire-place in the large room into the small room, where, seated round the table, we were watching all his movements. Mr. Hall was seated nearly opposite to where I sat, and I saw Mr. Home, standing about half a minute at the back of Mr. Hall's chair, deliberately place the lump of burning coal on his head. I have often since wondered that I was not frightened; but I was not; I had perfect faith that he would not be injured. Some one said:

"Is it not hot?"

Mr. Hall answered. "Warm, but not hot."

Mr. Home had moved a little away, but returned, still in a trance; he smiled, and seemed quite pleased, and then proceeded to draw up Mr. Hall's white hair over the red coal. The white hair had the appearance of silver threads over the red hot coal. Mr. Home drew the hair into a sort of pyramid—the coal, still red, showing beneath the hair; then, after four or five minutes, Mr. Home pushed the hair back, and taking the coal off Mr. Hall's head, he said (in the peculiar low voice in which, when in a trance, he always speaks), addressing Mrs. Y., "Will you have it?" She drew back—and I heard him murmur, "Little faith—little faith!" Two or three attempted to touch it, but it burnt their fingers. I said: "Daniel, bring it to me; I do not fear to take it." It was not red all over, as when Mr. Home put it on Mr. Hall's head; but it was still red in parts. Mr. Home came and knelt by my side; I put out my right hand; but he murmured, "No, not that; the other hand." He then placed it in my left hand, where it remained more than a minute. I felt it, as my husband had said, "warm;" yet, when I stooped down to examine the coal, my face felt the heat so much, that I was obliged to withdraw it. After that, Mrs. Y—— took it, and said she felt no inconvenience. When Mr. Hall brushed his hair at night, he found a quantity of cinder dust.

At another time Home placed his face directly against the glowing coals in the grate, and bathed his face and head in the flames—all present looking on amazed. At still another time his body would be elongated, a foot or more. He took many flying trips around the ceiling, his feet a yard or two above the floor. Some of the most wonderful phenomena of any took place in Hartford and in South Manchester, more than thirty years ago. One or two are narrated in this book. Of cases of levitation, in which Home was lifted up to the ceiling, over a hundred instances are recorded. In the London *Quarterly Journal of Science* for January, 1874, Mr. Crookes, whose eminence as a scientific authority will not be questioned, has this statement:

There are at least a hundred recorded instances of Mr. Home rising from the ground, in the presence of as many separate persons; and I have heard from the lips of the three witnesses to the most striking occurrence of this kind—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay and Captain C. Wynne—their own most minute accounts of what took place. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of proofs.

On three separate occasions have I seen Mr. Home raised completely from the floor of the room. Once sitting on an easy chair, once kneeling on his chair, and once standing up. On each occasion I had full opportunity of watching the occurrence as it was taking place.

The present Earl of Crawford testifies that in full light he has seen Home rise in the air; and adds: "The more I studied these phenomena, the more satisfied was I that they could not be explained by mere mechanical trick." These occurrences took place in any parlor. The nobility in England were greatly interested in Home, who was daily invited to their houses. Other occurrences, more directly indicative of an outside, spiritual agency and intelligence, were often experienced as accompaniments of these phenomena of the moving of ponderable objects, like dining tables, bureaus, human bodies, etc., without human contact. Hands, demonstrably not belonging to any mortal arm and body, have appeared more than once to the visitors at Home's séances, and shaken hands with them—hands visibly and demonstrably ending at the wrist, and which could be perforated with the sitter's forefinger; hands which, after allowing a full examination of them, instantaneously melted into invisibility—and this, too, when Home (who was entranced) was not within reach. These things have occurred in Hartford as well as in London.

During the manifestation in England in 1868—

"Lord Adare and Lord Lindsay saw Mr. Home raised in the air about four or five feet. During the manifestations in the ruined abbey at Adare, Home was seen by Lord Dunraven, Lord Adare and Captain Wynne to float above the ground for a distance of ten or twelve yards, at a height that carried him over a broken wall. He passed close by the three watchers during the aerial journey."

Of another instance, Lord Lindsay says:

"Home floated round the room, pushing the pictures out of their places as he passed along the walls. They were far beyond the reach of a person standing on the floor. The light was sufficient to enable me to see clearly."

But the most striking of these cases of levitation occurred in London on December 16, 1868—as the volume here relates—in the presence of three unimpeachable witnesses—Lord Lindsay, Lord Adare and Captain Charles Wynne, a cousin of the latter.

A séance was in progress; and Home, who had been in the trance state for some time, began to walk about uneasily, and finally went into the adjoining room. At that moment a startling communication was made to Lord Lindsay. "I heard," he related in his evidence before the Dialectical Society, "a voice whisper in my ear, 'He will go out of one window and in at another.' [Height, seventy feet above the pavement.] I was alarmed and shocked at the thought of so dangerous an experiment. I told the company what I had heard, and we then waited for Home's return"—[from the adjoining room].

Lord Lindsay afterward wrote out the case:

"We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately afterwards saw Home floating in the air, outside our window.

"The moon was shining full into the room. My back was to the light; and I saw the shadow on the wall of the window sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window and glided into the room feet foremost, and sat down.

"Lord Adare then went into the next room to look at the window from which he had been carried. It was raised about eighteen inches, and he had expressed his wonder how Mr. Home had been taken through so narrow an aperture.

"Home said (still in trance) 'I will show you;' and then, with his back to the window, he leaned back and was shot out of the aperture head first, with his body rigid, and then returned quietly.

"The window is about seventy feet from the ground....The distance between the windows was about seven feet six inches."'

Neither the window-sill nor the narrow stone moulding, would have enabled a man to walk or stand in that hair-lifting position.

The occurrence caused some excitement in London. An investigation was made—the space between the windows was measured—and the other witnesses of the "miracle" were questioned. They fully confirmed the marvel. Captain Wynne is an army officer. Lord Adare said:

"I asked Lindsay how the spirit had spoken to him. He could scarce explain; but said it did not sound like an audible human voice, but rather as if the tones were whispered or impressed inside the ear. When Home awoke, he was much agitated; he said he felt as if he had gone through some fearful peril, and that he had a most horrible desire to throw himself out of the window."

Visible human forms were sometimes seen floating about the room—ghost-like forms, but recognizable, in one case, at least, for those present recognized it as Home's first wife. In the Tuileries, an apparition of the head and face of the first Napoleon was seen above the table. A hand appeared, took up a pen and wrote "Napoleon." Flowers were taken from a mantelpiece and slowly conveyed, in sight of those present, to the Empress Eugenie. Napoleon III. said to the Duke de Morny, "I am certain of what I have seen."

Among those who testify to the reality of the occurrences, and that these, whatever they were, were not produced by fraud, are such witnesses as William Cullen Bryant, David A. Wells, Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, Professor Bush, and others on this side the Atlantic; and in Europe, Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie, Emperor Alexander of Russia, Dumas, Emperor Wilhelm, Brougham, Lord Lytton, Thackeray, Trollope, Ruskin, Lord Dufferin, Countess of Caithness, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, William and Mary Howitt, Lord Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, Gerald Massey, Robert Chambers, and many more. Professor Crookes, the famous scientist, after a long and careful scientific testing of the force, whatever it was, that operated through Home—even testing it by special mechanical contrivances—honestly announced the reality of an unknown outside force in these phenomena, some force new to science, a force which was governed by intelligence, and which could move weights and ponderable objects without human touch, write without mortal hands, and even produce forms like human beings, which forms would consent to be weighed—and their weight would shrink fifty and sixty and seventy per cent. in a minute or two, on the scales, and again increase quite as much, right before the eyes of the investigators; after which the aforesaid figures would suddenly vanish like an extinguished flame. Professor De Morgan, the world-famed mathematician, also investigated the phenomena long and thoroughly, and then gave his weighty testimony to the reality of the mysterious force. Sir David Brewster, after owning up in private, palliered and prevaricated in public. The Nichodemuses and the Peters are still a numerous race.—*Hartford Times.*

HASLETT PARK.

Dedicated on Sunday, July 29th, in the Presence of 2,000 People.

Address of Hon. W. L. Bancroft.

Haslett Park, says the *Sunday Transcript*, Port Huron, Mich., is a beautiful piece of land situated on the banks of Pine Lake, a short distance from Lansing, the State capital. The park is owned by James H. Haslett, of this city, who has spent considerable time and money to make the place a summer resort of no small dimensions. It is a place where the Spiritualists of the State of Michigan meet once a year and hold their annual camp meeting. The lake is a beautiful body of water, being one mile wide and two miles long; a small steamer takes excursion parties out on the lake for a ride. Recently Mr. Haslett has had a large pavilion erected on the grounds for the accommodation of the public, and on Sunday last the park and pavilion were dedicated in the presence of 2,000 people. Some very able speakers (Mrs. Shepard Lillie and others) were on the programme to take part in the exercises. Among them was the Hon. W. L. Bancroft, of Washington, D.C. We give the address delivered by him:

I am asked to speak of "The Enterprise," which I understand to mean this grand Auditorium, these noble groves and golden fields which shade and encompass us, and of their possibilities when an abiding faith and unselfish sacrifices shall have prepared them for the abode of generous charities and a broad philanthropy. It is the nobility of its aims and the scope of its intended benefactions which dignify and consecrate the beginnings of this "Enterprise" and will render it whether intended or no, a monument of the generosity and large-mindedness of its projectors immeasurably surpassing any storied urn or animated bust reared by hero or potentate to commemorate the successful slaughter of his fellow creatures in war, or that wily diplomatism, called statesmanship, in times of peace.

Over all the earth lie scattered mournful relics of man's unavailing struggle to save his memory from oblivion; but every one which regal selfishness has reared, time has stamped his stern decree, "To dust shalt thou return." Even the Pyramids, built by the proudest kings who ever wore a diadem, by the painful toil of enslaved millions, hide securely the secret of their builders, or afford subtle topics for the disputes of learned societies; and the desecrated mummy of the haughtiest Pharaoh may be by some Egyptian peasant strewn to fertilize the land over which that monarch once so arrogantly and oppressively ruled. Thus the grandest monuments which men lavish wealth to rear and invoke Art with her thousand treasures to adorn, corrode with time, and the memory of their builders passes like the evening breeze. Only good deeds live forever; selfishness cuts its fleeting record upon crumbling marble, but unselfish thought inspiring benefactions is immortalized because written on the grateful hearts of successive generations.

"Only their name beyond the tomb
Shall live, who built for those to come;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The author of a good deed may indeed be forgotten, but onward through the ages glide the influences which he set in motion, blessing everything their gentle current touches, and enlivening whatever of good there may be in human aspirations.

Were I to select a text for the brief discourse I am making, it would be the inquiry of Pontius Pilate to Jesus, "What is Truth?" This inquiry has run through all ages and still the anxious cry goes up, "What is Truth?" In the lonely cell of the hermit, men have hidden themselves away believing she would be discovered there; sandalled and hooded her pilgrims have walked over burning deserts and barren mountains and found her not; in the closet of the scholar, in the laboratory of the scientist, in the church, the school, the forum, still she is sought eagerly, and at the end which death brings the searcher is fain to exclaim sadly, "I have not found her."

Ever the old questions of human origin and human destiny confront us. We stand for a moment between Eternities and ask falteringly,—Whence—Whither?

"Like infants crying in the night,
Like infants yearning for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

This much at least we know, that Truth is eternal. In the alembic of Time, all theories, all philosophies, all creeds, all thoughts that flit upon the world, are tested by that most pitiless refiner, human experience; and from the ordeal only pure gold comes forth—the common, the trivial, the false, cannot survive it. All errors whether of philosophy, of statesmanship, of education or of religion at last must in Bryant's noble words

"——writhe in pain,
And die amid their worshipers,"

and it is the onward march of truth and light which makes this enterprise appropriate and possible. Here you have erected a temple dedicated to truth alone. Hither you invite her disciples of every clime and creed to reason of things past, present and to come, and no tenet of philosophy is to limit your field of inquiry, no doctrine of men's faith shall cripple your powers of investigation, no dogma of theology shall bind your consciousness:

"For we believe that not one narrow pane
Of one poor Creed shall catch the radiant beams
That shine from God's innumerable Truths;
Build thou broad windows for thy soul,
Let there be light!

"Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor from unfathomed seas of God
Might bathe it in the golden waves of Truth."

Your only antagonism shall be antagonism to error. Here Jew and Gentile, poet and philosopher may meet upon a platform of equality and together.

"Seize hold on Truth where'er 'tis found,
On Christian or on Pagan ground."

It is a noble conception, becoming this age of free inquiry, of towering human thought and moral aspiration. Unlike him of old who "Builded better than he knew" you are privileged with prophetic eye to behold the ever-increasing streams of power for good and influence for nobler lives and deeds which shall take their rise here. You stand as heralds on the mountain top to greet the fresh dawned day of liberty in thought brightly advancing upon us.

And standing here let us not forget the work of those gone before, whose toil and tears have made such work possible. Let us not cloud the cheeriness of our meeting by too closely reviewing that long story of oppression and of martyrdom for liberty of conscience which history blushes to expose while she mournfully records it, but while the sun of progress flecks the rosy clouds of morning, let us remember that his rays are encrimsoned in seas of blood, shed that the day of liberty might come and that those who fought the prolonged battle should live in our hearts forever. In poverty and oppression, in foes without and fears within, on the rack and under the fiery crown of martyrdom the prelude to this day was written by heroes who sealed their faith with their lives.

"Men strove in suffering since the world's first youth,
And grew to larger stature in the strife;
For doubt was ever nursed to nobler Truth,
And out of suffering grew the soul's best life."

And so appropriately to such a generous scheme you are to blend with intellectual achievements here your earnest, practical effort to ameliorate human suffering and minister to human needs. A sanitarium is to be established, beds endowed, homes created, a library founded; and over all and governing all a faculty is to be organized, which shall rule with wisdom and ability the varied and expanding interests that shall cluster and fructify here. Could there be presented a broader or more genial field for personal effort and effective co-operation? The field is the world, the elements are faith in good works, hope in labor and in sacrifice, and a broadening love for all mankind. The workers have mostly borne the burden of denominational exactions and the heat of sectarian controversies. The fruits shall be love, gentleness, meekness, charity, the gratitude of beneficiaries, a quickened conscience and the smile of an approving heaven.

Have you not reached the plane where such compensations appear possible nor such rewards sufficient? Now, then, that these shady groves, yonder shining lake whose ripplings glint in the dancing sunlight, yea these hundreds of broad acres which surround you, are the offerings of one who has passed beyond the narrowing grasp of greed, who has dedicated the rich fruits of a long life of honest industry to an effort to make good men better and perchance to save bad men from becoming worse; to help free the bondmen of ignorance, bigotry and superstition; to minister to the sick, to help the weak and to comfort the sorrowing.

A generation has come and gone since first I knew this modest benefactor. He has lived as quietly as he has labored industriously. He first sought honestly to know and then to do his duty within what he came to feel were the dwarfing confines of creeds as proscriptive as they are numerous. Following his conscience he was led into dark defiles of doubt; which those creeds condemned, but could neither brighten nor alleviate. At last, like Saul of Tarsus he "saw a great light," and having felt what he believed to be error, he gained what he believes to be truth. Hence he is with you to-day. And hence, too, you are here, chorusing with millions in this broad land the jubilee of individual enfranchisement in truth, and with other millions throughout the world preparing for a hallelujah over emancipation from enshrined error.

Friends, I honor you for all that is good in your thoughts and hopes and aspirations. Be united, be trustful, be generous. It will require your joint and long-continued efforts to carry this beneficent and comprehensive scheme to its desired and glorious consummation. It will demand the best of your administrative abilities, now and hereafter, to protect and perpetuate it. Let your co-operation be constant and cordial, void of distrust of him who has shown himself generous and disinterested. I know that our friend is incapable of a dishonest act and spurns a mean thought. I know that he loves the interests to which you are devoted. Confiding in him you will honor yourselves and advance your cause.

Finally: Friends, you have laid here the foundations of an enterprise whose success must be the vindication for its existence. Like so much of your own philosophy may it rise through periods of scorn and outlive vulgar obloquy. Let its benign mission result in good, and to distribute forget not. Above all, in the glowing conflicts of mind with mind, of creed with creed, of system with system, of inspiration with inspiration, I charge you, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Psychosentient Experimentation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have been wavering as to the propriety of sending the results of some three months' experiments in psychosentience, to the JOURNAL. A few might be pleased to read them, if thought worthy of a place in the JOURNAL, which is always filled with interesting matter.

It is usually considered, I believe, that the ready sentient of the thoughts of others, is one who is negative in character, can easily drop into the passive condition, and whose mind is, in short, somewhat given up to vagaries. Since last May, I have been permitted to experiment with a lady, probably ten minutes per day, who is in every respect the very reverse of the above. As the character of my subject constitutes the differentia of this article, as suggestive, permit me to slightly describe the lady, and then to outline a few of the experiments. The lady is a blonde, about forty-two years old, extremely vivacious; is finely educated; revels in higher mathematics and natural science. She has above an average development of destructiveness, combativeness and firmness; sees the force of a joke generally before it is fully uttered and possesses a keen relish for the *reductio ad absurdum;* but she seems continually and painfully aware of the general character and thoughts of those present.

Now for a very few of the experiments. With her permission, I placed my hands upon her head with the understanding that she was to endeavor to do whatever I wished. The time was always twilight; on this occasion a dog was chained in the front yard, and beside him a pail of water. I mentally requested her to open the screen door, go into the yard and empty the pail of water. This she did promptly. In all of these experiments she blindfolds herself from choice. I requested mentally that she go into the yard as before, and get me a twig from a boxelder. She did as requested. I desired her to open the stair door, go above, and into a back room and get a certain book, which I had previously (without her knowledge) placed on a chair. She went directly to the chair. The thought occupied my mind for an instant only, that it would seem like a joke if she would sit down upon the book. Somewhat queerly, she did sit down upon it, seeming to enjoy the ludicrous side of the performance. I requested that she go into another room and take my violin from the trunk. She went in, opened the trunk, and would have gone through with the entire action, had not my tender care for the violin stopped it. Sitting in the twilight of evening, I said (when her eyes were heavily covered), "I will hide my pocket book and you may find it." This was, of course, spoken. I then arose up quickly, placed the soft book on my chair, moved away a few steps and then said, "All ready!" She arose, pushed me to one side, and picked up the book.

Since May last hundreds of these experiments have been performed, neither she nor I believing at first that it was possible to her. Then we joined in the thought that it might be that in my anxiety to have her succeed, I unconsciously led her; and that she in trying to become passive unguardedly took this impulse as her own will. We proceeded to solve this problem and demonstrated its absurdity. For instance, I fixed my mind on the object, and gently pulled her from it; she succeeded. I led her to the hat rack (mentally), and requested her to put my hat on my head; to go to the wall and rap four times; put down the window curtain; take the thermometer from the wall and hang it in a new place, etc., all of which she did. Now, instead of crippling the theory of spirit influence, do not these things render it more probable?

It seems difficult to conceive how the physical brain can receive an impression without known physical sign or symbol; but if there is a spirit hand and spirit brain, it does not seem over wild to suggest the possibility of hand and brain thus meeting, bringing the spirits of the two persons *en rapport.* The thought is emphasized by our clairvoyants, who tell us of the spirit placing the hand upon the brain of the controlled medium. I suppose that even in the case of thought transference the word medium is the proper word, for we speak of the physical body as the medium, even though it be controlled by the spirit of that body. These experiments reduce the theory of "mind reading" in spirit communion to an absurdity by reason of the extreme difficulty of impressing the subject.

Concordia, Kan. B. R. ANDERSON.

OLD TONAHAUQUA'S SPIRIT.

Boring for Oil Under the Directions of a Friendly Redskin's Spirit.

In a pretty little neck of woods about a mile and a half back from Point Chautauqua there is an old but well-kept farm-house, in and about which it is said the spirits of Indian chiefs and princesses who one day inhabited the shores of the lake fairly revel. The occupant of the house is an old man, still vigorous, despite the fact that three score of Northern winters have combined to silver his hair and bend his back until it is almost the shape of the horseshoe which hangs over his door as a sacred emblem of good luck.

According to the Pittsburg *Penny Press*, however, it is the spirits that haunt the little farm house in the woods that give to Barney Bowman, the owner of the cabin, his popularity. Several years ago, when the oil fever was raging in Northern Pennsylvania and Southern New York, some capitalists were stopping at Point Chautauqua. Barney heard them talking about the prospects of getting oil in Chautauqua County, and offered to show them where they could strike a well that would flow a lake of the greasy fluid. He had been sleeping at his home, he said, when the spirit of an Indian chief came and beckoned him. He followed out into the open air, over the fields and through the woods many miles, to where there was a hill in the midst of a big field. There was a stump on the side of the hill, and under that stump, far down in the earth's crust, the spirit said there was water that would burn. The old man knew that it was oil.

The capitalists were a little dubious about the story at first, but, after holding a consultation, said that they would sink a well if the place was shown them. The old Spiritualist was much excited, but he escorted them through the woods to the scene near the stump.

A week or so latter the old stump had disappeared, and in its stead a tall, stately derrick looked skyward. Then the engine came and the drill began to work. Down through the sandy soil and soft rock it wound its way swiftly, 100, 500, 1,000 feet: still there was no sign of oil, and the prospectors were commencing to look at each other in a sheepish sort of way and murmur something about meddling spirits. At 1,500 feet, however, the indications changed, and it was very evident that a vein of the greasy fluid was near at hand.

* D. D. Home.—His Life and Mission. By Mrs. Dunglas Home. London: Trubner & Co., Ludgate Hill, 1888. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Large 8vo., pp. 428; price $2.00. Gilt edges.

The excitement grew intense. The old Spiritualist himself could not sleep. He watched the drill day and night with a feverish interest, and when at last at a depth of 1,600 feet the oil sand was struck and the well commenced to gush a hundred barrels a day, his delight amounted almost to delirium. The prospectors were happy. From the day the well was struck they looked on Barney as a sort of supernatural being—something entirely out of the ordinary and above the common run of humanity. A purse that was heavy with gold was presented to the old man, and his house became the rendezvous for all the oil men of the district.

American Public Schools.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The following from the *Christian Register* contains many thoughts worthy of careful consideration:

Can Catholic and Protestant children study together in the same public schools? The question is answered by the plain facts of our common school history. For years they have studied side by side, under the same teachers, and using the same text-books. Many delightful friendships have been formed among Catholic and Protestant children in the public schools, which have been continued in after-life. One of the most successful teachers in Boston taught forty-seven years in the public schools. He had a school in which eight out of ten were foreigners, and from fifty to sixty per cent. of the whole number were Catholics. In this term of nearly half a century, this master of a Boston school never had any trouble with his pupils on the question of religion. He managed with tact and discretion. Instead of compelling his scholars to recite the Lord's Prayer with him, he simply required that they should maintain a respectful deportment while he said the prayer aloud himself, those being permitted to join in who wished to. The only time when there seemed any danger of a religious collision was when he punished a Catholic boy, not for refusing to say the prayer, but for not maintaining a respectful deportment when prayer was said. The priest to whom the boy appealed wrote a note to the teacher thanking him for the action he had taken. Yet this same priest was at that very time suing the city of Boston because another schoolmaster, under directions of an injudicious member of the school committee, had whipped a boy for refusing to say the Protestant version of the Lord's Prayer. The priest saw the difference between the two cases. In one case, the boy was punished for refusing to say a form of the prayer which was contrary to the usages of his own church. In the other case, he was simply punished for bad behavior. The incident showed that the Protestant schoolmaster and the Catholic priest could see distinctions with a difference, and yet have no difference over their distinctions.

We greatly deprecate any influence which tends to separate Catholic and Protestant children from their mutual enjoyment of public school privileges. It is very important, in a republic like ours, that all classes of children and all nationalities should become homogeneous. It is not easy after adult age to fuse nationalities; it is readily done in the plastic period of juvenile life. What our public schools should aim to make is not Protestants or Catholics, Jews or Gentiles, Irish or Germans, but simply educated Americans.

Yet that there are influences at work to separate Protestant and Catholic children it is very easy to see. If this separation is effected, it will be achieved by a potent and destructive influence. That influence is the spirit of sectarianism. In relation to our public schools, it has two forms of manifestation: one is Catholic the other is Protestant.

In the first place, there are Catholics who demand that the public school money shall be divided, so that they may educate their children in their own way. To this demand, it must be replied that in a State where all religions are placed on an equal basis, and education is provided equally for all, it is a violation of the non-sectarian principle to appropriate money for sectarian purposes. The most that the State can do, and what it may fairly be expected to do, is to open the schools to Catholic teachers as well as to Catholic pupils, and to open the school board to Catholic officers. This, as a matter of fact, has long been done, though theoretically the religion of teachers, scholars, or school committee men is not considered by the city in admitting, appointing, or electing them. Catholics and Protestants have both a right to ask that the essential elements of practical morality shall be taught in the public schools. There is no occasion whatever for following the subject of ethics into disputed grounds of religious belief. Thus much the State may provide: ample and thorough intellectual and moral instruction. If any religious body demands that its own tenets or dogmas should be taught, the State may rightly answer: "You must make your own provision for such luxuries. In a school system in which Jews, Greeks, Catholics, and Protestants are all represented, there can be no discrimination."

But there is an other form of sectarianism which is just as baneful to the public schools. It is Protestant sectarianism. From the very moment when the Catholic question, as it is called, came up in the schools, Protestant sectarianism has been manifested. It has insisted on retaining as a part of our public school system forms of worship to which Jews and Catholics might reasonably object. It has resisted the appointment of Catholic teachers, even when our schools were half filled with Catholic children. A marked instance of the Protestant sectarianism in connection with public schools was manifested some years ago in Charlestown. A graduate of Harvard College was appointed to the position of submaster. He was a thorough scholar a natural gentleman, an excellent teacher. After a while, however, it was discovered that he was a Catholic, although he did not introduce his special religious beliefs into the school-room. At the close of the year the question of his reappointment came up. The school board was made up entirely of Protestants. They declined to re-elect him. One member of the board asked a postponement of the matter for two weeks. In that time, he secured the signatures of the parents or guardians of every child in the school, favoring his re-election. Nevertheless, in spite of this overwhelming appeal from the constituency of the school, the committee, under the lead of a narrow minded Baptist clergyman, dismissed him simply and solely because he was a Catholic. Of the sixty teachers, if we remember the number correctly, under the jurisdiction of that board, every one was a Protestant. It would be hard to find anything in the annals of Catholicism more humiliating or disgraceful than such a course of action in an American school. This is simply an example of the extreme of injustice to which Protestantism may go when it yields to the sectarian spirit in the management of the public schools. Catholic sectarianism is bad, Protestant sectarianism is bad, and one is just as bad as the other. The spirit of both should be utterly banished from our public schools. Experience has shown that it is quite possible to have text-books which may tell the truth of history without sectarian bias; that it is possible to have teachers, whether Protestant or Catholic, who have tact and skill enough to avoid exciting religious prejudice.

In this country, we want in our public educational system not Catholic schools, not Protestant schools: we want *American schools*. Good citizens of all creeds and religions should unite in protecting them against all sectarian influence of whatever nature and form, whatever source.

Boston, Mass. * * *

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Psychology.

DAVID BRUCE.

Preceding my conversion to Spiritualism, I with many others in 1852 formed a class to investigate the interesting subject of psychology, then quite popular in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. Our teacher, Prof. Benton, was very successful as a public lecturer. He admitted to his class, although he would rather keep this fact in the background, that psychology seemed to be somehow the prelude to Spiritualism. He would rather depend upon the wonderful and marvelous to draw attention to his meetings for his financial success. I found myself unexpectedly what was then called a "powerful operator," and for my own diversion and that of my friends, produced on my sensitives many ludicrous and absurd impressions, which they would repeat to the surprise of their friends and to the astonishment of themselves when told of their doings,—of which they remembered nothing. For several months I repeated these exhibitions at my own house and that of my friends, until a new surprise overtook me. The psychological class found to its surprise that another influence took its sensitives from its control, and they became mediums, either writing, speaking, rapping, etc. Thus psychology, more classically named hypnotism now, was a prelude to our belief in Spiritualism.

There are some public lecturers on psychology who carry their ideas no further than the surprise and wonder they create and their financial success, regardless of all mischievous consequences. In some instances churches and other religious domicils have been ignorantly surrendered to the use of some wandering lecturer. A few years ago this prompted the writer to have the following published in the Brooklyn *Times:*

"About thirty years ago a mesmeric lecturer, Prof. Benton, was induced to pay our newly fledged city a visit. He found his visit lucrative to himself and amusing and instructive to its inhabitants. He was a powerful operator and blended with the amusing side of this occult science the knowledge of its healing capacity. Many invalids were instantaneously cured on his public platform before the eyes of his crowded audiences, of inflammatory and chronic diseases, and two decided cases of lockjaw by merely a few passes of his hands—to the great relief of the grateful sufferers. The city seemed actually taken by storm. There was nothing talked of but mesmerism and psychology. The Professor himself being a powerful operator was greatly assisted by his class of students who brought forward and introduced sensitives for his public lectures. Among his students were enrolled some of the leading citizens of the place. These pupils of his greatly reduced the labors of the lecturer.

"Now, remarkable as this phase of occultism was, people after a while, but in a quiet way, began slowly to give mesmerism and psychology the cold shoulder. Discreet parents became unwilling to let their daughters be used as sensitives, and in some instances absolutely refused to allow their public attendance to expose their susceptibility. In fact, several cases of scandal became more than whispered around—not in connection with the Professor, but from some of his unprincipled imitators. However, the unfoldment of this phase of human occultism evolved much thought. The sudden conversions at Methodist and other revival religious meetings at once began to be understood. Of the many instances brought to our notice was that of the Rev. Mr. Voorhies, a devout Methodist preacher of New Jersey. Under one impression by the Professor on his platform, he was influenced to pray like a most devout Christian, and almost instantly made to curse and blaspheme like an incarnate fiend! The reverend gentleman never forgave the Professor for this offense, when he was afterward told of what he had done."

These psychological exhibitions, of course, soon ceased to receive the favor of the moralist. Its scientific importance sank into obscurity until it was revived at the Beecher trial with the unfortunate Mrs. Tilton. Charitable scientists pitied the poor victim. It has become a question with many scientists as to whether the churches act wisely in opening their churches, amusing as it may seem, for the exhibition of this apparently harmless diversion?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Saloon Must Go.

GEORGE A. SHUFELDT.

Is the duty of the State finished when it undertakes the detection and punishment of crime? Is the capture and imprisonment of the criminal the sole end of police regulation? or is it not equally the duty of the State to repress crime by the discovery and eradication of its causes? Under what a short sighted policy we live! What a weak, miserable system we tolerate and endure!

There are 9,000 saloons in the City of New York, 6,000 in Brooklyn, 4,000 in Chicago, and in the like proportion all over the country,—licensed dens of crime. We license the saloon and the bar room; we sanction by legal authority the common sale of intoxicating drinks; we place a whisky dive on every street corner, and a dozen in every block; we autorize a free distribution of an element which creates nothing but disturbance, disorder and riot; then we hire, equip and pay an army of policemen to take care of the consequences of our foolish acts. We receive a revenue of a million of dollars from saloon licenses and we pay out five millions for our police, criminal courts, judges, jails, State prisons, hospitals and asylums, and all for what? Why, just that the saloon may live. The saloon corrupts our politics, pollutes our social life, degrades men, starves women, and it engenders crime. It does all other evil things, and not one atom of good, and yet we encourage, foster and legalize it.

If man must and will drink, let it be done in his own home and in private. If he will make a beast of himself, it shall not be in the public streets of our cities, or in places licensed by public authority.

This is the great moral question of the day, and it is only a matter of a little time when it will be settled. The saloon must go!

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

GOD REIGNS. Lay Sermons. By Edward Reynolds Roe, M. D. Chicago: Laird & Lee. pp. 187. Price, cloth, 50 cts.

The author's purpose is to show the immanence of Divine power and goodness in all natural phenomena. Evolution even as taught by those who acknowledge only matter and its changes, it is claimed, proves the existence of God and his munificence and love, as shown in the advancement that has been made in the development of the qualities of the human heart, in the growth of a belief in a future life and of a sentiment of worship. The author evinces acquaintance with some of our best modern thinkers, treats his subject with ability and fairness, and makes a strong argument for his main proposition that God reigns within and throughout the universe.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION. By G. H. Stockham, M. D. Oakland, Cal.: Published by the author. 1888. pp. 131. Price, cloth, 75 cts.; paper cover, 50 cts.

In this volume is given an account of the temperance movement, the history of wine, the effect of alcohol, with facts in regard to sumptuary laws and liquor legislation, etc. The work is well written, the subject is treated in a moderate tone, and it contains valuable information and suggestions.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING. By Figue. Chicago: Purdy Pub. Co. 1888. pp. 44. Price, 25 cts.

No doubt "life is worth living." Under this title the author of this pamphlet defines, expounds and defends "Christian Science." The work is marked by spirituality of thought and it quotes freely from the scriptures, and sentences from some of our best thinkers.

THE CHRISTIAN ENTHUSIASM; an Essay. By Charles A. Allen. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. pp. 24.

Mr. Allen in this essay, which appeared originally in the *Unitarian Review*, concedes that Christianity has gathered up many fragmentary truths which prophets and sages had taught the world at other times," yet he claims that in this, religion is something distinctive—a religious enthusiasm which was a new inspiration to the world, and which is the great hope of progress in the future.

August Magazines Received Late.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) This mid-summer number of St. Nicholas will be the means of assisting many boys and girls in passing away many pleasant hours through vacation. The stories and poems are most appropriate, and the illustrations are just what they ought to be. A short account of a noble Hindu woman, who is trying to educate the girls of India is timely, and many readers, no doubt, have seen her during her American tour. John Burroughs has an article on Observing Little Things, which is well worth remembering.

The American Magazine. (New York.) The fourth illustrated article in the series Along the Canibbean, deals with Trinidad. Another entertaining paper is entitled, Where Burgoyne Surrendered, in which is described the Saratoga Monument that is soon to be unveiled. Frederick G. Schwatka tells about The American Arctic Savage. Mary Agnes Tincker's novel, Two Coronets, is continued. The departments under the general caption of Our Cabinet are filled with interesting matter, and The Editor's Study is devoted to questions of the day.

The New England Magazine. (Boston.) New England Educational Institutions are well represented in an illustrated article; an Exposition on the Canadian Fisheries is given; the fourth chapter on Religious Denominations deals with the Baptists. Many other articles and notes fill a good number.

The Phrenological Journal. (New York.) The Republican Presidential Candidates are fully described in illustrated articles, and a variety of reading completes an interesting number.

The International Magazine of Christian Science. (New York.) The August issue of this monthly has an attractive table of contents.

L' Aurore. (Paris, France.) Popular writers contribute to the July L' Aurore.

Also:

Journal Du Magnetisme, Paris, France.
Reformador, Rio de Jaeneiro, Brazil.
Le Lotus, Paris.
Le Message, Paris.
La Revue Spirite, Paris.
The Phrenological Magazine, London, Eng.

New Books Received.

Thasia. A Drama in Five Acts. By Frederik Rice.

Talmudic and other Legends. Facts and Fictions from Olden Times. Revised and Enlarged. Translated and compiled, by L. Weiss. New York: Stettiner, Lambert & Co.

A Chariot of Fire. The Cars in Prophecy and History, with the Wonders of Rapid Traveling and Significance of the Modern Railway System. By Rev. D. T. Taylor. Yarmouth, Maine: Scriptural Publication Society. Price, 25 cents.

Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York, for the year 1887.

Christian Science and Vital Christianity. A lecture delivered at Germantown, Pa., May 28, 1888. By Wm. A. Baldwin. Price, 15 cents.

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Boldly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago, an acorn, small,
Lay dormant 'neath the summer sky.

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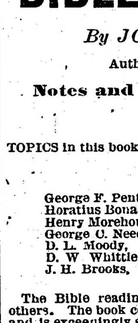
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"The man who would best serve his fellows must free himself largely from the tyranny of desire for contemporary approbation; must be able to sustain himself by the consciousness of the elevation and integrity of his own purpose, and from that consciousness must derive the serenity and cheerfulness which preserve one from the bitterness and discouragement of disappointed ambition.....Those who would work cheerfully and persistently for the good of others must perform that work out of pure love for doing it; must count it joy to give and not receive again; must win renewed energy from rebuff and defeat, and be stimulated through disappointment to that persistency of effort which never fails of its fruit in due season."

This is a gospel full of uplifting strength. That old saying: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," really meant that the victories of truth were won by those who faced fire and fagot with serene joy rather than bate one jot or tittle of the truth that was in them burning for utterance.

In the martyr age of the old anti-slavery movement a young and noble Quaker girl stepped out of her path of pleasant life and took the field as an anti-slavery speaker—the most unpopular step then possible, even for a man, and far worse for a woman. For years she heard the howl of the mob, the sneer of the priesthood, the slander of the vile who vainly tried to sully the white purity of her stainless womanhood. Years after a Woman's Suffrage Convention was held at Worcester, Mass., her home, and those in attendance were treated with kindly courtesy and marked respect. She was called on to speak and her rich voice trembled as she said: "Sisters, bloody feet have walked over the ground that is now strewn with roses for you." Men and women wept, thrilled by the pathos and truth of those words of Abby Kelly Foster. She had "wrought in sad sincerity," not for herself but for her sisters and for the slave, and because she and others had so wrought, success has come largely, and is to come fully. As it has been, so it is now. As great reforms have gained, and great truths have won, so is this great truth of Spiritualism to win by like devotedness of effort and steadfastness of purpose. The inspiration of the earnest Spiritualist is from within and from above, and the higher intelligences from the Spirit-world will ever ask that truth be put above self and that duty be done, even if unappreciated and unrecognized.

Not only is life here and now the richer for holding fearlessly to the right, and giving help to "the cause that needs assistance," but in that higher stage of our immortal life which we reach beyond the grave, the true man or woman will have higher companionship than those who have lived for self and won some poor applause. Changing a little the words of an old hymn, and it may well be said:

> True life can make a dying bed
> More soft than downy pillows are.

Keep Out of Ruts.

Men should not allow themselves to get into ruts. They should keep their minds open to new ideas, new methods. Intellectual rigidity is the "sin against the Holy Ghost." It destroys the ability to accept and assimilate fresh thought, and thereby closes the mind to that intellectual food which it must have in order to grow. What is more pitiable than a man with a few ideas acquired years ago, more or less crude and antiquated, in such a fixed mental condition that he has neither the capacity nor the disposition to reach out and gather new knowledge? He overrates the proportionate value of what little thought he has gained; he does not see that it needs revision to accord with the latest research; he cannot comprehend that the intellectual world is moving on and that he is standing still and hardening into a fossil, and that he is very liable to die, cynical and disappointed.

Says Lyell: "The extent to which even a considerably advanced state of civilization may become fixed and stereotyped for ages, is the wonder of Europeans who travel in the East. One of my friends declared to me that whenever the natives expressed to him a wish that he might live a thousand years, the idea struck him as by no means extravagant, seeing that, if he were doomed to sojourn forever among them, he could only hope to exchange in ten centuries as many ideas and to witness as much progress as he could do at home in half a century."

This is the condition to day of a large part of the population of the earth, and it has been so in the past. Doubtless this monotonous condition was necessary to unite men in groups and to make the formation of national character possible. "Long ages of dreary monotony are," says Bagehot, "the first facts in the history of human communities, but those ages were not lost to mankind, for it was then that was formed the comparatively gentle and guidable thing which we now call human nature."

It is the same with nations as it is with individuals. If they do not keep advancing the curse of rigidity comes over them. Spontaneity disappears. Habits, customs, institutions become fixed, and intellectual life becomes more and more automatic. The conditions become unmodifiable, and progress is impossible. For ages the people go on thinking and acting in the same way—in ruts. This tendency to invariability or immobility is more or less characteristic of men in a savage state—and it accounts for the fact that they remain often unprogressive through centuries. Arrested development in a higher stage is not uncommon.

The tribes and nations that were able to advance were those in which, with sufficient stability to insure union and homogeneity, there was sufficient flexibility to admit of change, of variation, however slight. The civilizations that did not become fixed and stationary were those that were able to change from an age of status to an age of choice; for as Sir Henry Maine says, "Old law rests not on contract but on status." In the ancient civilizations usage settled everything. It was in the republics of Greece and Rome, where there was government by discussion, that the fixed rule of life, the chain of custom was first broken. Athens arose "like a sunrise on the sea," and her liberty and learning gave an impulse to civilization the most powerful and far-reaching in its effects of any national influence that ever prevailed in the world.

Thought and discussion with individuals and nations alike, are the best guarantees against stationariness, and the surest promoters of that condition in which custom usage and authority are all subordinated to reason and common sense.

Prayer and Mosquitoes.

Some years ago Prof. Tyndall excited the ire of orthodox theologians by proposing a prayer test. The coolness, sincerity and scientific spirit with which the proposal was submitted, and the distinguished character and services of the gentleman who made it, only served to intensify the pious indignation of the clergy. They said that Tyndall was a scientist, but that he knew nothing about theology; that it was foolish, presumptuous and blasphemous to think of putting the word of the Almighty to a "scientific test." Nothing of the kind should ever be done with their consent. Infidels "scoffed" and "worldly people" generally looked on very much amazed.

It was pretty evident that the clergy preferred to have men assent to their claims about the efficacy of prayer, rather than to have their claims submitted to the test of verification. Nevertheless they have continued to preach the orthodox doctrine of prayer, albeit with some modifications and in a perceptibly subdued tone. Moody and Sam Jones have kept on much after the old fashion, but the more modernized preachers have many qualifications to make when they expound the doctrine of prayer, and they very rarely refer to objective illustrations and proofs of its efficacy drawn from the life and world of to-day. There are exceptions occasionally, of course.

Recently the deacons at the Ocean Grove camp meeting united in prayer to God to drive the mosquitoes away from their grounds, and it is announced that there are now no mosquitoes there! The "ungodly press" does not treat this affair with entire seriousness. The impression seems to prevail that the mosquito is rather too small and insignificant a creature for Omnipotence to direct its attention to and to make the object of a miracle, at the solicitation of a few Jersey camp meeting exhorters. But some might answer that God "hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." By "the foolish things" the JOURNAL means the deacons, and not the mosquitoes, which although small, it is true, are neither insignificant nor foolish. They know their business and they attend to it.

Perhaps a more reasonable objection to the belief that the Almighty intervened in answer to prayer, to drive mosquitoes from Ocean Grove, may be found in the fact that these creatures abound where conditions exist that are unfavorable to human health, and their presence is a warning against danger from the stagnant water of marshes, ponds and swamps. It is highly improbable that Supreme Wisdom would drive away the mosquitoes and allow to remain undisturbed the unhealthy conditions—unhealthy to man—under which these "pests" breed and thrive. Such an act would be removing danger signals and leaving the danger to lure men to destruction. If there be any truth in this story at all the mosquitoes left because of some change in the conditions and their departure was as natural and as independent of the deacons' prayers as were the breeding and growth of the mosquitoes and their lancing and sucking the blood of the worshipers at the Ocean Grove camp meeting.

Arose from the Coffin.

A special telegram from New Philadelphia, Ohio, to the Chicago *Tribune*, states that on August 11th, Miss Emma Trachsel, aged eighteen years, twin daughter of Jacob Trachsel, who resides on Crooked Run, was taken suddenly ill and soon became unconscious. She had every appearance of a dead person, and the family concluded that life had become extinct. She remained in this condition Saturday night and until Sunday afternoon. The family had given up all hopes and commenced making the necessary preparations for the burial of their child. A shroud had been made and was ready to be put on the girl. At four o'clock Sunday afternoon, those who were in the room where the supposed corpse was lying, were startled by what they thought were signs of returning life. In a few minutes the grief-stricken parents and friends were overjoyed to see the young lady open her eyes, and immediately she began to converse with those about her. When the girl was able to talk more freely, she said that she had been perfectly conscious of every thing that had taken place. She had heard people say that she was dead, and knew that preparations were being made for her burial, but was unable to open her eyes or mouth or move a hand or foot. She heard the family gather about her when the supposed last breath had been taken, and felt the burning tears drop on her face and the loving imprint of the kiss on her lips, but was unable to make the least sign indicating life. She had a twin sister who was especially affectionate, and this sister was loath to leave her, and when she was prepared for burial, made frequent visits to the side of Emma and kissed her over and over again During Saturday night, when the watchers would visit her every half-hour to dampen the cloth on her face, her feelings were horrible in the extreme. Toward morning she seemed to become more reconciled to her horrible state, and realized the fact that she was to be buried alive. All day Sunday streams of visitors and sympathetic friends crowded the house, and she recognized every voice and the kisses of her old schoolmates. When the coffin arrived and four of the neighbors lifted her tenderly and placed her in it, she thought she would certainly break the spell, but could not. She heard distinctly the work of the undertaker in screwing down the lid of the coffin, and the minutes seemed to her like years. She could distinctly hear the clock and knew the hours as they passed by. An awful moment was when a member of the family raised her head to clip a lock of hair to keep as a lasting remembrance of poor Emma. She has now almost fully recovered her health. The only explanation that was offerred for this singular occurrence is that the young lady was in a trance, and that it was only a dispensation of Providence that saved her from being buried alive.

She was Cured by a Vision.

A special dispatch to a Chicago daily from Findlay, Ohio, states that Miss Mary Searfoss of Marion township, had been ill for some time with a mysterious disease which her physicians could not understand or control. Her body became cold and green spots covered it all over. Monday, August 13th, she lost consciousness and lay in a trance for thirty-six hours, from which she awoke, and to her parents related the details of a vision which had appeared to her during this period of coma, and in the vision a man showed her a buggy wheel and told her that was the cause of her illness, as in jumping from a vehicle she had injured herself on the wheel. He then brought a bucket of water, a sheet, and three bottles which he said contained respectively wine, whisky, and alcohol. He wet the sheet in the bucket of water, wrapped her in its folds, and gave her a portion from each of the three bottles. He told her further if she followed this treatment in three days she would be well. If she did not, then at seven o'clock the morning of the next day she would commence getting worse and at four o'clock life would begin leaving her, and at nine o'clock the following morning she would be dead. This story thoroughly alarmed the parents and the attending physician was sent for, but he laughed at the spirit treatment and advised that it be not attempted and it was not begun. The next morning shortly after seven o'clock the young woman grew rapidly worse. The green spots reappeared and death seemed near. In this emergency the remedies prescribed in the strange vision were applied, and the patient rapidly improved and continued to grow better so fast that the morning of the fourth day she was able to arise and dress herself and is now completely restored to health.

W. R. Colby's Alibi Disproven.

According to San Francisco dispatches to the Eastern press, when the JOURNAL'S exposure of Colby as a robber, convict, etc., was telegraphed to that city, he declared the charges false and that he could prove an alibi; asserting that at the time the JOURNAL located him in Texas he was a keeper of the Lawrence (Mass.) house of correction. A dispatch from Lawrence dated August 11th to the Boston papers says: "Inquiry shows Colby was not employed there as claimed, but was keeper about three months in 1879. Colby is well known here, where he bore an unenviable reputation, although his family (his father's) were most reputable people."

Mgr. Thomas S. Preston says: "The idea of cremation is abhorrent to the practice and teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. The custom is an attack upon the doctrine of the resurrection. The church holds fast to the sacredness of the body, and teaches that the self-same body which is buried shall rise again. Of course the church has always taught this, but in view of the talk about cremation and the prevalence of this mode of disposing of the dead in certain quarters, the sacred congregation deemed it wise to issue a decree condemning the practice and prohibiting it among Catholics." Mgr. Preston says that no public masses could be said for the soul of any Catholic whose body should be cremated by his request. If the self-same body is to rise again, why object to cremation? If reduced to gasses and ashes by fire, cannot the atoms of the body be reunited by omnipotence? If left to natural decomposition the elements of the body are soon diffused—as effectually diffused as when the body is disposed of by the quick process of cremation. In a few centuries "the graves give up their dead" without any miracle, the matter entering other forms and combinations. If God can bring together the particles thus scattered, why should cremation be regarded as "an attack upon the doctrine of the resurrection of the body." A frivolous and puerile pretext is this for opposition to a rational reform in the manner of disposing of the perishable human body in the interest of cleanliness and health.

If there were anything to be gained by reasoning with a man who to-day believes in the literal resurrection of "the self-same body which is buried" Mgr. Preston might appropriately be asked a few questions which would show the absurdity of what "the Church has always taught." Indeed one question, the following for instance, would suffice: How is the self-same body which was buried five hundred years ago, to be raised, every atom to be returned and restored to its proper place at the resurrection, when a portion of this material has formed a part of other human bodies that have been buried later. It cannot be denied that the oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, lime, etc., composing the human body, when liberated enter the sustances which serve as food to man, and that the bodies of human beings living to-day contain some of the material of which the bodies of former centuries were composed. Since an individual may die with material particles in his body which formed a portion of a dozen or a hundred other physical human structures at the time of their death and burial, the question is, how, in such a case, is the self-same body to "rise again." Bishop Berkeley said, "Few men think; but all will have opinions." If those who hold to the doctrine which the Catholic priest makes the basis of his opposition to cremation, would only think, they would be ashamed of themselves for assenting to such a childish superstition.

Mrs. Sarah Graves of Grand Rapids, Mich. writes, August 14th: "I have just returned home from the Vicksburg camp meeting of four weeks. We had a good meeting. Mr. Moulton was well liked. J. M. Allen was with us for three weeks. W. H. Blair of Chicago, did well as presiding officer. The writer had many compliments for earnest speeches made every day on the ground. The camp was not a good place for frauds. Mrs. Bible did well; so did Sister Winch. In consequence of the appeal of our good Sister Lillie, the expenses of the meeting were made up."

A correspondent of the *Christian Register*, objecting to its position on the school question, criticised in these columns last week, quotes the *Register's* statement that "A public school is not the place in which to teach ecclesiastical history," and asks: "How is national history to be separated from ecclesiastical history? When Rome had civil as well as ecclesiastical authority, were not the events of the Church and State so linked together as to create a history from which the part taken by the Church could not be eliminated without cutting out the whole? We infer, therefore, that the *Christian Register* advocates the discontinuance of the study of history in the public schools." The *Register* fails to answer the questions.

Among the lost on the Geiser, was the wife of Martin Seehus, editor of the Chicago *Skandinavin*. She lived at 1178 Milwaukee avenue. Mr. Seehus said that they were married at Christiana, Norway, five years ago. Among the wedding presents were two return tickets to America, good for five years. The time was about to expire, and Mrs. Seehus was returning on one of these tickets for a visit with her parents. "She was twenty-five years old," said Mr. Seehus, "and she had a premonition that something would happen to her on this trip. We came over on the Geiser, and I wanted her to return on it now so as to escape the October storms. She didn't want to go, but I urged her to do so, and now I wish I hadn't. When she left me she said 'It is so sad to go. I don't want you to come to the depot to see me off.' She was apparently feeling happier when she reached New York, for I received a letter from her full of pleasant thoughts. My wife was an expert swimmer; the best in the Christiana Natatorium, but I fear she had no chance in the ocean waves. On our first voyage over in the Geiser five years ago, the vessel was commanded by an older captain. The Geiser was not a large vessel. On our voyage we had fair weather and no accidents, and the vessel seemed in every way seaworthy."

The *Herald* of this city thinks that the Jersey mosquito has as good a claim as the Jersey deacon, on Ocean Grove. It does not believe that the place was made exclusively for man. Here is what the *Herald* says: "Those who have marveled at the fitness of the Jersey mosquito may believe the claim of that insect to Ocean Grove is as good as man's, and certainly more tenable on a hot night. It will occur to a good many religious minds that the mosquitoes had as clear a right to pray for a cessation of deacons as the deacons for a hegira of mosquitoes. The hand of God, in either case, was very probably not in it at all."

Too Much Light.

The St. Louis *Republic* contains a dispatch from Bonne Terre, Mo., under date of Aug. 11, as follows:

For the past two weeks a "Prof." Peters had been holding séances and lecturing on Spiritualism at Bonne Terre, and had succeeded in working up a considerable excitement. On the night of Aug. 10th, however, four or five of the most prominent citizens determined if there was fraud, which was strongly suspected, to expose it. They accordingly arranged with the "professor" to hold a séance at the office of Dr. Keith, to which about a dozen persons were invited. Previous to the meeting an electric wire was carried into the room from an adjoining drug store, and it was arranged that when the lights had been extinguished and the performance was fairly under way the druggist should turn on the electric current and make manifest whatever trick, if any, there was in it. In the meantime the "professor" made all his arrangements, a tambourine and small bell were laid upon the table for the use of the spirits, a circle was formed, a gap being left to be filled by the "professor" in person as soon as he had extinguished the lights. The circle having been closed, each member holding with his right hand the left hand of his next neighbor, the mysterious influence began to work, the tambourine gave forth a tremulous sound and the bell tinkled distinctly over the heads of the circle. The druggist hearing the tinkling of the bell in his room concluded that the time had arrived to throw light on the subject, and accordingly turned on the electric current. In a moment the darkened chamber was flooded with light, revealing the "professor" leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, holding, and gently shaking the tambourine with his mouth, while with his right hand he manipulated the bell, holding it high above his head. He had completed the circle by dextrously joining the hands of the two persons who supposed they were sitting on either side of him and holding his hands, while in reality they were holding each other's hands. With his left hand he grasped the wrist of one of them, and with his mouth and right hand, under cover of the darkness, he played his little game of fraud. The exposure was so sudden and complete that it created quite an excitement, and threats of lynching were made. An officer being at hand, a warrant was sworn out charging Peters with obtaining money under false pretences, and he was at once placed under arrest.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. C. E. Eddy, the well known medium, left Chicago on the 22nd, to spend one week at Waukesha and Oconomowoc, Wis.

The *Harbinger of Light* for July 1st is received from Melbourne, Australia. The articles are numerous and devoted to Spiritualism, free thought and the Zoistic science.

A new department has been added to the course of instruction in the Belvidere Seminary, and $150 will pay for a thorough course in stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping and penmanship, board and washing included. Address, Principals of Industrial Department of Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, New Jersey.

Prof. W. Paine, of Philadelphia, was in Chicago the first of the week. He went from here to Muskegon, Mich. He has now in his possession one of the finest microscopes in the world, and is making some valuable discoveries with reference to the germs of disease.

A Rockland, Me., young man got up in his sleep the other night, jumped out of a window fifteen feet from the ground, took out a screen and climbed in another window on the ground floor and was then awakened with difficulty.

MRS. WELL'S CHAMPION.

He Attempts to Befog the Issue—Lost in the Newtonian Desert of Sophistry he Materializes a Smoke to Hide His Discomfiture—His Signal Failure—The White Light of a Brooklyn Law Office Dissipates His Illusions and Drives Him Into a Hole of His Own Digging.

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. H. J. NEWTON AND HON. A. H. DAILEY.

Readers of the JOURNAL will recall the correspondence between Mr. Henry J. Newton, acting as the champion of Mrs. Wells, on one side and Mr. Bundy and his attorney on the other, published several weeks ago. That correspondence was read with much interest, and the general verdict was that Mr. Newton had succeeded in vaulting into an unenviable position and put himself in a ridiculous, not to say ludicrous, attitude before the public:

NEWTON TO DAILEY.

128 WEST 43D ST., NEW YORK, July 18, 1888.

HON. A. H. DAILEY.—*Dear Sir:*—Yours of the 17th came duly to hand. You characterize my last letter to you as almost wholly irrelevant to the purpose for which you are retained by Col. Bundy and "dispose of it without comment." This, under the circumstances, is rather a peculiar way of disposing of it and easy withal, if not polite, especially when the irrelevant matter was in reply to what you had introduced in your previous letters.

I would call your attention to the one written June 17th; you will find it is made up mainly of matter foreign to the issue in controversy. On the first page of over twenty lines there is scarcely anything except eulogies of Col. Bundy and his paper and railing accusations against me, and in making these charges against me, you inadvertently reveal the animus of Col. Bundy's attack on my cabinet. I have sinned against your oracle and must be punished;—that is about the size of it. Just as long as you write this kind of letters to me I shall reply to them. I have no idea of tacitly admitting by silence the truth of your statements which are not true; and now to test your faith in one of your charges, viz.: that Col. Bundy's paper has been bought up to prevent its circulation at certain meetings (or for any other purpose) at which I have presided or usually preside, or at any other Spiritualist meeting held under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists at Adelphi Hall,—I dare you to put up one hundred dollars that you can substantiate this charge. I denounce it as false, and just about as true as a large portion of the gossip on which Col. Bundy is endeavoring to erect his Temple of Fame, and which seems to be exceedingly palatable to him and his admirers. I must confess that I was greatly surprised that you should reiterate the erroneous statement that I have added some condition to my only and original proposition. An attorney in defending his client I suppose must imagine that by virtue of such position he is entitled to a certain license in dealing with facts which we miserable laymen have no right or title in. This is the only excuse or reason which suggests itself to my mind why you should make such a statement, especially when I called your particular attention, in my last letter, to the grave error you had made in a similar charge, and challenged you to quote anything which I had written, to justify you. Instead of making the slightest attempt to right the wrong you repeat it in (if possible) more offensive form without reason or sense. That there may be no excuse for a repetition of this misstatement, I append my original and only proposition to Col. Bundy: "I will enter into and execute a suitable bond that all your personal expenses shall be paid which may be incurred in defending a suit for libel brought against you by Mrs. E. A. Wells, in a court in New York City, provided you get final judgment against her."

If I have made any proposition except this, please show the fact before again stating that I have. I have so far stated no sum to be mentioned in the bond, so your offer to reduce it to five hundred dollars is of no consequence, as the question of the amount of the bond has not been raised by me. I fully agree with you that before he gets through with such an undertaking he will find it exceedingly expensive. You say my proposition no man of ordinary sense would have accepted and which you as his attorney declined; and because I declined to change my original proposition or modify it in any way, you have the assurance to stigmatize that fact as a "clean cut back down." You have wandered and floundered about so much in the fog that you have stirred up with outside and irrelevant matter, that you have evidently almost entirely lost sight of Col. Bundy's original position. Permit me to refresh your memory. On May 22nd, he wrote to me and in answer to an interrogatory from me says: "To my mind *nothing* could make it more necessary and important to prove the truth of what I publish and I believe that in the interests of Spiritualism and of good people who have been deceived by this woman, the truth of said editorial statement should be legally established *without delay*." Is this Col. Bundy's position to-day? Was it ever his true position? If it was, has he not backed down? These are questions I am perfectly willing should be answered by others.

Mr. Bundy talks about the interests of Spiritualism. You, in your first letter to me (June 6th) change the key-note and assure me that you shall exercise your judgment as you deem best for his interest. Without any argument it must be apparent to the most casual observer that the interests of Spiritualism and the interests of Col. Bundy are in no sense parallel, and if at any previous time there had been any question on this subject your advice to him in this matter has settled it beyond a peradventure that the two interests are far from the same. The Colonel says that to his mind "nothing could make it more necessary." I could give him some suggestions which, if he would follow them, would increase the necessity at least a hundred fold.

I told you in my last letter that all I wanted was "Yes" or "No" to my offer. That is all I have ever wanted. In your last, as I understand it, it is declined, therefore there is no reason why this correspondence should be continued.

Permit me in closing to express the opinion that Col. Bundy will have to meet this matter sometime, and I shall content myself to wait and bide my time.

Yours Fraternally, HENRY J. NEWTON.

DAILEY TO NEWTON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., August 10th, 1888.

Mr. HENRY J. NEWTON: Yours of the 18th ult. was duly received. At the commencement of our correspondence I said to you that it was not my purpose to enter into a letter-writing contest with you, and you replied that in that respect we should be agreed if in nothing else. Since that time, your letters have covered from about twice to three times the space of mine, and your efforts to draw me into a discussion of matters foreign to the legitimate subject of our correspondence, indicates a purpose to cover your retreat by shooting into the woods you are taking to, as if your man was in that direction. You know he is in the open field just where you have left him.

You are apparently offended that I made no reply to the major portion of the previous letter, except to characterize it as "almost wholly irrelevant to the purpose for which I am retained by Col. Bundy." You answer, that the irrelevant matter was in reply to what I had introduced in a previous letter, and you say just as long as I write this kind of letters to you, you shall reply to them. You refer to my letter of June 17th, which called out your reply without date, covering nearly eleven pages of closely written note paper; in that letter you fully exhausted the considerations of all matters contained in that letter, and further reference thereto in your last, was wholly superfluous. I stated to you in that letter why I understood you to be working for the personal interests of Mrs. Wells; and among the reasons one was, that I understood that the copies of the JOURNAL, which commented upon Mrs. Wells, had been bought up, and not permitted to be circulated at a meeting where you usually presided. I stated simply what I had heard and presumed that my information was correct; you denied all knowledge of such a transaction. I accepted your answer and made no reply. I did not get my information from Col. Bundy, and I was glad to learn from you that if the JOURNAL was suppressed, it was without your knowledge or connivance. The joining of your forces with the man of the *Better Way*, which I had suggested, you rejected, saying you were not seeking for a partner. To this I replied, "Let the matter rest there," and I did not press that condition thereafter. In your letter of June 6th you fully discussed this same matter, and the question now arises, how many times do you wish to discuss matters already disposed of and which I have either not pressed or have waived? You can not divert attention in that way.

I am shocked at your proposition to engage me in a wager, in a matter, too, which is not in issue. You lose your temper, brother Newton; and in your excitement challenge me to prove my assertion that the JOURNALS were bought up to prevent their circulation; and you want me to put up one hundred dollars on that issue. Perhaps you think it would be easier to win one hundred dollars from me upon that issue, than from Col. Bundy upon the issue of the virtues of Mrs. Wells as a materializer. From what you say, I really think you wise to attempt to divert attention in this way. I suppose you know that the laws of the State of New York make betting unlawful; and why do you attempt to induce a man sworn to sustain the law, to become an offender against it? I do not really think you were considerate when you made this proposal to get my money. I could not conscientiously take yours should I win it; you certainly will not win mine.

You again come at me with considerable heat, because I repeat that you have changed the condition of your original proposition to Col. Bundy, by inserting therein the word "final," so that Mrs. Wells must have final judgment against her before you will be liable for Col. Bundy's personal expenses. Now that I am unmistakably right in this matter, I quote from your first letter to Col. Bundy of May as follows:

JOHN C. BUNDY—

Dear Sir:—In your JOURNAL of May 5, you say you can, if necessary, prove in the courts of New York City that Mrs. Wells is a vile swindler and has been for years using trick cabinets and confederates. In view of such a statement by you so strongly put, I wish to ask you a few questions, and I hope you will frankly answer, 1st: Is Mrs. Wells alluded to above, Mrs. E. A. Wells? 4th: If your expenses are paid to come to New York City, will you come and undertake to do in this direction what you say you can?

Now in this letter, you have made no condition that Col. Bundy's expenses shall be paid upon his obtaining "final judgment"; none whatever. The question is, "If your personal expenses are paid to come to New York City, will you come and undertake to do in this direction what you say you can?" Had the proposition—for certainly there can be no other interpretation of it—been qualified by the condition of *final* judgment against Mrs. Wells, it would have been a very different one indeed. The proposal made in that letter might lead any one to suppose you intended to pay the Colonel's personal expenses, win or lose; but as soon as you received his answer of May 22nd, wherein he makes a positive, clearly defined proposition to you, to prove the truth of all he said in the courts of New York, provided you executed a suitable bond to cover his expenses if he defeat Mrs. Wells before a jury upon a trial of that action, you found the Colonel was not frightened and was ready to meet you; then came your counter proposition, and your retreat and flourishing commenced; then you want a "final judgment against Mrs. Wells," before you will pay the Colonel's personal expenses in this proposed action. In your letter of May 24th to Col. Bundy you say to him, "You make a broad assertion of what you can establish in the courts of the city of New York and my purpose was and is to see that you undertake to do it." Then you say, "I will enter into and execute a suitable bond that all your personal expenses shall be paid, provided you get final judgment."

If your first letter was not a proposition to Col. Bundy, and was not so intended, then Col. Bundy's reply and square proposition to you is the first one made, and you are the party first challenged, not he; and what has your answer been; have you accepted or declined it?

Again, you say of yourself, in that letter, "I have sinned against your oracle and must be punished; that is about the size of it." You also criticise a former letter of mine to you, and say that "on the first page of over twenty lines, there is scarcely anything except eulogies of Col. Bundy and his paper, and railing accusations against me." You then proceed to say: "I told you in my last letter that all I wanted was yes or no to my answer; that is all I have ever wanted; in your last letter, as I understand it, it is declined; therefore there is no reason why this correspondence should be continued. Permit me in closing to express the opinion that Col. Bundy will have to meet this matter sometime, and I shall content myself to wait and bide my time."

Now, Mr. Newton, I would not have taken all this trouble to answer your letter, did I not think I could clearly discern its ulterior purpose. If it serves that purpose, I shall heartily congratulate you. Your arraignment of my conduct as an attorney, has invited my personal participation in the composition of this letter; and I do not know that I can do the cause of spiritual truth any greater service than to accept the occasion and say a few words upon this matter. Whatever may be your information of the custom of attorneys under professional license, to misstate the facts in any case, I know of no such liberty being accorded them, and I shall not plead my professional character in extenuation or in protection for anything I have written. I have written nothing in malice and have nothing but regrets that Col. Bundy and yourself are at variance upon the issue made. I have offended you in my estimate of Col. Bundy and his great work; and you most unkindly charge me with making railing accusations against you. This is simply a grave error, Mr. Newton, for I have made no accusations against you, unless to charge you with having espoused the cause of Mrs. Wells can be so considered; and the truth can hardly be regarded as an accusation in the light in which it is here construed. As we have had frequent occasion to know, men who pride themselves upon being keen, sharp and scientific are sometimes most easily misled, and are often readily duped. I have felt that it would be charitable to class you among them, rather than to say that you are perversely in error.

Your complimentary allusion to Col. Bundy as my oracle, does not hurt me. To my knowledge, he has never set himself up as an instrument for any of the phenomenal manifestations attending the development and progression of the Spiritualist movement. His work has been to conduct a journal for the transmission of general intelligence in that line, and it has been his duty to sift, and thoroughly winnow the chaff and tares from every grain of truth he published to the world. Time and again he has, at immense cost of labor and money, traced crawling, slimy, hissing vipers into sacred places, and dragged them into the light as Satans in the Garden of Divine Truth; and all to what purpose? To be abused, maligned and threatened by unbalanced sycophants, gone wild over some doubtful manifestations, and who will not believe, even when the evidence of fraud comes in overwhelming volume from persons of unquestioned integrity; even when corroborated from the lips of the creatures who perpetrate these offences against humanity and the angel-world. I have striven hitherto to avoid conspicuous participation in the controversies among Spiritualists, originating in that fruitful field of dispute, materialization. I know that materialization is possible, and I have had painful evidence of its simulation in various ways; and fraud once proved, justly taints all that follows from the same source.

Had you any disposition to put to the test at your own expense, the issue of the genuineness of the presentation through Mrs. Wells, you would long ago have accepted Col. Bundy's offer. That you are not willing to hazard your money on that issue, is apparent from the closing words of your letter, wherein you give your opinion, in the form of a covert threat, "that Col. Bundy will have to meet this matter sometime, and that you shall content yourself to wait and bide your time." All of this means simply, that you will be upon the lookout for Col. Bundy's presence within the jurisdiction of the courts of New York, when you will put forward Mrs. Wells as a plaintiff in an action which shall put the Colonel to the cost of proving the truth of what he has said without the hazard of your coffers. You are deceiving no one but yourself; and when that issue is tried, you will find yourself in the humiliating position that others have found themselves when taking similar positions.

That you shall have no possible pretext to get out of your position, I am instructed by Col. Bundy to accept your terms and waive the subject of final judgment. Therefore prepare your papers, bond, etc., in accordance with your own understanding, and send them to me, and I will, with their delivery, accept service of the summons and complaint for Col. Bundy, and do all that can be required, to afford you and Mrs. Wells all the satisfaction any court will give you.

Yours fraternally,
A. H. DAILEY.

NEWTON'S LAST.

NYACK, August 15th, 1888.

A. H. DAILEY, ESQ.,—*Dear Sir:* Yours of the 10th came to hand after some extra travel. I have instructed Erastus H. Benn, one of Mrs. Wells's attorneys, to prepare the necessary papers and communicate with you. I saw by one of the papers that Mrs. Wells was away from the city at the present time. Mr. Benn will know when she will be back. I am inclined to the opinion that the papers were made out before Mrs. Wells left the city. As I leave here to-morrow for Northern New York to be away until some time next week, I will defer answering your many charges against me until my return.

Yours, etc.,
H. J. NEWTON.

If Mrs. Wells's lawyer now obeys the instructions which her next friend and champion has given, the public may look for some interesting developments when the case comes to trial. As before stated we do not make editorial assertions involving the character and acts of mediums until we are satisfied from evidence laid before us that they are true. Mr. Newton is willing to deplete his million, more or less, to defend his friend and co-worker of the 1st Society, apparently. Frauds and fanatics will thank him for his gallantry and pray that in spending money he will prove a greater success than he has as a letter writer.

Against the earnest protest of his attorney, Mr. Bundy insisted upon an acceptance of Mr. Newton's terms, unfair as they were, in order that if by any possibility he should have been misled by the testimony on which he made the editorial assertions of last May concerning Mrs. Wells, that she should have the opportunity for vindication and redress.

General News.

A natural oyster bed has been discovered in the New Haven (Conn.) harbor.—Four men met in Baxley, Ga., the other day who weighed altogether 1,017 pounds.—Orange trees about Clearwater, Fla., are now in full bloom, the third time this year.—Col. Tuitt, of Georgia, has not seen the bottom of his corn-crib for more than twenty years, and is now selling sound grain grown in 1876.—A twenty-pound West Virginia wildcat was caught in a mowing machine. He was badly cut up and so saved two hay harvesters a nasty fight.—A radish weighing three and one-half pounds and measuring twenty inches in circumference is on exhibition in Dublin. It was grown by Dr. Buchan, of Reedy Springs, Ga.—Sculptor's clay is something that does not "grow wild" everywhere, and it is said that the best now in use by American artists comes from Federal hill, near Baltimore.—In Macon, Ga., a young man, while practising on the horizontal bar in the armory there, fell, was taken up insensible, and carried home. Next morning he was all right again; but the strange part of it is that he has lost all memory of what occurred for twelve hours before and after his fall.—Rossi, the Italian tragedian, is said to be about to retire permanently from the stage.—Walter Besant says the time is not far distant when writers will be able to make as large fortunes as bankers.—Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria has for some time practiced successfully as an oculist, giving advice and treatment gratis.—Major McKinley allows that Thomas Buchanan Read was a fine poet, but he says there isn't a bit of imagination in his verses on Sheridan's ride to Winchester.—After a recent performance of "Carmen" at Covent Garden, London, Minnie Hauk was presented with a wreath of laurels and oak leaves in solid gold in honor of the tenth anniversary of the first production of that opera in England.—Mme. Patti-Nicolini wants to sell her Craig-y-nos Castle, Wales. The estate covers 350 acres, surrounded by picturesque mountains.—Mr. Whitbread, one of Mr. Gladstone's thick-and-thin followers in the House of Commons, is the owner of a brewery which is said to pay him $1,500,000 a year.—Queen Victoria has won quite a reputation among English agriculturist as what may be called a royal farmer of the gentler sex. At the show of the Isle of Wight Agricultural Society recently she took three prizes for farm horses, one for Jersey cattle and four for Down sheep, winning the champion prize for the best ram and the award for the best pair of ewes.

Mr. George W. Cable will start for California this month on a reading tour.—Herbert Spencer is working on his autobiography, but his poor health prevents his making much progress.—Baron Reuter, the telegraph king of Europe, keeps a secretary whose sole business it is to investigate and relieve cases of distress.—Senator Ransom and his son resemble each other in appearance so closely that it is not easy to distinguish one from the other at a distance.—It is said Mark Twain proposes to bring out all the funny stories and anecdotes originally written for, but finally not published in, Gen. Grant's memoirs.—Dr. Robert Morris, who recently died at La Grange, Ky., was one of the only two poets laureate the Free Masons have ever had. Robert Burns was the first.—Gen Alfred H. Terry is rapidly regaining his health at his home in New Haven, Conn. He has an old army tent on his lawn, in which he spends most of his time.—Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria has passed his final medical examination, qualifying him to practice as a physician. This is the second member of the Bavarian royal family who has joined the medical profession.—Admiral David B. Porter is writing a sea romance in which the American navy, instead of being run down by coal barges, is made to contribute to the glory of the American republic.

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four essays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents.

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received encomiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

After Dogmatic Theology, What? Materialism or Spiritual Philosophy and Natural Religion. The aim of this work is to state materialism fairly, and to hold it as inconsistent. A wide range of ancient and modern proof of the higher aspects of the God idea in history is given. Cloth, 150 pages; only 60 cents, postpaid.

The American Protectionist's Manual. This work is especially sought after at this time when the tariff question is discussed by all stanch American citizens. A subject that has entered as a vital question into the politics of America deserves careful thought and serious attention and the statements in this work are offered as a help to all classes. It has been commended as interesting, fair, clear and strong, packing more in its 192 pages than any other book of that size on these subjects. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cover, 25 cents, post paid.

Poems From the Life Beyond and Within. Voices from many lands and centuries saying: "Man, thou shalt never die." The compiler has gathered these poems from ancient Hindustan, Persia, Arabia, Greece, Rome, and Northern Europe, and from the great poets of the centuries in Europe down to some of the best words of living men and women, closing with inspired voices from the spirit land. Cloth, price, $1.50, postpaid.

Progress from Poverty. This is a review and criticism of Henry George's Progress and Poverty and Protection and Free Trade. Price, cloth, 50 cents, paper 25 cts.

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The National Revenues

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Camp Meeting Notice.

The Annual Camp Meeting of the First Society of Spiritualists of Delphos Kansas, will be held at Delphos, commencing September 7th and holding ten days or longer if thought best at time of meeting. All are invited.

A. D. BALLOU, Secretary.

The Higher Teachings OF SPIRITUALISM

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SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will meet in convention in Westerfield's Hall, Anderson, Ind., September 13, 1888, at 10 A. M. A corps of good mediums will be in attendence during the week and a grand time is expected.

All Spiritualists and friends of investigation invited. Hotel rater $1. per day.

GEO. W. HUNTER, Sec., Indianapolis, Ind.
DR. BECK, Pres., Delphi, Ind.

A Live Republican Newspaper.

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INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

THE COUSINS.

EMMA TUTTLE.

Four little maidens in cunning short dresses,
Hair ribbons flying from long braided tresses,
Dimpled hands clasped in affectionate presses,
 Minnie, and Aggie, and Corda, and Ettie.
Sweet little girls with their sunbonnets airy
Shading their faces so roguish and fairy,
Eight little eyes twinkled never so starry,
 Four little cousins were never so pretty.

Over the moss-banks and down in the hollows,
Tramping the meadow grass, skipping the fallows,
Coaxing the robins and counting the swallows,
 That was the way that their days chased each other,
When in the summer, with lunch-basket swinging,
Down to the school-house we watched them go singing.
"Oh, may the future be tardy in bringing
 Grief to their hearts," said my tender-voiced mother.

Time, the world's master kept thinning and grouping,
Here sang the thrushes, there ravens were swooping,
Here walked an angel, there men played at duping,
 Close by the path where the cousins were walking.
Minnie, the one with the purple black tresses,
Lent her white hand to deceiving caresses,
And, breaking the threads of life's delicate meshes,
 Mute sorrow hushed early her laughing and talking.

Aggie, a lush blossom just in the flushing
Grew, oh, how pallid! When soft pink was flushing,
And fell in the tempest winds wailing and rushing,
 And blowing the snows in her face so exquisite.
Two of the cousins talk sadly and lowly
Of Minnie and Aggie, the angels so holy,
Who many a time, as the years vanish slowly,
 Sweep down through the azure to bless with a visit.

Corda, as tall as the holly-hocks early,
Corda, with brown eyes and forehead so pearly,
Corda, whose rosy lips pouted demurely
 Came to be "somebody's" darling just lately.
Yet on her dark hair the wreath has not faded,
Yet runs life's path along, flower-edged and graded,
Nothing but sunbeams with blossoms inbraided!
 Chained you, sweet madame, so tender and stately.

Fate, I implore you deal liberal chances
To Etta, a jewel for Spanish romances,
With long silken lashes and half-frightened glances,
 Who wanders alone in a garden of roses.
Four little cousins! with sweet recollection
I dream of your childhood and tender affection,
And ward off the arrows of grief and dejection
 In thoughts of reunion beyond tearful closes.

Work In India.

About forty missionary societies of various faiths are represented in India. These employ about 800 missionaries, who are mostly from this country and England. Besides these there are 600 or 700 native preachers of different persuasions. Of native Christians there are about 500,000 Protestants and a very large Catholic membership. As the whole population of India is about 250,000,000 it is plain a great work is before the missionaries before all India is evangelized. There are 180,000,000 followers of old-fashioned Hinduism, 50,000,000 Mahometans, and 3,000,000 Buddhists. Of the Hindu population there are three chief classes—the Brahmins, the Sudras, and the outcasts. The Brahmins are priests, politicians, and aristocracy. The Sudras are the servile populations. The outcasts are those who have violated their caste rules, or have gone into the service of Europeans, or have become Christians. The Brahmins are only about one-twentieth of the whole, but they rule all the rest and live off of them.

The missionaries have hard work in making any of the native population depart from their old religious faith. It is a common impression among some good people that all heathens are ignorant, and not much better than savages. This is not the case in India. Many of the Hindu people whom the missionaries have to meet are shrewd logicians and always ready for an argument. The missionary who is unable to wrestle with these people, and to discuss intelligently the difference between their religions and Christianity, might as well pack his trunk and go home. The first mission to India was sent out from England in 1793. Considering the immense difficulties of the work the missionaries ought to have the credit of having labored faithfully.

THE DIVINING ROD.

A Beautiful Swede at Work in Ohio's Oil Fields.

A Detroit *Tribune* correspondent at Findlay, Ohio, writes: That superstition has a strong hold upon prospectors, drillers and others engaged in the petroleum industry who depend largely upon indications, the following story told the *Tribune* to-day proves:

"I will tell you something that you may believe or not, just as you please, but it is a fact nevertheless, that some of the best oil wells located in the Lima, Findlay and North Baltimore fields have been drilled in the very spots located by an oil wizard or rather wizardess. She is a lady—a beautiful Swede who lives in Pennsylvania, is well educated and her husband is well off. She has been here a number of times at the request of oil men familiar with her success in the Washington county field of that State. In every case her predictions have been fulfilled to the letter. Her method of operating is something like the old divining rod used by water-witches in searching for locations for wells. I have seen the forked witchstick in her hand when she appeared to grip it with the strength of a powerful man. I have watched for the result at least a dozen times, and in every case a good oil well has followed."

This brings to mind the well proved results, published in our columns years ago, of the water finding by Cyrus Fuller, of Livonia, Michigan, who has located more than a hundred wells, finding water without failure and on first trial, as his neighbors testify. He uses a forked twig of hazel or peach.

Note From Frank C. Algerton.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I arrived upon the beautiful camp grounds of Cassadaga, and was welcomed by loving friends, July 29th. I had the honor to lecture by special request in the auditorium Sunday evening, July 29th, and also Monday evening, August 6th.

Cassadaga has added to her many charms, that of a beautiful library building and reading room, also lecture room. This splendid edifice was erected for the benefit of the cause by a few philanthropic souls, who went deep down into their pockets, that the spiritual philosophy might be benefited thereby. Would to God there were more such in our midst. All omens seem to point to a brilliant future for Cassadaga. After the close of the camp, I shall go to Buffalo, N. Y., to lecture; thence to Meadville, Pa., to start with the aid of my angel guides a foothold in that city for the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism. Then I shall go to visit loved ones in Nova Scotia, and expect to arrive in Chicago in December.

Cassadaga, Aug. 9th. F. C. A.

R. H. Kneeshaw, of Montreal, Ca., writes: "I earnestly wish that your invaluable JOURNAL was in the hands of all investigators of spiritual phenomena. As a medium, I thank you for the healthy tone that pervades the whole of the contributions and communications from your columns, and I hope that your unceasing efforts to purify the spiritual platform and séance rooms will meet with due encouragement. Here in Montreal the cause is steadily progressing, notwithstanding the obvious difficulties that our isolated position entails upon us. The hard rocky ground has at least been broken into and some amount of seed sown, and there are not wanting signs of a future harvest, my only hope being that those to whom the truth is revealed may have sufficient moral worth and true grit to enable them to rightly discriminate between the true and the spurious."

Letter from the Hockessin Philosopher.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Will you allow me through the JOURNAL to thank Hon. A. H. Dailey for his most excellent lecture upon "Bibles," published in a late issue? Such an array of solid facts and expression of sound views we seldom meet with. It is grandly calculated to provoke critical reasoning and to spread wider and wider the ever opening light.

Can you inform us as to the antecedents of Mrs. E. B. Duffey who gives us "Heaven Revised?" There are so many who have attempted to tell us just how things are in Heaven and Hell, and more doubtless will be forthcoming. We have had Emanuel Swedenborg, Judge Edmonds, A. J. Davis, Mrs. Maria M. King, Miss Phelps with her "Beyond the Gates," the beautiful "Beyond the Sunrise" (presumed to be by the Cary Sisters) and others needless to mention at this time. Swedenborg, though evidently a seer, had the weight resting upon him, of a yet darker Bible-worshiping age than the present. He had also weak points of character. His revelations are fallible.

A. J. Davis made very important blunders in treating of physico-astronomical truths, and has failed, it would seem, to carry out the wisdom of his earlier days. How can we rely upon his statements concerning the Spirit-world as infallible evidence?

It was *revealed* to the excellent Mrs. King that comets never enter the solar system. How, in the face of such a manifest error can we depend implicitly upon revelations made in her treatise upon "Real life in the Spirit-land"? Miss Phelps declines to enlighten us as to the fact whether her very readable book, "Beyond the Gates," is based upon reliable revelations, or whether it be a romancing upon her own ideas as to a future life,—"made to sell," and contribute to her previously well earned success as an authoress.

The very pretty stories told in "Beyond the Sunrise," we are informed, are nearly all based upon facts, and they give us some inkling of the nature of an after life; but which of them are the fictitious accounts? which the real?

So, Mr. Editor, whenever your correspondents wish to enlighten us as to that beautiful after life, the anticipation of which ever rests with us as a strength and comfort in our battle through this one, pray tell them if the universal "Yankee" that "wants to know" where they were "born and brought up," and what are the credentials they carry. We like well-told stories, which are very plenty in these days; but we don't like to be fooled. We are highly interested in these bright prospects before us, and believe in the scientific possibility of ascertaining sufficient knowledge of the after life, that is now best for us to have (which probably means all we can get), but while we are reading with much pleasure Mrs. Duffey's chapters, that seem very good as compared with some others, yet an ounce of assured truth in this line, we esteem more valuable than a pound of romance or fancy.

A few more words of gossip: Let us say a hearty good-by to "Colby alias Raines"; but when will we be able to say the same to all the weakling editors of Boston, San Francisco or elsewhere, who are fooled by and back up such unhung scoundrels?

Now what about these "*hard-headed Sikes*"? It is a fitting name for all men, be they ever so worthy, who strive to warp and strain the facts of psychic science, no matter how absurdly it may be needed, to explain away, if possible, the simple spiritual truths that are the death alike, of a coarse and hard materialism and of a bigoted orthodox theology.

J. G. JACKSON.

Statistics of Salvation.

Dr. Atwood, in the *Universalist Christian Lead* considers some of the statistics of salvation:—

Mr. Edward S. Niles of Boston, gave an address on Saturday, in which he made several sensible suggestions, from an orthodox point of view. He deprecated giving so much attention and money to foreign missions, when "there were 10,000 foreign infidels and idol-worshipers landed on our shores every month. There was ample room for foreign missionary labor right in the United States. Boston, with its 600,000 people, had no more than 25,000 members of Protestant churches; New York, with 2,000,000 people, had less than 90,000 Protestants; and Chicago, with 800,000 people, had fewer than 100,000 Protestants. There were 3,860,000 people in these three cities who do not attend our churches. Why, then, should they go to India or China or Germany or Italy to preach the gospel? If the Bible is true, those who do not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ have nothing before them but eternal punishment. Those 3,860,000 people were on the road to eternal destruction." The speaker here indulged in some calculations, arriving at the conclusion that about 80,000 of the people die and go to perdition, every year, one-twelfth that number every month, etc. He thought these startling facts ought to induce all Christians to put forth their greatest Christian endeavors to save the people. It does not admit of reasonable doubt that, if the remnant of saved people in the three cities should make such a truly Christian endeavor as the awful emergency calls on them to make, some portion of this vast and ceaseless procession, marching to their inconceivably terrible doom, might be rescued. If any human situation should move to prompt, united, unremitting effort, this surely is the exact one. Yet there is, to draw it mildly, not a tithe of the interest, even among devout Christian people, in this tremendous fate of their neighbors, bosom friends, nearest kindred, that there is in the election of Cleveland or Harrison! Why cannot Mr. Niles, and others momentarily conscious of their creed, see the truth here, which is that the fulcrum over which they seek to pry—belief in the reality of his "facts"—has no existence? If men—good men, Christian men, preachers of orthodox theory—really believed the situation to be such as his calculation implies, he would not calculate in vain. There would be something more than a theatrical sensation, to pass away when the curtain drops. There would be instant, unanimous, heroic action. The "facts" might as well not be so, Mr. Niles; for men do not believe them. Are they so?

A Spirit in a Rocking Chair.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

One Saturday afternoon lately, about 2 P. M., David Dillon, William R. Butler and myself were so seated as to form a triangle near the front of W. R. B.'s furniture store pleasantly engaged in conversation of temporal matters, when suddenly a cane seated rocking-chair, ten feet from any visible person or force, commenced to rock on the bare floor. Its vibration simultaneously arrested our attention; all saw its rapid motion. I said, "Do you see it rock?" Both replied "Yes." "Could it rock without some applied force?" I asked, when both responded, "No." I replied that I clairvoyantly saw the mother of William R. Butler sitting in, and rocking the chair. I described her to the complete satisfaction of Mr. B. I had never seen the lady, nor her picture. She died in Boston, Mass., twenty years ago. On the Monday morning following Mr. B. produced her photograph, taken thirty years ago, which duplicated the spirit I saw in the chair, only the angel had displaced the physical. She had progressed until she was bathed in a radiance that touched my soul with rapture. She told me her age when she passed to spirit-life. Mr. Butler's statement of her age and when she died, corroborates hers. At the time no other persons were in the store; the afternoon was cloudless, no wind, and the doors open.

J. H. PRATT.

Springhill, Kansas.

James A. Platt writes: "While at the Parkland Camp Meeting, I listened to a lecture delivered by J. Frank Baxter. He is a highly gifted orator. His topic in the morning, "Spiritualism and Morals," was handled ably. In the afternoon his topic was, "Why are Spiritualists so denunciatory of Orthodoxy?" The discourse was followed by his so-called tests.

The only part of the proceedings to which I took exception, as being in bad taste, was a piece of mimicry, amounting to mockery, recounting what took place at a séance somewhere in New England. It was beneath Mr. B.'s usual dignified manner.

Mrs. Esther N. Monroe writes: "For over two years I have been a constant reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and were I given to regretting the past, I should regret that I had ever missed a number of such a grand enlightener! I can almost hear the whisper of invisible angels telling me to persevere, and that the work I am doing is a truly missionary one, for I always in some way or other teach the children to associate flowers with God and the angels and a pure life."

MEXICAN BURIAL CUSTOMS.

Coffins Are Rarely Used for Dead Bodies, Except Among the Rich.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Burial customs in different countries are as diversified as the religious creeds. Whether a burial takes place in China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, Mexico, Ireland or among the American Indians, no two are alike. The following illustrates the method of burial in Mexico:

"'Don't you want to see something fancy in the cemetery line?'

"It was Mr. Williams, the United States Consul at Guanajuata, who spoke, writes a Mexican correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. We were standing in front of the Hotel de la Union, and had been discussing the National Cemetery at Washington.

"'Well, I don't care,' I replied, and, suiting the action to the word, followed him out in the street and to the place where the 'burros' were kept. We soon reached the cemetery, a half-mile from the town. It is on the top of the hill, and only approached on one side. From every other point you looked down sheer precipices. The cemetery proper was walled in, and in this wall, which is ten feet thick, are the vaults for the coffins. From the inside it looks more like an immense chest, with a thousand small drawers, than anything else.

"On the head of each drawer was the name of the occupant, with occasionally the word 'perpituidad.' That means the body is allowed to stay in that vault forever. But as it costs $100 to have that word engraved there it is looked upon as a needless extravagance by the average Mexican, and he rents it for five years. After the five years are up the bones are taken out and dumped in the vault beneath.

"The body is never buried in a coffin, as in the United States, except among the rich. The undertaker furnishes the coffin to carry the body to the grave in, and it is there put into the stone box. Where the family of the deceased cannot afford to hire a coffin they are allowed to use one of the city coffins. There are six of these, and they are out nearly all the time.

"If the people do not want to pay for the use of a vault they can bury their dead in the vacant spaces in the center of the cemetery. The body is allowed to stay in the ground for a while, and is then dug up. Underneath the cemetery is a large vault 1,000 feet long, 14 feet high and 6 feet wide. This is the final resting place. Here the bones are dumped for the last time, and, although the cemetery at Guanajuata is only twenty-two years old, there are 20,000 cubic feet of bones there. The vault in another year will be full. There are twenty-five mummies in the vault.

"As we were returning we passed a 'Panteon Municipal' funeral. The coffin is carried by two men to the foot of the mountain and there transferred to the back of a burro." X.

A Born Seer's Experiences.

We have a relative staying with us at present, and though he knows nothing about Spiritualism, he has been a seer since a child. One night last week, I thought I would test his clairvoyant powers, and asked him to have a sitting with me. He had no objection, and we sat by our two selves. After singing a hymn and offering up a mental prayer for help and guidance, we sat quietly for a short time, when he asked me, if I felt anything on my hands. I said I did. I could scarcely keep them still; they felt as if feathers were being drawn across them. He said he saw a hand, as plainly as he saw his own, passing flowers over my hands, and one especially, a very large daisy, seemed to be alive, as it was dancing over my hands at a very quick rate. After a little more silence, he said he saw something like a white cloud coming from me; and then in a minute or so he cried out, in such a voice of terror, "Oh! Lizzie, is that you? Are you still there?" I spoke in as reassuring voice as I could: "Yes; I am here; don't be afraid?" But he still called out: "Are you sure it is you? It is a woman with a fuller rounder face than yours, and she has on a black dress, with frills at the wrists, and her hands are crossed on her lap." (Mine were on the table.) I said: "Well, you may see some one else, but I am here for all that." He was a little bit more composed and quiet for a few minutes, and then he called out again, in such a tone of fear and distress, if I was still present, that I made him come and sit close to me, which he very quickly did. He looked round the house in quite a terrified way once or twice, and then he took on shaking, till his teeth chattered. I said: "We will give over if you like." He replied, "Yes." In a minute the shaking passed off. He then gave a laugh and said: "Well, I never knew there were dogs in the Spirit-world before." I said: "I have heard that everything here has its counterpart there, but of course I don't know for the truth of it." "Well," he replied, "there is a pure white dog, such as ladies make pets of, standing up licking your hand, and then patting with his paw."—*E. G., in Medium and Daybreak.*

Preaching to Sailors.

I once heard Father Taylor preach a sermon on the atonement. It was all in a style that nobody but a sailor could understand. This was one of the passages: "You are dead in trespasses and sins, and buried, too, down in the lower hold among the ballast, and you can't get out, for there is a ton of sin on the main hatch. You shin up the stanchion and try to get it open, but you can't. You rig a purchase, you get your handspikes, capstan bars and watch tackles, but they are no good. You can't start it. Then you begin to sing out for help. You bail all the saints you think are on deck, but they can't help you. At last you hail Jesus Christ. He comes straight along. All he wanted was to be asked. He just claps his shoulder to that ton of sin. It rolls off, and then he says: 'Shipmates, come out!' Well, if you don't come out it is all your own fault."

It was on the Sunday before a State election. Briggs was the candidate of the Whig party, but Father Taylor desired that he should be elected, because he was a religious man. This was his prayer: "O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, just men, temperance men, Christian men, men who fear thee, who obey thy commandments, men who—but, O Lord, what's the use of veering and hauling and pointing all around the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for Governor!" His prayer was answered on the next day.—*John Codman in the Century.*

A Scientist's Estimate of the Value of Spiritualism to Science.

The *Scientific American* says: "Now these things seem to justify us in recurring to the subject of Spiritualism; and to point out some of the things which science has to do with. In the first place, then, we find no words wherewith adequately to express our sense of the magnitude of its importance to science, if it be true. Such words as profound, vast, stupendous, would need to be strengthened a thousand-fold to be fitted to such a use. If true, it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre to the glory of the nineteenth century. Its discoverer will have no rival in renown. For Spiritualism involves a stultification of what are considered the most certain and fundamental conclusions of science. If the pretensions of Spiritualism have a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of science than their verification. A realization of the *elixir vitæ*, the philosopher's stone, and the perpetual motion, is of less importance to mankind than the verification of Spiritualism."

Prof. John Clark Ridpath, in addressing his brethren at the General Conference of the Methodist Church, said: "Woe to us as a Church, my brethren, if it should be found that our constitutional structure is of that fixed and iron type which arrogates to itself the right to exist forever independent of the progress and development of human society. Beware, beware, of taking refuge in that old fortress of the Middle Ages. There it was that mediæval Romanism took its stand. And out of that rock-buttressed and sombre citadel of the night the owls of barbarism are still croaking at the glory of the sunlight and the beauty of the world." This is a warning which every church needs to heed. No molds or forms of religion can take the place of the living, progressive spirit.

Curious Incidents.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

One afternoon in last May I went to the hollow, a short distance from the house, where my brother was building a picket fence. There was a storm coming up from the southwest when I got to him. After some remarks about the approaching storm, he called my attention to the fence he was building. By this time the wind was blowing pretty hard. My brother taking his wheelbarrow, said he must go and get a load of pickets, and started off fifty yards below where I was standing; and near the banks of a small stream that ran through the hollow, my brother had fallen a tree from which he had made the pickets, and had piled them near the foot of a hill, and close by this little stream on top of this hill were several trees of quite large growth. Soon the wind commenced blowing a gale. As I was standing near the fence I heard a crash, and turning I looked for my brother, but he was gone. He was not standing where he was a moment before. Then I missed a large tree that grew on the summit of the hill where my brother had been at his work. My next move was to get there as soon as possible. I found him sitting on the ground twenty feet from where he had been at work, and on the very spot where he had been standing, lay the trunk of the tree I had heard crash down. On my asking him how he escaped, he said that he was busy throwing pickets on the wheelbarrow when some one said, "Look up!" He did so and saw the tree almost upon him, and at that same moment he was lifted by an unseen power and landed where I found him. He said that as far as he knows, he made no effort on his part to escape, because he had not the time.

Not only this but other strange things have happened to him during his life. I have known him many times to sit in the midst of a fishing party and catch all the fish that were to be caught. I have known him, also, to leave his building at midnight and, all alone, wander off to the creek, the result being half a tub full of fish. On speaking to him about it, and asking him how he came to go fishing that time of night, he would say, "Oh! I couldn't sleep. Something told me the shallows were full of fish."

AARON E. SHARPNACK.

Salem, Ohio.

The Measure of Life.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in the current number of the *Forum*, has a paper entitled: "Is Longevity Worth Its Price?" He says, among other interesting things: The biologist, Bichat, whose intuitions so marvelously anticipated the conclusions of a later science, held that the normal longevity of our race should be an average of 96 years, basing his inference on the fact that the life-term of all known mammals exceeds at least six times the period of their growth. A dog, growing for three years, may live to 18 or 20. A horse, growing for four or five, attains and often exceeds an age of 30 years. A camel, growing twice as slowly, may live to 40 years and upward. An elephant, even in captivity, does not attain its full growth before its 15th year, and in India often outlives two masters. Some of the larger quadrumana likewise grow slowly; several varieties of baboons, for instance, do not acquire the characteristics of maturity before the beginning of their teens; the naturalist Brehm mentions a male chacma who, after becoming the patriarch of his tribe, raided the durrah-fields of the Zulu villages for nearly thirty years before he met his Waterloo in a fight with the outraged natives. The males of our own species grow for at least sixteen years, but less than one-third reach even the threefold multiple of that age, and hardly one in three hundred the normal sixfold.

Shaker Inventions.

They have the keenest appreciation of the necessity and dignity of labor. Every one of them has some useful work to do, according to his age, tastes and strength. Perhaps no class of people has done more to promote the general welfare than they—when we remember how few they are in number. The Shakers first originated the drying of sweet corn for food more than fifty years ago; also the modern improved kilns for that purpose. They were the first in this country to institute the raising, papering and vending of garden seeds in the present styles. They originated in this country the botanic practice of medicine, and first raised, dried and prepared medicinal herbs and roots for market. They first manufactured medicinal vegetable extracts for market. They were the first to make brooms of broom-brush, and in fact originated the entire broom business. The first buzz saw was manufactured by the Shakers at Harvard, Mass., and used both there and at New Lebanon, N. Y. The Shakers first invented and used the planing and matching machines for dressing flooring and ceiling lumber. This was at New Lebanon. The Shakers of the same place were also the first inventors and manufacturers of cut nails. The first machine for cutting and bending card teeth and punching the leather for setting, was invented and used at Mt. Lebanon, and for years the Shakers had a virtual monopoly of all the above-named trades and forms of business. Metallic pens were first invented, used and placed on the market by the Shakers of Watervleit.—*Shaker Medicine Circular.*

MEXICAN SUPERSTITION.

A Father Kills an Alleged Witch for Threatening His Child's Life.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A report comes from Mexico that in a village not far distant from the city an old woman levied monthly tribute on the families, threatening those who refused with killing their children by drawing their blood through their noses. She surrounded herself with all the paraphernalia of witchcraft, such as brooms, strange instruments, etc. She would often go out in a large, open moor, or on top of the hills, where the superstitious inhabitants of the village with awe watched her making wild gestures, uttering cries, or gazing for hours together at the horizon. All in the village believed in her powers, and regarded her with dread. A short time since a god-child of Medina's died, and he, meeting the witch, asked her why she had killed his god-child. She answered that she had done it because its father had refused to pay her a monthly tax. Medina then turned away, muttering he would be revenged. The witch, hearing him, threatened to take the life of Medina's child, and he then attacked her, and dealt her two or three furious blows, leaving her lifeless. Medina has been brought to Mexico. His counsel is Mr. Emilie Romero, and all the inhabitants of the village are ready to testify that the old woman was really a witch and deserved her fate. The case shows how much credulity and superstition is still alive among the inhabitants of the rural districts in Mexico, and illustrates the fact that even in this enlightened 19th century, vestiges of the dark ages still exist. When will superstition cease?

INQUIRER.

Mrs. Paul Fay writes: "I admire beyond everything the healthy atmosphere of honesty and purity that pervades the JOURNAL, and I hope and pray that your work may be more and more appreciated and supported."

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—*Broadhurst.*

Solitude is the audience chamber of God.—*Landor.*

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.—*Goethe.*

Great truths are generally bought, not found by chance.—*Milton.*

Be fit for more than the one thing you are now doing.—*James A. Garfield.*

Having the courage to live within one's means is respectability.—*Beaconsfield.*

Love can not enter the heart without bringing with it a train of other virtues.—*St. Francis.*

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—*Robert Hall.*

The passionate are like men standing on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.—*Plato.*

Practice in life whatever you pray for, and God will give it to you more abundantly.—*Pusey.*

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.—*Walter Scott.*

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Michigan has 5,000 Chautauquans.

Photographs have been taken by the light from a fireplace.

The Germans call this the "sauergurkenzeit," or the pickle season.

Investigation at the Brooklyn Navy Yard revealed a theft of 40,000 pounds of sugar.

A woman at Visalia, Cal., has two pet humming birds that will alight on her hands when called.

An apricot tree at Orange, Cal., has yielded 1,000 pounds of perfect fruit this season.

There is likely to be a large migration of colored people from Florida to Nicaragua soon. Some who are now there send back very encouraging reports.

In good faith the sister in Sweden of a Swede lying in the Marine Hospital, New York, sent Confederate money for his return passage. The woman had been swindled.

A remarkably attractive lobster was caught at Norwich a few days ago. The upper parts were of the delicate tinge of old-fashioned blue china, and beneath the color was a beautiful bluish white.

A little four-year-old girl in Macon, Ga., has just got $600 for a father who is dead, and has the assurance of $19.50 a month from now until she is sixteen years old. Uncle Sam makes the payment under the arrears of pension law.

Arpad Haraszthy, the great Hungarian-California wine grower, is reported to have said that pure California wine can be laid down in New York as cheap as beer. He and others estimate the California wine crop of this year at 30,000,000 gallons.

Some one wants to know if it's true, as reported, that special franking privileges have been granted to Mrs. Sarah Polk, Mrs. Lucretia Garfield, and Mrs. Julia D. Grant, and that any mail matter bearing their autographs is treated as paid. The question is asked: "Have we royal dowagers in America?"

Pontiac, Mich., has devised a novel plan to attract visitors to her country fair next month. The Executive Committee of the Fair Association has offered to provide gold rings, marriage licenses, hacks, ministerial fees, and two pairs of shoes to each couple who will agree to marry on the grounds during the fair.

A desperado named Charles Perkins, of De Kalb, Texas, started out the other evening to have some innocent amusement. During the course of the evening he killed three men, seven mules and a horse and then disappeared. The other residents of De Kalb have gone after him in hopes of putting an end to his joking ways.

It is proposed to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope by a commemorative festival at Twickenham, when there will be a water pageant illustrative of the times of Pope, and a temporary loan exhibition of editions of the poet's works, and a collection of autographs, portraits, and relics of his busy life.

Speaking of the curiosity of great men, a Philadelphian says that he has seen Austin Corbin stand in a crowded thoroughfare and watch the manipulations of a street fakir who was trying to call attention to "something new in tooth powder," while at another time he saw Senator Quay gaze for a long time with interest upon a lineman climbing a telegraph pole.

Fifty-four trains arrive daily now at Saratoga, N. Y., bearing to that most famous of all American summer resorts hundreds of new visitors and their baggage. In summer the average population of the town is estimated at something over 60,000, and how all these people are lodged, fed and amused is one of the conundrums which puzzle visitors from abroad.

This advertisement recently appeared in an Ithaca newspaper "Base Ball and Baptism—A game of base ball will be played at Cayuga Lake Park next Saturday afternoon between the Y. M. C. A. nine, of Ithaca and the Mynderse Academy nine of Seneca Falls. At the conclusion of the game will occur the baptizing in the lake of converts of the colored camp meeting."

The roaring gas well back of Canonsburg, Pa., is said to have the greatest registered pressure of any in the world. The gas looks like a solid piece of blue steel for some distance after it comes out of the pipe. Solid masonry twelve feet thick surrounds the well to hold the cap on. When in drilling the gas was struck, tools and rope weighing 5,000 pounds were thrown out as though they were feathers.

Miss Emily Warnock, of Macon, in bathing at St. Simons, Ga., one day recently, got beyond her depth and was about to sink for the last time when she was rescued by Dr. J. M. Whittaker. The same evening, while on her way to visit some friends, she walked off a pier into deep water and was rescued with difficulty. She wears a life preserver now whenever she goes within half a mile of the water.

Rudeness is justly considered as a social crime. The ill-bred person has no place in the social fabric, and he should be as much excluded from polite life as should the criminal from the business transactions of honest men. Beautiful manners are the fine inflorescence of all forms of art. Noble sculpture, beautiful paintings, the harmony of music, the charm of intellectual gifts, all find their highest and most potent expression in manner.

The contractor who undertook to bore a series of artesian wells to supply the Galveston waterworks, for which he is to receive $80,000 if successful, recently struck his first well at a depth of 747 feet. Boring was at once suspended, and preparations are in progress to sink a ten-inch strainer the entire length of the water-bearing strata of sand. It is given out that when this is done, and the well thoroughly developed, it will probably yield from 400,000 to 500,000 gallons daily.

In view of the recent agitation against the bob-tail cars in New York City, the railroads have got out an invention whereby passengers need not put their fares in the box, which they so strongly object to at present. In a new car, just put on the road, a hollow, flat tube of polished brass runs along either side of the car to the money box. The tube is set at an incline, and serves as a slide to carry to the money box the nickels of passengers who object to being their own conductors. The nickels go tobogganing into the money box merrily.

If General Lew Wallace writes his "Life of Candidate Harrison" with the same care with which he wrote his famous "Ben Hur" it won't be done in time to do the most good. It is said that he first wrote "Ben Hur" on a slate, that he might "rub out easily;" then on soft paper with a pencil. He went over and over his pages with great care, and finally sent the book to the Harpers written on large, unruled paper in violet ink, so well done that the reader who went over it for the publishers said that it was the finest manuscript ever offered to him.

The story of how General Andrew Jackson got the name of Old Hickory is again going the rounds, and will be new to some young readers. During the Creek war he had a bad cold, and his soldiers made for him a shelter of hickory bark. The next morning a tipsy soldier, not knowing who was under the bark, kicked it over. As the General, speechless with rage, struggled out of the ruins, the soldier yelled, "Hello, Old Hickory! Come out of your bark and take a drink!" When the soldiers saw Jackson shaking the bark from his uniform they gave three cheers for "Old Hickory," and the name stuck.

It is told that when Frederick III., of Germany, was in London last Sir Morell Mackenzie introduced to him a celebrated American physician, who examined his throat carefully. "I suppose," said the Emperor, "an imperial throat is very much like that of other throats?" "Well," answered the American quickly, "we will try and make it so, at any rate." Frederick appreciated the answer, and smiting his mighty chest, said: "But this is all right, is it not?" The doctor looked him over gravely and replied: "Yes. As for the rest, you would make a good American." The Emperor enjoyed it all, but the German doctors were simply dumfounded at the levity of the Yankee.

The "record" in rapid machine work has again been lowered. Heretofore the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, have held the first place with the record of an engine built in twenty-four hours, but the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has now taken the palm by constructing a full-sized (110,000 pounds) anthracite-burning locomotive at the Altoona shops in sixteen hours and fifty-five minutes. The work was commenced on the morning of the 18th of June, and in five minutes less than seventeen hours the engine was turned out ready for use. It is to run on the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This feat is unrivaled in locomotive building.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE TWO CLOCKS.

MRS. A. M. MUNGER.

A little clock hung on the sitting room wall,
And it sung all day, "Be quick, be quick!
This life is too short to be droning about,
Be up and at work—tick, tick—tick, tick!"

In a queer old house on a high kitchen shelf,
There stood an old fashioned wooden clock;
It ticked off the time in its own quiet way,
Saying so plainly, "Go slow—tick, tock!"

Carefully marking the day and the year,
Of each little soul who came to bless,
The bright wedding days and the drear saddened hour,
When those were called that we sadly miss;

Of the boys in blue that went out to their doom.
Of the news that came back all too soon;
For one was furloughed to a home in the sky,
And never came back to say good-by.

Two quiet old souls with their life's work all done,
Passed into their rest at life's even',
Almost hand in hand, as they journeyed they found
"Gates ajar" at the portals of Heaven.

In another home we find the old clock,
Quietly ticking, "Go slow—tick, tock."
And side by side on the sitting-room wall,
Stands the wee clock and the big one tall.

One seems to say with its hasty tick, tick,
From morning to night, "Be quick—be quick!"
The other so slow, "Take time as you go,
Be not in a hurry— tick, tock—go slow!"

I feel it is speaking to me and to thee,
Voices long hushed, that loved the old clock:
"To live a long life, be old-fashioned like me,
And take life easy, tick, tock—tick, tock."

'Tis restful and weird,
This chime of the clock,
That brings to my dreams
Old memories—tick, tock.

Sweet voices come over the "River of Rest."
In the glory of twilight, I see
The crimson and gold through the trees in the west,
Bringing angel forms close unto me.

And radiant in beauty that never grows old,
Those have gone hence that we hourly miss.
Too many, alas! in their life's early morn
Have been called to angel realms of bliss.

The little clock hangs on the sitting-room wall;
But it sings no more, "Be quick—be quick."
With its life all run down with worry and fret,
It has worn itself out with its tick.

While the old clock sings blithely, "I shall live on,
Tick, tock—tick tock—for a hundred years;
Then the old folks will come with the words,
'Well done,'
And a shelf I shall have in the spheres.

"For I try to be naught,
But a happy clock,
As I sing all day,
Tick, tock—tick, tock."

In Love's Harness.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, "dragging-down" sensations, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, have an unfailing specific in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS

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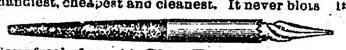
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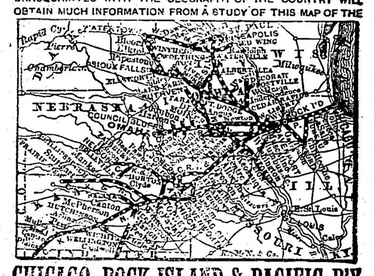
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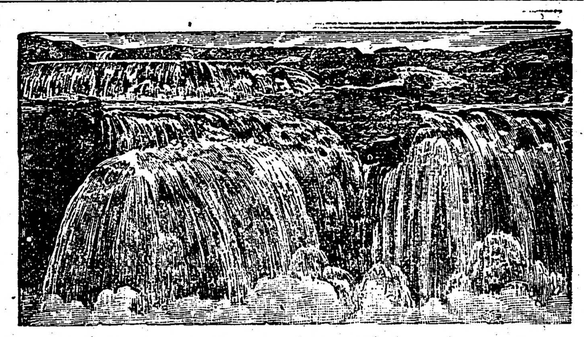
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(Continued from First Page.)

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It is not necessary to call in the aid of an invisible being to explain such appearances. The house had been occupied by Scotch who dressed as described, and the influence they left impressed itself on the gentleman's mind.

"All houses where men have lived and died are haunted houses," not by actual ghosts, but by the subtile force which persons impart to everything with which they come in contact. That he was subject to some influence outside of himself is shown by the appearances always being some one that he had never seen, and hence they could not have been revived pictures from his own brain. After he had been in the house for a long time he began to see his own face; that is, after he had imparted his own influence to his surroundings, he received them back as from a mirror.

Dendy in his "Philosophy of Mystery" mentions "M. Audral, who in his youth, saw in La Pitie, the putrid body of a child covered with larvæ, and during the next morning the spectre of this corpse lying on his table was as perfect as reality." He could not see it by a mental effort, nor any where else than on his table, and whenever he looked at that, the appearance at once came. It may be said in explanation that the sight of the disgusting object produced a strong impression on the optic nerves and mind, and a suggestive object as the table reproduced the same state. We have no evidence that one object, under the same light, affects the optic nerves more than any other would under the same circumstances. Vivid mental impressions are more readily reproduced than those that scarcely riffle the surface of thought, but this does not account for the student not seeing the appearance at any other time or place than on the table where it had laid, and which we would say retained the influence imparted to it by the body having lain there.

Professor Hitchcock says that during a severe sickness, "day after day visions of strange landscapes spread out before him,—mountain, lake and forest—vast rocks, strata upon strata piled to the clouds,—the panorama of a world shattered and upheaved, disclosing the grim secrets of creation, the unshapely and monstrous rudiments of organic being." His son, Prof. Charles Hitchcock, adds that his father saw the sand-stone beds of the Connecticut valley spread out before him, covered with tracks, and by the superior insight wrought by sickness, cleared up some doubtful points to which he had vainly given his attention. Professor Hitchcock became, in consequence of his sickness, exceedingly sensitive, and the geological specimens near him, or that he had handled, brought up in his mind the pictures of their primeval age.

HALLUCINATIONS.

The received definition of an hallucination is a false perception without any material basis, being formed entirely in the mind. An individual who sees pictures on a blank wall, or who hears voices when no sound reaches his ears, is hallucinated. "The reason for this being that the erroneous perception constituting the hallucination is found in that part of the brain which ordinarily requires the excitation of sensorial impressions for its functions." In this view, hallucination is evidence of mental derangement and incipient insanity. This arrogant explanation is remarkable only for its assertion and deficiency of evidence, and by no means is sufficent for this great class of facts. That a certain tract of brain can of itself give the mind complicated representations, never before seen or imaged in the mind, is not established, nor more than an assertion. The reappearance of objects that have been seen is better explained, and still more satisfactorily, by causes which unite them all together and with all like phenomena. George Comb says of a painter who inherited much of the patronage of Sir. Joshua Reynolds, and believed himself to possess a talent superior to his, was so fully engaged that he told me he had painted three hundred large and small portraits in one year. The fact appeared physically impossible, but the secret of his rapidity and astonishing success was this: He required but one sitting of his model. His method was as follows, as given by himself: "When a sitter came I looked attentively on him for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. I did not require a longer sitting. I removed the canvas, and passed to another person. When I wished to continue the first portrait, I recalled the man to my mind. I placed him on the chair where I perceived him as distinctly as though really there, and I may add in form and color more decidedly brilliant. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure and went on painting, occasionally stopping to examine the picture exactly as though the original was before me; whenever I looked towards the chair I saw the man. This method made me very popular, and as I always caught the resemblance, the sitters were delighted that I spared them the annoying sittings of other painters."

This painter was far from incipient insanity. He was sensitive to impressions and able by that organization to recall the image of the sitter, but not that of one who had not occupied the chair.

The Rev. T. L. Williams, Vicar of Perthleven, in the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research, July, 1885, gives his personal experience: "On an occasion when I was absent from home, my wife awoke one morning, and to her surprise and alarm saw me standing by the bedside looking at her. In her fright she covered her face with the bed clothes, and when she ventured to look again the appearance was gone. On another occasion, when I was not absent from home, my wife saw me as she supposed, coming from church in surplice and stole. I came a little way, she says, and turned round the corner of the building where she lost sight of me. I was at the time in the church in my place in the choir, where she was much surprised to see me on entering the building. My daughter has often told me, and now repeats the story, that she was passing my study door which was ajar, and looked in to see if I was there. She saw me in my chair, and as she caught sight of me, I stretched out my arms, and drew my hands across my eyes, a familiar gesture of mine, it appears. I was in the village at the time. Now nothing whatever occurred at or about the times of these appearances to give any meaning to them." He adds: "A good many years ago there was a devout young woman living in my parish, who used to spend much of her spare time in church in meditation and prayer. She used to assert that she frequently saw me standing at the altar when I certainly was not there in the body." Mr. Williams must have been a man peculiarly endowed with psychic force to thus impress himself.

The following is from the pen of the gifted Mary Howitt, and not only gives a remarkable fact, but her explanation of the same:

"I conducted Mrs. Nenner through a room which contained some ancient furniture and a quantity of valuable old china. This china had been left in our care by a friend during his lengthened absence abroad. His thoughts from his place of sojourn at the Antipodes constantly reverted to these heirlooms.

"'Who are these six gentlemen, evidently brothers, sitting where the old china is?' asked Mrs. Nenner, when we had passed through the room.

"'There was no one there at all,' I said, much surprised. 'Then,' said she, 'I must have seen six brother spirits. There they were sitting; tall, fair men, light haired, all strikingly alike, all the same age. They must be brothers!' I recognized in her description the owner of the china. Before Mrs. Nenner left, we showed her a portrait of the owner of the china, our friend on the other side of the world. She at once said, 'Oh, that is one of the six brothers!' In some mysterious manner the intensity of thought fixed by the possessor of the china upon his possessions—we knew that his thoughts constantly reverted to them—had been able to manifest itself to the sight in the form of the man himself—but multiplied into six forms. It should be observed that this gentleman was of what now we should term a 'mediumistic' temperament. It is possible, that being at the Antipodes, he might be, at the time his multiplied form was beheld, asleep—it being night there when it is day with us—and that his thoughts might have in a dream revisited England."

Since civilization began mankind have held certain stones and metals as precious, and attributed rare qualities to charms, relics and amulets. We may indulge our mirth over the miraculous qualities ascribed to the bones of martyrs and the teeth of saints, a bit of wood of the true cross, but casting aside the rubbish gathered by imposture and credulity, we find the presence of a great and satisfactory truth. Precious stones and metals have become so because of the subtile power of their emanations. In a true relic the sensitive receives the full expression of the original owner's life, and feels it reproduced in him. As the phonograph treasures up the tone, the accent, the quality of the voice, and the thought of the speaker, so the relic preserves and constantly gives forth the character of the one it represents.

Shrines and holy places have reason for their being in this cause, and their preservation in purity for the one and only purpose is correct in science. The church devoted to worship of Jehovah, holds its devotees with the invisible bonds reaching out from the walls forged from the psycho-aura of all preceding worshipers. That the members hold their house exclusively for their uses is the result of superstition, but they are correct in science. A church building given over during the week to shows and entertainments, and nightly filled with the class such would draw, would become so saturated with the worldly influences, as to be unfit for the promulgation of the highest religious thought on Sunday. Both audience and minister would feel the depressing effect, and religious zeal would reach zero.

How strong and enduring the impress stamped on a relic or jewel may be, is shown in the following story told of Robert Browning by Mr. Knowles (Spectator, Jan. 30, 1869):

"Mr. Robert Browning tells me that when he was in Florence some years since an Italian nobleman (Count Giunasi) was brought to his house. The Count professed to have great mesmeric powers, and declared in reply to Mr. Browning's avowed skepticism, he would convince him of his powers. He then asked Mr. Browning whether he had anything about him then and there, which he could hand him, and which was in any way a memento or relic. It so happened by curious accident that Mr. Browning was wearing under his coat sleeves some gold wrist studs to his shirt, which he had quite recently taken into wear in absence of his ordinary wrist-buttons. He had never before worn them in Florence, or elsewhere, and found them in an old drawer where they had lain forgotten for years. One of these he took out and handed to the Count, who held it in his hand awhile and then said as if much impressed, 'There is something here which cries out in my ear, Murder, murder!'

"And truly," said Mr. Browning, "these studs were taken from the dead body of a great uncle of mine, who was violently killed on his estate in St. Kitts nearly 80 years ago. They were produced in court as proofs that robbery had not been the object of the strangler, which was effected by his own slaves. They were taken out of the night-gown in which he died and given to me."

It is estimated that 1,200,000 dozen cans of sweet corn will be packed this year in Maine.

CASSADAGA CAMP MEETING.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The season at Cassadaga is now at its height, and the woods are full of people. The hotel is crowded to its utmost capacity, and newcomers are obliged to seek rooms at cottages. The present season is thus far the most prosperous the camp has ever experienced, and the future is bright with promise of large success. We have had some highly interesting lectures since my last letter, large audiences having been addressed by J. Frank Baxter, W. F. Peck, Mrs. Colby Luther, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, and the venerable Samuel Watson. These speakers represent various phases of thought from radical to conservative, some of them being religious in their expression and others extremely iconoclastic. But as a Spiritualist audience is made up of many different kinds of people, each speaker finds a greater or less number in sympathy with the views presented. We can not but observe, however, that a tone of sympathy and a method of charity, love and tolerance wins more souls to truth and right than a method of harsh criticism and condemnation. The Spiritualist movement can afford to treat its opponents with kindness, since it possesses the omnipotent power of truth. A beautiful invocation, followed by words fitly spoken in the spirit of love, has touched the hearts of many who came full of prejudice; while ridicule and abuse only pain the ear of the believer and send the skeptic away full of anger, perhaps never to return. Of course there is much provocation to harsh language, in the manner and attitude of many who do not accept the teachings of Spiritualism; but those who hold a higher truth should teach that truth in a better way.

There has never been a season so marked by marvelous phenomena as the present one at Cassadaga. Slate writing has been the most popular, and some of the most remarkable tests have been given through this phase. Your correspondent has seen slates bearing messages in German, in Latin, in short-hand and in telegraphic characters; some of the messages having been obtained under absolute test conditions, the slates being either locked or screwed together. Library hall is a highly valuable adjunct to the grounds. It is in constant use, the small rooms being utilized for séances and the lower hall for lectures on special subjects, and for classes in various branches of instruction.

The Children's Lyceum is getting along nicely and has given some very creditable entertainments.

W. J. Colville is conducting a class in Practical Metaphysics.

E. W. Emerson is here and is giving complete satisfaction with his platform tests. The tests of J. Frank Baxter were also of remarkable excellence.

The kindly face of Mrs. Skidmore is seen everywhere, as she goes about on her errands of usefulness.

The familiar form of Dr. Carter is always seen at his post of duty, the gate of entrance.

"Jack" Lillie is as happy as ever, and doesn't seem to lose flesh by his travels.

Mr. A. Gaston, the active President of the Association, is here and there and everywhere, looking out for the interests of the camp.

The office of Miss Turner is better patronized than any other place on the grounds. She handles a great many letters and papers in the course of a day.

As evidence of the growing public interest in Spiritualism and the kindly attitude of many of the editorial fraternity, the writer will state that his reports and camp correspondence are being published in fifteen different newspapers, including such influential and widely circulated organs as the Buffalo *News*, Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*, Buffalo *Courier*, Pittsburg *Dispatch*, Elmira *Telegram*, and other local papers covering the territory within a hundred miles of Cassadaga. A low estimate would put the aggregate circulation of the papers publishing these reports at one hundred and fifty thousand, thus showing the value of the press as a means of disseminating information concerning Spiritualism and its teachings, and of bringing Cassadaga Camp to public notice. Spiritualists should make greater efforts to utilize this immense influence of the secular press, by furnishing home papers with suitable matter, either original or clipped, for publication. While a speaker may address five thousand people, the printed word may be read by 150,000, most of whom are unacquainted with the claims of Spiritualism.

GRAPHO.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

One Medium Demands Test Conditions.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Thursday evening, Aug. 9th, Mr. W. S. Rowley and Dr. Whitney, of Cleveland, Ohio, gave a test séance in the Temple, affording every possible opportunity to the management of the O. B. G. Association and the people present upon that occasion, to investigate the especial mediumship of Mr. Rowley's spirit telegraphy. To the honor of Mr. Rowley be it said that no one could place himself more completely in the hands of an investigating committee than did he on that evening. Two expert telegraph operators were present to note the communications and report facts as they found them:—Mr. Gridley, the operator at the Buzzard's Bay Station, on the Old Colony Road, and a lady, an equal expert, whose place of business I did not learn. Their reports, taken from sound, agreed in every word. Two and a half hours were consumed in the closest investigation, receiving communications, asking questions, examining the box and the machine, Mr. Rowley giving the operation and the results as best he could, and Dr. Whitney making a statement of Dr. Wells's power to discern and diagnose disease. In answers to questions, the expert from Buzzard's Bay said that the communications were perfect, but how they could be produced with the machine inclosed in that box, was certainly beyond his power to explain. He was not a Spiritualist; had never attended a séance for the phenomena before, and was pleased to be present. The statement of the lady expert was in accord with his.

The fact was patent to the committee that there was some power outside of, and beyond the physical touch of Mr. Rowley that caused that machine to communicate.

On Friday evening, August 10, Charles W. Sullivan gave his annual entertainment in the Temple, assisted by a corps of able assistants. The closing number on the programme, entitled "Aunt Hannah's Reception," in which Mr. Sullivan assumed the character of an old lady in her ninety-fourth year, was well worth the price of the admission. The old lady [illegible]lf-possessed at every turn and d[illegible]orget herself throughout the whol[illegible]. Miss Jennie B. Hagan's con[illegible]emarks to her were apropos, a[illegible]pon Aunt Hannah's 94th birt[illegible]n of the first water in poetic

The Saturday evening hop in the Temple was attended by nearly 800 people.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Onset Street Railway Company was held at Onset Saturday, August 11, when the following were elected directors for the ensuing year: E. Gerry Brown and Wm. D. Crockett, Boston, Mass.; Alfred Nash and Simeon Butterfield, Chelsea, Mass.; E. Johnson and Cyrus Peabody, Warren, R. I.; W.W. Currier, Haverhill, Mass.; Charles H. Young, Lowell, Mass.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, E. Gerry Brown was elected President, and W. W. Currier, Clerk and Treasurer.

The speaking for the 4th Sunday of the camp meeting at Onset was by E. B. Fairchilds, and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes; both did noble and effective work. In the afternoon, Mrs. Byrnes took for her subject, "Is Life Worth Living." She occupied a full hour in depicting the joys and sorrows, the ends and aims, and the possibilities of life, during which time she recalled to the notice of her audience the names of many of those noble men and women of both hemispheres of the past and present, who have immortalized themselves in the cause of human progress, holding her audience in wrapt attention until the close of the lecture.

Joseph D. Stiles followed both lectures with his usual success in platform séances, reporting scores of names and relating incidents whereby recognitions were made complete.

The last Sunday of the regular meetings, August 12th, was beautiful and much enjoyed by every person who visited this home by the sea. The speakers were A. E. Tisdale, J. D. Stiles, and Onset's adopted daughter, Miss Jennie B. Hagan; and right here let me say that I believe the management at Onset have reason to feel proud of this young, noble, growing, defender of modern Spiritualism. May her days be many.

Miss Hagan has always been one of the ready workers who can be called upon at any moment for an improvisation or a word in favor of the cause. She is an educator of the people, always ready to answer their questions. As usual on the morning of Sunday, the 12th, Miss Hagan called for a subject from the audience, either written or verbal, as they might be prepared, saying that she should positively refuse all personal subjects.

Among the dozen or more subjects presented was one asking, "What is Pure Religion?" Another from one of the legal profession, "What Proof can you Give me that a Man Shall Live Again After he is Dead?" When the time came to answer this last question, Miss Hagan elicited smiles from the audience by asking the legal gentleman to please tell her at what particular time a man was dead. The question was scientifically dealt with, completely annihilating the death of man.

"What is Pure Religion?" was the main subject of the morning lecture, and brought out a discussion on the evolution of religious ideas, showing that, step by step, had we climbed from the days of total depravity and its attendant vagaries, to the mountain peak of free thought and eternal progression.

Miss Hagan's improvisations at the close of her lecture were a marked feature in her platform work, and brought forth marks of applause.

A. E. Tisdale spoke at the afternoon service, hammering away at the old ghost of theology and the bible, as though he had a special work to do in that line. Well, friend Tisdale, if that is all you can find to talk about, pound away at it just as long as you think it will pay.

J. D. Stiles followed both lectures with his platform séances, reporting 180 full names at the last séance, nearly every one of them being fully recognized. W. W. CURRIER.

Onset, Mass. Aug. 13, 1888.

The tortures of dyspepsia and sick headache, the sufferings of scrofula, the agonizing itch and pain of salt rheum, the disagreeable symptoms of catarrh, are removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PROF. LOISETTE WINS IN COURT.

Literary Piracy Condemned.

(*From New York Sun.*)

"Chief Justice Van Brunt, holding the Special Term of the Supreme Court on the application of Nelson Smith and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, made the injunction in favor of Prof. Loisette, restraining George S. Fellows from publishing his Memory System perpetual.

"Dr William A. Hammond, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of a work on psychology, and several other professors testified that Prof. Loisette's system was original, being a new departure in the education of the memory. The Court ordered Fellows to deliver up to Prof. Loisette the stereotype plates and all the books in his control. Over nine thousand copies of the pirated edition were delivered up yesterday."

We are informed that full details will be furnished in the prospectus sent post free by Prof. A. Loisette 237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

For the first time in its history the *Century* will devote a single issue—the forthcoming September number—largely to educational themes. The contributions will include "The University and the Bible," by T. T. Munger, a plea for the study of Christian as well as heathen classics; "Women who go to College," by Arthur Gilman, and "The Industrial Idea in Education," by Charles M. Carter. One illustrated paper is on "College Fraternities," with pictures of twenty-eight chapter-houses and society halls at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and other colleges, and another is on "Uppingham: an Ancient School Worked on Modern Ideas," with a number of illustrations by Joseph Pennell, and a portrait of the late headmaster, Edward Thring, who is said to be, since Arnold of Rugby, the most highly esteemed educator of England. There will also be several important short editorial articles and "open letters" on different branches of the same subject. Other distinctive features of the magazine, the Lincoln history, Siberian papers, fiction, etc., will, however, be retained.

How often we hear an overworked mother exclaim. "I am too tired to sleep!" A cupful of Mellin's Food taken twenty minutes before going to bed will relieve the intense weariness and give a refreshing night's sleep, while the next day's work will not look half so formidable if another cupful of the Food is taken soon after rising.

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The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to $1.00 and is cheap at that. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

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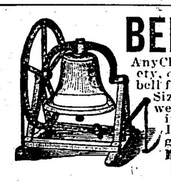
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